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AMERICAN HUMOR.*

HUMOR may be defined as the flavor of character, and it has a double origin. It is partly individual, partly of race. Every man with any real distinction of character has a humor of his own; but there is also a humor which grows from the national character, just as certain flowers and plants grow in certain countries. Possibly, the best comparison is to the growth of the vine; for humor is the intellectual wine of society. Pass from Bordeaux to Burgundy, and thence to Champagne, and you get entirely distinct flavors. Château Yquem differs from Château Lafite, just as the humor of Burns differs from that of Béranger. The wise wine-drinker and the wise lover of fun have alike a catholic taste. A temperate taste also; they like neither in excess.

Whoever desires to have a clear idea of the difference between wit and humor should read Sidney Smith's admirable "Lectures on Moral Philosophy." Smith was a Whig and a wit, yet, strange to say, he was a modest man; and, being counselled by Jeffrey not to publish these lectures, he threw them aside. Hence we have them in a fragmentary state; but the fragments are magnificent. Jeffrey, we believe, expressed his sincere regret for having given such bad advice: he ought to have regretted altogether his own existence as a critic. Was it not he who began a review of Wordsworth's great poem, "The Excursion," with the memorable words, "This will never do?"

Sidney Smith maintained that wit is a subject to be studied like mathematics. He was quite right. He said that it was based simply on *surprise*. In this also he was quite right. It involves the sudden connection of two ideas which seem wholly disconnected. Luttrell wrote of Miss Tree—

* (1.) Sam Slick. (2.) The Biglow Papers. (3.) The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. (4.) Artemus Ward. (5.) Orpheus C. Kerr. (6.) Hans Breitmann.

"On this tree if a nightingale settles and sings,
The tree will return her as good as she brings."

This, unluckily, involves a pun; but it is quite within the province of wit. So is the famous couplet on the monumental tablets in Bath Abbey:—

"Here storied urn and animated bust
Show how Bath waters serve to lay the dust."

So again, and without any pun, and with courtly compliment in it, is the couplet which Dr. Young wrote after dinner on his goblet, with a diamond borrowed from Lord Chesterfield:—

"Accept a miracle instead of wit,
See two dull lines by Stanhope's diamond writ."

In these epigrams the main element is *surprise*—the point is unexpected. And in evidence of this, it may be noted that the most brilliant witticism ever heard will pall on repetition. Some of the surprises of chemistry, as Sidney Smith has noticed, have quite the effect of wit. A bit of ordinary-looking wire takes fire in the flame of a candle, and gives out more light than a dozen gas-burners; or a fragment of metal is dropped into water and ignites at once, and moves rapidly on the surface, burning all the while. Either of these common experiments with magnesium or potassium produces, when first seen, an effect on the mind like an epigram first heard. Culinary nomenclature confirms this; any surprise—as when what seems to be a pheasant turns out an iced pudding—might be called an epigram. Clearly, the second or third time the apparent bird is set before you, the charm of unexpectedness is lost.

Quite otherwise is it with humor; it has a permanence of character, and will bear reiterated study. The books in which you meet Sir John Falstaff, Don Quixote, Mr. Pickwick, are welcome again and again when the brain is jaded and needs light refreshment. You enjoy them as you enjoy the company at dinner of an old friend. From him you expect no new and brilliant witticisms, such as the professional diner produces; but how far more pleasant is he than that trained irrepressible wit, who keeps his private note-book of repartee and anecdote! Here we perceive a second likeness between wit and mathematics; both are enjoyable at fit times, and both have a ten-

dency to tire. An epigram is like a problem in geometry; it makes a man think intensely. Who cares for intense thought at dinner-time? How often does some brilliant utterance bring perplexity to both author and audience! The hearers do not greet it with intelligent appreciation, and so its inventor sees it fall flat—or possibly is asked to explain. Can anything more terrible be imagined?

The Americans have created a humorous literature of their own, original at least in form. As yet, the literature of the great republic is not remarkable for originality; the sole writer who seems to us purely American is Emerson—and he is more so in his poetry than in his prose.

The fashionable American humorists are, as we have said, original in form. They adopt what Mr. Browning, who practises the same art in a higher region, calls the "dramatic monologue." Their work is a drama with a single character in it. The same thing has been done on the stage: Mr. Sothorn appeared as Lord Dundreary in the dullest of imaginable plays, and by caricaturing an idiotic English peer made himself famous. However ably Mr. Sothorn may act in any other drama, he will never be dissociated from the hair-dye and dressing-gown, the lisp and laugh and inconsequence of his ideal aristocrat. Well, this also is done in literature. It is as if Shakespeare, instead of placing Falstaff in the midst of a world of character, had made the fat knight tell his story like an itinerant lecturer. It is as if Charles Dickens had isolated Dick Swiveller, or Sam Weller, and caused him to narrate his adventures. There is more humor in Sam Weller than in any of the American creations; and it is, of course, a far greater thing to place him among other characters than to set him up to soliloquize in a rostrum. But the Americans have chosen the easier path; instead of the poet's manifold creations and the artist's skilful grouping, they give us a single character in various situations. The results are often exquisitely amusing, but they must be judged by lower canons of criticism.

It would seem that a British subject was the real originator of this style of treatment; Judge Haliburton, the author of *Sam Slick, the Clockmaker*, was born in Nova Scotia, and died, a portly and facetious gentleman, member for Laun-

ceston in Cornwall. Sam Slick is the prototype of all these heroes of humorous romance; his creator made of him a Yankee clock-maker and pedler, himself humorous, and apt to discern the humor of others. Questionless, the American form of humor comes entirely from this source. An early imitator of it was an American writer called Shillaber, who found his inspiration on this side of the Atlantic. Most people who are not quite boys remember Sidney Smith's famous speech at Taunton in 1831, when he was advocating the Reform Bill. "I do not mean," he said, "to be disrespectful, but the attempt of the Lords to stop the progress of reform reminds me very forcibly of the great storm of Sidmouth, and the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824, there set in a great flood upon that town; the tide rose to an incredible height, the waves rushed in upon the houses, and everything was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house, with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, and squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused—Mrs. Partington's spirit was up; but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest."

This is inimitably humorous; and it would have been well for any competent person to expand in detail the witty canon's sketch of the obstructive old lady who thinks her mop a match for a hurricane. But the American writer who took possession of the name made Mrs. Partington equivalent to Mrs. Malaprop. At intervals her sayings travelled into English papers; they were characterized always by "a nice derangement of epitaphs." Sheridan's old woman in *The Rivals*, who declared her niece to be "as headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile," was expanded into a sayer of much inappropriate nonsense under the name of Mrs. Partington.

Sam Slick and Mrs. Partington are the parents of the many writers of humorous monologue whom America has recently produced. From these twain descend Major

Jack Downing, Orpheus C. Kerr, Hosea Biglow, Artemus Ward, Hans Breitmann, and many others. And here let us pause to note the fact that humor is almost always associated with certain verbal idioms. Mr. Tennyson's great humorous poem, *The Northern Farmer*, is a case in point. If humor is individual, it shows itself in peculiar twists of phrase which answer to the twists of thought; if racial, it is intimately connected with the language of the race. Thus, the majority of the American humorists give us the Yankee Doric; but the last of them, the creator of Breitmann, writes in a German-American, which is evidently the true language of the mixed people with whom he deals. Of this more hereafter.

In giving some account of the writers whom we desire to notice, it is hard to decide upon any logical method of grouping them. Chronological order would probably be the best; but this is a difficult point for a "Britisher" to settle. Our series must be somewhat arbitrary: let us begin with Orpheus C. Kerr. This gentleman's name involves a bad pun; it is assumed to be equivalent to *office-seeker*—a race pretty numerous in the United States, and not altogether unknown in England. Mr. Newell, the author of the letters published under this name, wrote in the days of the American Civil War, with the especial object of satirizing the frightful mismanagement, the unscrupulous jobbery, which were then patent to every one. Although his writing had therefore a local and temporary interest only, it would be unfair to omit him from our list of humorists. At the same time he is intrinsically inferior to most of those whom we have to mention. The fun is of a vulgar sort. The state of the Northern cavalry is ridiculed in the hero's "Gothic steed." Here is the animal's portrait:—

"The beast, my boy, is fourteen hands high, fourteen hands long, and his sagacious head is shaped like an old-fashioned pick-axe. Viewed from the rear, his style of architecture is Gothic, and he has a gable-end, to which his tail is attached. His eyes, my boy, are two pearls set in mahogany, and before he lost his sight, they were said to be brilliant. I rode down to the Patent Office the other day, and left him leaning against a post, while I went inside to transact some business. Pretty soon the Commissioner of

Patents came tearing in like mad, and says he:

"'I'd like to know whether this is a public building belonging to the United States, or a second-hand auction-shop.'

"'What mean you, sirrah?' I asked, majestically.

"'I mean,' says he, 'that some enemy to his country has gone and stood an old mahogany umbrella-stand right in front of this office.'"

The Federal volunteer officers are caricatured in Captain Villiam Brown—whose character may be estimated from a single anecdote:—

"Villiam Brown, of Regiment 5, Mackerel Brigade, asked his colonel last week for leave to go to New York on recruiting service, and got it. He came back to-day, and says the colonel to him—

"'Where's your recruits?'

"Villiam smiled sweetly, and remarked that he didn't see it.

"'Why, you went to New York on recruiting service, didn't you?' exclaimed the colonel.

"'Yes,' says Villiam, 'I went to recruit my health.'

"The colonel immediately administered the Oath to him. The Oath, my boy, tastes well with lemon in it."

The Oath was the slang of the time for Bourbon whiskey, and was taken very freely by a certain class of officers up to the end of the war. There is not much inducement to delay with Orpheus C. Kerr, concerning whom, however, it is but just to say that no fair notion of his humor can be conveyed by quotation. Read a few of his letters, and you see at once that he made excellent fun of the civil and military blunders committed at Washington and in the field. But he is not epigrammatic; he says nothing very brilliant, and hence it is difficult to give an account of him.

Far superior is the next writer to be mentioned. Mr. Locker, in his charming preface to the *Liber Elegantiarum*, writes thus: "He regrets that the rule which he had laid down [of quoting no living authors] prevents his giving specimens from the writings of Messrs. Browning and Tennyson, of Lord Houghton, of Messrs. C. S. Calverly, George Cayley, Mortimer Collins, and Planché, and of Dr. O. W. Holmes, the American poet, and perhaps the best living writer of this species of verse," the verse, that is, for which we

have no good English name, but which the French call *vers de société*. Mr. Locker could not well mention himself; but in all the finer characteristics of this class of verse we take him to be far beyond Dr. Holmes. He has a delicacy of style and a melody of rhythm, to which the American is a stranger. Some of Mr. Locker's poems are perfect gems, cut like a cameo; they blend a refined humor with a very tender pathos, and take almost the highest rank in poetry of this species. Moreover, Mr. Locker seldom deigns to pun. Dr. Holmes is of quite a different calibre. We quote three stanzas from a popular poem of his, addressed "to the portrait of a gentleman." They are the best three out of thirteen:—

"That thing thou fondly deem'st a nose,
Unightly though it be,—
In spite of all the cold world's scorn,
It may be much to thee.

"Those eyes,—among thine elder friends
Perhaps they pass for blue;—
No matter,—if a man can see,
What more have eyes to do?

"Thy mouth,—that fissure in thy face
By something like a chin,—
May be a very useful place
To put thy victual in."

This is very commonplace comicality, but it is quite as good as most of its author's works. But in prose he is quite another man. He has a subtle humor, well matched with a dainty style. He also adopts a special individuality, presenting himself in the guise of a garrulous philosopher who talks interminably at the breakfast-table of a Boston boarding-house. He talks science and metaphysics, pleasantly tinged with humor of a sub-acid sort. His digressions and interruptions remind one of Laurence Sterne; but of course he indulges in no *double entendre*. Who dare do that in Boston, the most decorous and sagacious of cities? The originality of Dr. Holmes as essayist and novelist lies in his tendency to connect the two sciences of psychology and physiology. He does not stand out so prominently as other writers of this order in the matter of misspelling and eccentricity of idiom. We cannot classify him. Indeed his humor, though spontaneous and perpetual, is connected with so much depth of thought, with such frequent no-

velty of speculation, that it is impossible to deal with him as a humorist merely.

It is curious, in connection with the various dialects spoken in the United States, and caricatured in literature of this kind, that nobody ever is supposed to drop his H's, or to introduce them at improper points. Uriah Heep must have seemed a *lusus naturæ* to the American reader; indeed, Mr. Dickens has not quite settled the question as to whether the word *humble* should have the smooth or the rough breathing. Americans will say *håow* for *what*; but they carefully look after their aspirates. "If an Englishman," writes Dr. Holmes, "gets his H's pretty well placed, he comes from one of the higher grades of the British social order." Clearly this implies that Americans, not of the higher grades, keep their aspirates in their places; and this is true. May not the reason of this be climatic? In some languages the pronunciation of the aspirate is far more noticeable than in others; and it is certainly possible that in our atmosphere the breathing before a vowel becomes more natural to the speaker. The American nasal twang is perhaps to be accounted for in the same way.

Mr. Lowell, author of "The Biglow Papers," is a serious poet of fair achievement. But in his serious poetry he shows no especial individuality; he might be an Englishman; among

"The mob of gentlemen who write with ease"

on this side the whale-pool there are a score or so of about his measure of power. He would have done well to leave the beautiful old story of "Rhaicoꝝ" alone, since Walter Landor had taken full possession of it. His "Fable for Critics" is one of the cleverest pieces of easy rhyming and fertile punning which we remember, and contains some brilliant characterizations of contemporary writers. At its commencement, Apollo is described as sitting under a laurel, and meditating on his lost Daphne:—

"My case is like Dido's," he sometimes remarked. "When I last saw my love she was fairly embarked, In a laurel, as *she* thought, but (ah, how Fate mocks!)

She has found it by this time a very bad box; Let hunters from me take this saw when they need it,

"You're not always sure of your game when you've tree'd it."

Just conceive such a change taking place in one's mistress!

What romance would be left?—who can flatter or kiss trees!

And for mercy's sake, how could one keep up a dialogue

With a dull wooden thing that will live and will die a log—

Not to say that the thought would forever intrude,

That you've less chance to win her the more she is wood?

Ah! it went to my heart, and the memory still grieves,

To see those loved graces all taking their leaves; Those charms beyond speech, so enchanting but now,

As they left me for ever, each making its bough! If her tongue *Aad* a tang sometimes more than was right,

Her new bark is worse than ten times her old bite."

This is excellent punning, almost equal to Tom Hood at his best. But Mr. Lowell's brief critical epigrams are of a higher quality. Here is Emerson:—

"Life, nature, love, God, and affairs of that sort, He looks at as merely ideas; in short

As if they were fossils stuck round in a cabinet Of such vast extent that our earth's a mere dab in it—

Composed just as he is inclined to conjecture her, Namely, one part pure earth, ninety-nine parts pure lecturer."

A comparison is suggested between Emerson and Carlyle:—

"To compare him with Plato would be vastly fairer,

Carlyle's the more burly, but E. is the rarer; He sees fewer objects, but clearer, trulier,

If C.'s as original, E.'s more peculiar; That he's more of a man you might say of the one,

Of the other, he's more of an Emerson; C.'s the Titan, as shaggy of mind as of limb,

E., the clear-eyed Olympian, rapid and slim."

Again, Bryant has been compared with Wordsworth:—

"Mr. Quivis, or somebody quite as discerning, Some scholar who's hourly expecting his learning, Calls B. the American Wordsworth; but Wordsworth

Is worth near as much as your whole tuneful herd's worth.

No, don't be absurd, he's an excellent Bryant; But, my friend, you'll endanger the life of your client

By attempting to stretch him up into a giant."

And Edgar Poe is well treated in a single couplet:—

"Here comes Poe, with his raven, like Barnaby Rudge,
Three-fifths of him genius, and two-fifths sheer fudge."

The "Fable for Critics" is full of felicitous touches like these; they indicate a rare combination of animal spirits and wit, from which Mr. Lowell might well be expected to do greater things. He has not disappointed expectation. The "Biglow Papers" made their appearance at the time of the war in Mexico. They hold a very high place in literature of this class, for their humorous satire is based on the most clear conviction of justice and its opposite. Thus writes their author:—

"I believed our war with Mexico (though we had as just ground for it as a strong nation ever had against a weak one) to be essentially a war of false pretences, and that it would result in widening the boundaries, and so prolonging the life of slavery. Believing that it is the manifest destiny of the English race to occupy this whole continent, and to display there that practical understanding in matters of government and colonization which no other race has given such proofs of possessing since the Romans, I hated to see a noble hope evaporated into a lying phrase to sweeten the foul breath of demagogues. Leaving the sin of it to God, I believed, and still believe, that slavery is the Achilles-heel of our own polity, that it is a temporary and false supremacy of the white races, sure to destroy that supremacy at last, because an enslaved people always prove themselves of more enduring fibre than their enslavers, as not suffering from the social vices sure to be engendered by oppression in the governing class. Against these and many other things I thought all honest men should protest."

The protest was made in a humorous form, but its thorough sincerity is obvious in every line of the work. There have always been haters of evil whose hatred was mingled with contemptuous laughter; among the foremost of these is the creator of Hosea Biglow, and his worthy editor, Homer Wilbur.

A good deal has been said, first and last, about the profanity which some people detect in parts of the "Biglow Papers." It is as well at once to admit that many passages are not suited to an English taste. But Puritanism has given to the people of New England a quaint familiarity with the persons and phrases of Scripture; and Mr. Lowell used the language

and the illustrations which he knew would tell best upon his audience. His English editor, Mr. Hughes, justifies him by the example of Luther, Latimer, Rowland Hill, and even of the prophet Elijah. Doubtless, there are those to whom certain passages will seem extremely objectionable; but read in their connection, and with some understanding of the tone of thought and manner in New England, we think they may be defended. Hosea Biglow's address to the "cruetin sarjant" furnishes an immediate example of what we mean:—

"Es fer war, I call it murder,—
There you hev it plain an' flat;
I don't want to go no furdur
Than my Testymet fer that;
God hez sed so plump an' fairly,
It's ez long ez it is broad,
An' you've gut to git up airly
El you want to take in God."

"Taint your eppylets an' feathers
Make the thing a grain more right;
'Taint afollerin' your bell-wethers
Will excuse ye in His sight;
Ef you take a sword an' dror it,
An' go stick a feller thru,
Guv'ment aint to answer for it,
God'll send the bill to you."

Here you have the protest of pacific Puritanism against war in the strongest possible form. Hosea Biglow, son of Ezekiel Biglow, of Jaalam, who says of himself, "I've lived here man and boy 76 year cum next tater diggin', and thair aint no wheres a kitting spyer'n I be," resists the specious allurements of a recruiting sergeant at Boston, and then comes home indignant, whereupon *indignatio facit versus*. "Arter I'd gone to bed," writes his worthy sire—

"I heern Him a thrashin round like a short-tailed Bull in fli-time. The old Woman ses she to me ses she, Zekle, ses she, our Hosee's gut tha chollery or suthin an-uthur ses she, don't you Bee skeared, ses I, he's oney amakin pottery."

So Hosea made his "pottery," and took it next morning to his friend Parson Wilbur, who said it was "true grit."

"What Mr. Robinson thinks" touches upon the same topic:—

"Gineral C. he goes in fer the war;
He don't vally principle more'n an old cud;
Wut did God make us raytional creeturs fer,
But glory an' gunpowder, plunder an' blood?
So John P.
Robinson he
Sez he shall vote fer Gineral C."

"Parson Wilbur sez *he* never heerd in his life
Thet th' Apostles rigged out in their swallér-
tail coats
An' marched round in front of a drum an' a fife,
To git some on 'em office, an' some on 'em
votes ;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez they didn't know everythin' down in
Judee."

The poem of which this forms a part is said to have decided the election of a governor for the State of Massachusetts ; and we can easily believe it. Its humor and irony are perfect, and the reference to the Apostles would not be resented by Paul himself, who did not disdain to enliven a letter by a pun.

The most whimsical of all these productions is certainly "The Debate in the Sennit." It burlesques the pro-slavery speeches of the notorious John C. Calhoun. A stanza or two of this exquisite bit of caricature must suffice :—

"Here we stan' on the Constitution, by thunder!
It's a fact o' wich ther's bushils o' proofs ;
Fer how could we trample on't so, I wonder
Eft worn't that it's ollers under our hoofs ?'
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he ;—
'Human rights haint no more
Right to come on this floor,
No more'n the man in the moon,' sez he.

"The mass ough' to labor an' we lay on soffies,
Thet's the reason I want to spread Freedom's
aree ;
It puts all the cunninest on us in office,
An' reelizez our Maker's orig'nal idee,'
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he ;—
'Thet's ez plain,' sez Cass, ?
'Ez thet some one's an ass,
It's ez clear ez the sun is at noon,' sez he.

"Slavery's a thing thet depends on complexion,
It's God's law that fetters on black skins don't
chafe ;
Ef brains wuz to settle it (horrid reflection !)
Wich of our onnable body'd be safe ?'
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he ;—
Sez Mister Hannegan,
Afore he began agin,
'Thet exception is quite oppertoan,' sez
he."

We must part from the first series of "The Biglow Papers" with a few verses of "The Pious Editor's Creed." Editors elsewhere than in America might learn a lesson herefrom.

"I du believe in Freedom's cause,
Ez fur away ez Paris is ;
I love to see her stick her claws
In them infarnal Pharisees ;

It's wal enough agin a king
To dror resolves an' triggers,—
But libbaty's a kind o' thing
Thet don't agree with niggers.

"I du believe with all my soul
In the gret Press's freedom,
To pint the people to the goal
An' in the traces lead 'em ;
Palsied the arm thet forges yokes
At my fat contracs squintin',
An' withered be the nose thet pokes
Inter the gov'ment printin' !

"I du believe thet I should give
Wut's his'n unto Caesar,
Fer it's by him I move an' live,
From him my bread an' cheese air
I du believe thet all o' me
Doth bear his soperscription,—
Will, conscience, honor, honesty,
An' things o' thet description.

"In short, I firmly du believe
In Humbug generally,
Fer it's a thing thet I perceive
To hev a solid vally ;
This heth my faithful shepherd ben,
In pasturs sweet heth led me,
An' this'll keep the people green
To feed ez they hev fed me."

This is unsurpassable of its kind ; and we know certain "religious newspapers" in England, representatives of more than one sect, to which, *mutatis mutandis*, Mr. Lowell's satire might be applied.

The second series of "The Biglow Papers," written during the unhappy civil war, are generally admitted to be inferior to the first. Seldom do continuations satisfy either author or reader. The best parts of this second set are the two letters of Mr. Birdofredum Sawin, who goes South, is tarred and feathered, and sent to jail under a mistake for somebody else ; is let out when the real thief is discovered, and receives an ovation, and is requested to pay for the bed whose feathers had adorned him :—

"They gut up a subscription, tu, but no gret come
o' that,
I 'xpect in cairin' of it roun' they took a leaky
hat ;
Though Southun genelmun ain't slow at puttin'
down their name,
(When they can write,) for in the eend it comes
to jest the same,
Because, ye see, 't's the fashion here to sign an'
not to think
A critter 'd be so sordid ez to ax 'em for the
chink :

I didn't call but jest on one, an' *he* drawed tooth-pick on me,
 An' reckoned he warn't goin' to stan' no sech doggauned econ'my;
 So nothin' more wuz realized, 'ceptin' the good-will shown,
 Than ef't had been from fust to last a reg'lar Cotton Loan."

Finally, although previously married in his Northern home, he commits a second marriage with the widow whose bed had been taken to furnish him with extemporaneous plumage. The poor fellow's bigamy is almost excusable, when we read the account of his courtship:—

"Miss S. suz she to me,
 'You've sheered my bed,' [Thet's when I paid my interduction fee
 To Southun rites,] 'an' kep your sheer,' [Wal, I allow it sticked
 So 's 't I wuz most six weeks in jail afore I gut me picked,]
 'Ner nevr paid no demmiges; but thet wunt do no harm,
 Pervidin' thet you'll ondertake to oversee the farm;
 (My eldes' boy is so took up, wut with the Ring-tail Rangers
 An' settin' in the Justice Court for welcomin' o' strangers';)
 [He sot on *me*;] 'an' so, ef you'll jest ondertake the care
 Upon a mod'rit sellery, we'll up an' call it square;
 But ef you *can't* conclude," suz she, an' give a kin' o' grin,
 'Why, the Gran' Jury, I expect, 'll hev to set agin.'"

No wonder that the luckless Northerner ignored his Jerusha, and expiated the sin of being tarred and feathered by matrimony. All this is very good—but there is not the same spirit in this second series—and, indeed, the circumstances of the civil war were almost too terrible for humorous treatment.

Yet they were humorously treated by many writers—among them, notably, Artemus Ward. We were among those who heard Mr. Brown's first experimental recital in London, and can say that it was one of the very few things in the nature of a lecture that we ever enjoyed. To be the recipient of a long talk, with no chance of reply, is not particularly enjoyable. Mr. Brown's manner was perfectly suited to his matter; *dry* is the word to apply to both, as also to the favorite wines of men who have passed their youth. The supposititious showman was a perfect gentleman all through; he exhibited his pano-

rama of Mormon Land and the route thereto with a happy ironical parody of the ordinary exhibitor's style; and the marvellous self-command which enabled him to say the most laughable things with no betrayal of his own knowledge of their fun, except an occasional movement of the lip or the muscles around the eye, was worth study in itself. The platform has been considered beneath literary dignity; but how great a public loss would it have been if Mr. Charles Dickens had not deigned personally to bring his own characters before the people! In the days before printing, there was no other way: probably Homer recited his own compositions in the halls of Grecian kings; assuredly Horace read his to exclusive and critical audiences. The composition and the author is surely something better than the composition without the author. What infinite pleasure has Mr. Dickens caused by coming face to face with his readers and friends in all parts of England! *Quot homines, tot sententia.* Mr. Tennyson probably would shudder at the notion of reading a few idyls and lyrics to the public; but how many myriads of us would crowd to hear him!

Artemus Ward followed in the precise track of Sam Slick. The patriarch of American humorists was a clockmaker; his youngest descendant was an exhibitor of waxwork. In this supposititious vocation he went everywhere. His humorous satire is second only to that of Lowell in depth of feeling. He is quite in earnest when he caricatures the misery of the Mormons, and the frenzy of the Fenians. Mr. Hepworth Dixon has given us some information about the quasi-religious sects which exist in America, but Artemus Ward has been before him in this matter, and had described several of them with infinite humor. Follow him among the curious community of Shakers, where "the sexes live strictly apart." They treated him hospitably; and a solemn female, looking like a bean-pole stuck through a meal-bag, was detailed to give him refreshment. Here is a fragment of their conversation:—

"'It's kinder singler,' sez I, puttin on my most sweetest look and speakin in a winnin voice, 'that so fair a made as thou never got hitched to some likely feller.' [N.B.—She was upards of 40 and homely as a stump fence, but I thawt I'd tickle her.]

"I don't like men!" she sed, very short.
 "'Wall, I dunno,' sez I, 'they're a rayther important part of the populashun. I don't scarcely see how we could git along without 'em.'"

"Us poor wimin folks would git along a grate deal better if there was no men!"

"You'll excoos me, marm, but I don't think that air would work. It wouldn't be regler."

"I'm fraid of men!" she sed.

"That's onnecessary, marm. You ain't in no danger. Don't fret yourself on that pint."

Which was rather hard upon the poor Shakeress, we venture to think.

Artemus deals with the Spiritualists as easily as with the Shakers. He had the power of condensing nonsense into a sort of essence—by distilling it, we may say—and so showing its absurdity. He laments the fact that Spiritualism flourishes in his neighborhood:

"Sperretouol Sircles is held nitely & 4 or 5 long hared fellers has settled here and gone into the sperret bizniss exclsosively. A atemt was made to get Mrs. A. Ward to embark into the Sperret bizniss but the atemt faled. 1 of the long hared fellers told her she was a ethereal creeter & wood make a sweet mejium, whareupon she attact him with a mop handle and drove him out of the house."

He describes a spiritual sederunt "at Squire Smith's," and after it is over, gives his own opinion of it. Here is a fragment of that opinion:—

"Just so soon as a man becums a reglar out & out Sperret rapper he leeves orf work-in, lets his hare grow all over his fase & commensis spungin his livin out of other peple. He eats all the dickshunaries he can find & goze round chock full of big words, scarein the wimmin folks & little children and destroyin the piece of mind of evry famerlee he enters. He don't do nobody no good & is a cuss to society & a pirit on honest peple's corn beef barrils."

And this, we venture to think, sums up the matter at least as well as Mr. Robert Browning's description of Sludge, the medium.

Among the Free Lovers, whom Mr. Dixon has kindly described for us, Artemus of course got into difficulties. "A perfectly orful lookin female" fixed upon him as her quarry, and claimed him as her *affinity*. We can quote only a portion of the story:—

"The exsentric female clutched me frantically by the arm and hollered:

"You air mine, O you air mine!"

"Scacely," I sed, endevertin to git loose from her. But she clung to me and sed:

"You air my Affinity!"

"What upon arth is that?" I shouted.

"Dost thou not know?"

"No, I dostent!"

"Listin man, & I'll tell ye!" sed the strange female; "for years I hav yearned for thee. I knowd thou wast in the world, sumwhares, tho I didn't know whare. My hart sed he would cum and I took courage. He *has* cum—he's here—you air him—you air my Affinity! O 'tis too mutch! too mutch;" and she sobbed agin.

"Yes," I anserd, "I think it is a darn site too mutch!"

"Hast thou not yearned for me?" she yelled, ringin her hands like a female play acter.

"Not a yearn!" I bellerd at the top of my voice, throwin her away from me."

This broad comedy of Artemus Ward's conveys a useful lesson, and has probably had a good effect in American society. People beyond the reach of argument are not always beyond the reach of ridicule. And the young American Republic, full of power, has naturally had its eccentricities and absurdities. The United States is the region of experiments. It has tried slavery, and the experiment has failed, and the failure has been proved by a terrible outlay of blood and gold. The trial was made by a minority. America gives freedom to minorities, while England gives it to individuals. Shakers and Free Lovers may form their communities in the Republic; the police would soon make them uncomfortable in this less liberal island. Of course a primary reason of this is, that England is an old country with old ideas, and the United States a new country with new ideas. And they have room for their experiments, and try them thoroughly. *Fiat experimentum in corpore vili*. Who shall say that this attempt at neoteric polygamy in Salt Lake City is not a benefit to the whole civilized world? Sensible men know that polygamy is an abomination; but the exposure of its abominable character, by the revelations of Utah, is of some use at the moment, and the final fate of Utah, easily discernible to those who have read the lessons of history, will have a permanent effect on civilization. Impossible that the great republic should tolerate in its midst this modern Sodom.

But let us take Artemus Ward's view of Brigham Young, the Prophet, in his domestic circle :—

"In a privit conversashun with Brigham I learn'd the follerin fax : It takes him six weeks to kiss his wives. He don't do it only onct a yere & sez it is wuss nor cleanin house. He don't pretend to know his children, there is so many of um, tho they all know him. He sez about evry child he meats call him Par, and he takes for grantid it is so. His wives air very expensiv. They allers want suthin, & ef he don't buy it for um they set the house in a uproar. He sez he don't have a minit's peace. His wives fite among themselves so much that he has bilt a fitin room for thare speshul benefit, & when two of 'em get into a row he has em turned loose into that place, whare the dispoot is settled accordin to the rules of the London prize ring. Sumtimes thay abooze hissself individooally. They hev pulled the most of his hair out at the roots & he wares meny a horrible scar upon his body, inflicted with mop-handles, broom-sticks and sich. Occashunly they git mad & scald him with bilin hot water. When he got eny waze cranky thay'd shut him up in a dark closit, previshly whippin him arter the stile of muthers when thare offsprings git onruly."

Under such circumstances, a polygamist prophet must be a very unfortunate man. Lord Monson, who was a judge under Charles I., and who was suspected of designing to change his side, was not worse off than the prophet. Loyal Lady Monson mustered her maidservants, tied the suspected turncoat, with no coat at all, or indeed much other apparel, to a bed-post, and administered the rod until the poor man promised to adhere to the royal cause. For this she received thanks in open court. The story is told in the "History of Flagellants," and Lord Monson is satirized in one of the "Loyal Songs." If the unhappy wives of Brigham Young and his supporters would take the law into their own hands, and flog the sensual scoundrels out of Salt Lake City, it would be just what they deserve.

Artemus Ward, like Birdofredum Sawin, has his adventure among the "Seseshers," but is fortunate enough to escape without what Sidney Smith calls a plumeo-piceous covering. As he persisted in keeping the star-spangled banner afloat above his tent, the Southern patriots "confiscated" his show.

"The Seseshers confiscated my statoots

by smashing them to attums. They then went to my money-box and confiscated all the loose change therein contaned. They then went and bust in my cages, lettin all the animils loose, a small but helthy tiger among the rest. This tiger has a excentric way of tearin dogs to peaces, and I allers sposed from his ginerall conduct that he'd hav no hesitashun in servin human beins in the same way if he could git at them. Excuse me if I was crooil, but I larfed boysterrusly when I see that tiger spring in among the people. 'Go it, my sweet cuss!' I inardly exclaimed, 'I forgive you for bitin off my left thum with all my heart! Rip 'em up like a bully tiger whose Lare has been invaded by Seseshers!'

"I can't say for certain that the tiger serisly injured any of them, but as he was seen a few days after, sum miles distant, with a large and well-selected assortment of seats of trowsis in his mouth, and as he lookt as tho he'd bin havin sum vilent exercise, I rayther guess he did. You will therefore perceive that they didn't confiscate him much."

One of Artemus Ward's most humorous episodes is his appearance at a Fenian meeting, where he is induced to make a speech. In the course of his address he tells one anecdote which is far too apposite to be omitted :—

"I went into Mr. Delmonico's eatin'-house the other night, and I saw my fren Mr. Terence McFadden, who is a elekent and enterprisin' deputy Centre. He was sittin' at a table, eatin' a canvass-back duck. Poultry of that kind, as you know, is rather high just now. I think about five dollars per Poult. And a bottle of green seal stood before him.

"How are you, Mr. McFadden?" I said.

"Oh, Mr. Ward! I am miserable—miserable! The wrongs we Irishmen suffer! Oh, Ireland! Will a troo history of your sufferins ever be written? Must we be for ever ground under by the iron heel of despotic Briton? But, Mr. Ward, won't you eat suthin?"

"Well," I said, "if there's another canvass-back and a spare bottle of that green seal in the house, I wouldn't mind jinin' you in bein' ground under by Briton's iron heel."

McFadden, Artemus tells us, was of the Mahony wing, and he does not doubt that some equally patriotic member of the Roberts wing was to be found in the same miserable and suffering state at the Maison Dorée, Delmonico's rival. Anecdote of this kind is likely to be more influential than argument, especially with an illogical

yet acute people like the Irish. They are shrewd enough to see the folly of subscribing, that head-centres and deputy-centres may live luxuriously in New York or Paris; yet it is astonishing how long they are blinded by enthusiasm to the character of the men who delude them. Those who happen to have come in contact with any of the Fenian leaders are aware that they are mercenary men. Many of them have been newspaper reporters and sub-editors, a vocation much liked by Hibernians; a vocation, moreover, which, while favorable to fluency and readiness, does not in all cases allow a man to reflect. The journalist has to make up his mind on all subjects off-hand; frequently he must criticise *ex cathedra* the opinions of another man on a subject which that other has carefully studied, while the critic is beautifully ignorant of it. These are duties not so difficult to impulsive Irishmen as they might be to Englishmen, a race of slower blood. Well, the Irish reporter on a country paper is seldom well paid; he gets a hundred a year perhaps, which scarcely does more than supply the necessary whiskey. Hence, if by exercising his vast fluency of utterance, with lip and pen, he can become a "deputy-centre," and eat his canvas-backs and drink "green seal" in New York, or equivalently enjoy himself in London or Paris, he is likely to think himself a great patriot for so doing. This is no fancy sketch; we chance to have known an illustrious Fenian, who has graduated as a martyr, whose rise has been precisely of this nature. We pointed him out to the authorities at Scotland Yard some years ago, when he ventured to appear in London, though the Lord-Lieutenant's warrant was out against him; the detective who arrested him, and who had orders to keep him in sight till there was a telegram from Dublin Castle, saw him saunter from one public-house to another, consuming on his way twenty-seven glasses of whiskey and hot water. This fellow must, we think, have courted martyrdom; he wore a gold harp in his buttonhole, and at one place he wrote his real name across a ten-pound note which he wanted to change. O suffering Ireland! how did he get that promise to pay from the bank of despotic Britain?

One of Artemus Ward's most delicious scraps of humor is his interview with the Prince of Wales, when his Royal Highness

was in Canada. He represents himself as having some difficulty in achieving this interview, as the colonel of the 71st did his best to prevent it. The Indignant officer asked him who he was:—

" 'Sir,' sez I, drawin myself up & puttin on a defiant air, 'I'm a Amerycan sitterzen. My name is Ward. I'm a husband & the father of twins, which I'm happy to state they look like me. By perfeshun I'm a exhibiter of wax works & sich.' "

" 'Good God!' yelled the Kurnal, 'the idee of a exhibiter of wax figgers goin into the presents of Royalty! The British Lion may well roar with rage at the thawt! "

" 'Sez I, 'Speakin of the British Lion, Kurnal, I'd like to make a bargain with you fur that beast fur a few weeks to add to my Show.' "

However, he could not force himself past the "Seventy-onesters," and was about to give up his enterprise, when the prince himself came and asked what was the matter.

" 'Sez I, 'Albert Edard is that you?' & he smilt & sed it was. Sez I, 'Albert Edard, heers my keerd. I cum to pay my respects to the futer King of Ingland. The Kurnal of the Seventy-onesters hear is ruther smawl pertaters, but of course you ain't to blame fur that.' "

Hereupon the prince and his illustrious visitor fraternized, and smoked together on the "pizarro" of the hotel, and Artemus inquired after "the old folks," and asked if "the old man took his lager beer reglar." Thus does he describe his leave-taking:—

" 'The time hevin arose fur me to take my departer I rose up & sed: 'Albert Edard, I must go, but previs to doin so I will obsarve that you soot me. Yure a good feller Albert Edard, & tho I'm agin Princes as a ginerall thing, I must say I like the cut of your Gib. When you git to be King try and be as good a man as your muther has bin! Be just & be Jenerus, espeshully to showmen, who hav allers bin aboozed sins the dase of Noah, who was the fust man to go into the Menagery bizniss, & ef the daily papers of his time air to be beleaved, Noah's colleckshun of livin wild beests beet ennything ever seen sins, tho I make bold to dowl ef his snaks was ahead of mine. Albert Edard, adoo!' I took his hand which he shook warmly, & givin him a perpetooal free pars to my show, & also parses to take hum for the Queen and Old Albert, I put on my hat and walkt away.' "

Although Hosea Biglow and Artemus Ward are wonderful creations, we think that Hans Breitmann, the hero of Mr. Leland's ballads, is superior to either. Hans Breitmann is the Jack Falstaff of the German-American; broad and burly, as his name imports, he unites two prominent Teutonic peculiarities, shrewdness and love of enjoyment, which are bound together by a cestus of metaphysics. Here you have a fair specimen of both his poetry and his philosophy:—

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The stanza gives also a good example of his special dialect; only that there are some of the ballads wherein there is a stronger German element, and occasionally words are coined which, half-way between English and German, bring us back to the time when the languages had not separated. Geborn and gebilded are good Old English, and familiar to the men who read the English of King Alfred's time. Such readers might well be more numerous. The majority regard the word Anglo-Saxon as meaning something different from English; they do not master the fact that our language, like our institutions, is ancient and unchanged, and that Alfred talked to the Witan in the very tongue that Gladstone uses to address the Parliament. We learned Greek and Latin at school, but not English; the book which, as Mr. Freeman well says, we ought to reverence after the Bible and Homer—the Chronicle—is never made a school-book. If it were, a better knowledge of English, and a truer judgment of our early history, would inevitably follow.

This is digression. Take another example of the Breitmann on topics metaphysical, when he is maintaining his favorite thesis that the Germans are the great intellectual race:—

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"No," replied my little dawter, 'she probly liked it."

"You ain't goin' to fool female Young America much. You may gamble on *that*."

"Clothing with young men inside of it"

is perfectly parallel to beer with the Bohemian glass around it.

The original of Hans Breitmann is said to have been a German named Jost, of the 15th Pennsylvanian Cavalry, a desperate fighter when anything was to be gained thereby, but resolute *not* to fight when there was nothing to be made. The *rebs* "gobbled him up" one day, but he reappeared soon after, enriched by their spoils. This story Mr. Leland tells in one of the best of the ballads; and his editor assures us that it "is true in every detail, *without exaggeration*." So it may be taken as the choicest and most accurate expression of Breitmann's character. In the first stanza we have General Sherman amazed to hear that Breitmann and his troops are holding a difficult ford:—

"Der Shen'ral he ootered no hymn und no psalm,
But opened his lips und he priefly say
'D——n !
Dere moost hafe been viskey on dat side der rifer ;
To get it dose shaps would set hell in a shiver ;
But now that dey hold it, ride quick to deir aid :
Ho Sickles ! move promp'tly, send down a pri-
gade !
Dat Dootchman moost work mighty hard mit his
sword
If againsd a whole army he holds to de ford.'"

If the general's language is indefensible, be it remembered that "our army swore terribly in Flanders." Sickles was not in time ; and the next two stanzas of the ballad narrate the Breitmanns' defeat:—

"Itsch'l of Innspruck ish drilled droo de hair,
Einer aus Boeblingen—he too vash dere—
Karli of Karlisruh's shot near de fence,
(His horse vash o'erloadet mit toorkies und
hens),
Und dough he like a ravin' mad cannibal fought,
Yet der Breitmann—der capt'n—der hero vash
caught ;
Und de last dings ve saw, he vas tied mit a cord,
For de repels had gopped him oop at de ford.

"Dey shtripped off his goat und skyugled his poots,
Dey dressed him mit rags of a repel recruits ;
But von gray-haared oldt veller shmiled crimly und
bet
Dat Breitmann wouldt pe a pad egg for dem, yet.
'He has more in ish pipe ash dem vellers allows ;
He has cards yet in hand und *das Spiel ist nicht
aus*,
Dey'll find dat dey dook in der Teufel to poard,
De day dey pooled Breitmann vell ofer de ford.'"

Mr. Leland's marvellous command of metre is noticeable. He has quite the German swiftness, which no previous American, and very few Englishmen, have

ever attained—the rapid rhythm of Goethe and Heine. Sir Walter Scott is our great master of this natural rapid straightforward movement—when the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee have to pass out of Edinburgh town, he makes you hear the merry music of their march. But, as at present it is fashionable to consider that Scott was not a poet (or Byron either, for that matter), we will delay with him no longer than to say he was the supreme ballad-writer of the world's most ballad-loving nation—a nation whose kings wrote ballads.

To Breitmann let us return, and see how he got back from Secessia, after his loss had been "muchly" mourned. Sherman has reached the sea, and is happy thereat, when a rumor arises that the ghost of Breitmann is approaching. Nobody has sufficient presence of mind to order out the artillery. The "spook" comes nearer ; all faces are pale ; the South Germans cross themselves and invoke the Virgin:—

"Boot Itzig of Frankfort he lift oop his nose,
Und be-mark dat de shpook hat peen changin'
his clothes,
For he zeemed like an Generalissimus drest
In a vlamint new coat und magnificent vest.
Six bistols beschlagen mit silber he vore,
Und a cold-mounded swordt like a Kaiser he
bore,
Und ve dinks dat de ghosdt—or votever he pe—
Moosht haf proken some panks on his vay to
de sea.

"'Id is he ?' 'Und er lebt noch !' he lifes, ve
all say
'Der Breitmann—Oldt Breitmann ! Hans Breit-
mann ! Herr Je !'
Und ve roosh to embrace him, and shtill more
ve find
Dat vherefer he'd peen, he'd left noding pe-
hind.
In bofe of his poots dere vas porte-moneys cram-
med,
Mit creen-packs stoof full all his haversack
jammed,
In his bockets cold dollars vere shinglin' deir
doons
Mid two dozen vatches und four dozen
shpoons,
Und dwo silber tea-pods for making his dea,
Der ghosdt hafe pring mit him, *en route* to
de sea."

So Breitmann had turned out a bad egg for them, as was predicted, and if they "skyugled his boots," he in his turn skyugled a good many valuables before they got rid of him. And the poet predicts that Breitmann is not likely to beg "while a revolver will go round."

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Dere moost hafe been viskey on dat side der rifer;
To get it dose shaps would set hell in a shiver;
But now that dey hold it, ride quick to deir aid:

Ho Sickles! move promp'tly, send down a pri-
gade!

Dat Dootchman moost work mighty hard mit his
sword

If againsd a whole army he holds to de ford."

If the general's language is indefensible, be it remembered that "our army swore terribly in Flanders." Sickles was not in time; and the next two stanzas of the ballad narrate the Breitmanns' defeat:—

"Itsch'l of Innspruck ish drilled droo de hair,

Einer aus Boeblingen—he too vash dere—

Karl of Karlsruh's shot near de fence,

(His horse vash o'erloadet mit toorkies und
hens),

Und dough he like a ravin' mad cannibal fought,"

Yet der Breitmann—der capt'n—der hero vash

caught;
Und de last dings ve saw, he vas tied mit a cord,
For de repels had goppled him oop at de ford.

"Dey shtripped off his goat und skyugled his poots,
Dey dressed him mit rags of a repel recruits;

But von gray-haired oldt veller shmiled crimly und
bet

Dat Breitmann wouldt pe a pad egg for dem, yet.

'He has more in ish pipe ash dem vellers allows;

He has cardts yet in hand und *das Spiel ist nicht
aus*,

Dey'll find dat dey dook in der Teufel to poard,
De day dey pooled Breitmann vell ofer de ford."

Mr. Leland's marvellous command of metre is noticeable. He has quite the German swiftness, which no previous American, and very few Englishmen, have

ever attained—the rapid rhythm of Goethe and Heine. Sir Walter Scott is our great master of this natural rapid straightforward movement—when the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee have to pass out of Edinburgh town, he makes you hear the merry music of their march. But, as at present it is fashionable to consider that Scott was not a poet (or Byron either, for that matter), we will delay with him no longer than to say he was the supreme ballad-writer of the world's most ballad-loving nation—a nation whose kings wrote ballads.

To Breitmann let us return, and see how he got back from Secessia, after his loss had been "muchly" mourned. Sherman has reached the sea, and is happy thereat, when a rumor arises that the ghost of Breitmann is approaching. Nobody has sufficient presence of mind to order out the artillery. The "spook" comes nearer; all faces are pale; the South Germans cross themselves and invoke the Virgin:—

"Boot Itzig of Frankfort he lift oop his nose,
Und be-mark dat de shpook hat peen changin'
his clothes,

For he zeemed like an Generalissimus drest

In a vlamín' new coat und magnificent vest.

Six bistols beschlagen mit silber he vore,

Und a cold-mounded swordt like a Kaiser he
bore,

Und ve dinks dat de ghosdt—or votever he pe—

Moosht haf proken some panks on his vay to
de sea.

"'Id is he!' 'Und er lebt noch!' he lifes, ve
all say

'Der Breitmann—Oldt Breitmann! Hans Breit-
mann! *Herr Je!*'

Und ve roosh to emprace him, and shtill more
ve find

Dat vherefer he'd peen, he'd left noding pe-
hind.

In bofe of his poots dere vas porte-moneys cram-
med,

Mit creen-packs stoof full all his haversack
jammed,

In his bockets cold dollars vere shinglin' deir
doons

Mid two dozen vatches und four dozen
shpoons,

Und dwo silber tea-pods for making his den,
Der ghosdt hafe pring mit him, *en route* to
de sea."

So Breitmann had turned out a bad egg for them, as was predicted, and if they "skyugled his boots," he in his turn skyugled a good many valuables before they got rid of him. And the poet predicts that Breitmann is not likely to beg "while a revolver will go round."

Here we have Breitmann in Maryland, so plagued with thirst that he must do great deeds to obtain the means of quenching it :—

“ Der Breitmann mit his company,
Rode out in Marylandt.
‘ Dere’s nix to trink in dis countrie :
Mine droat’s as dry as sand.
It’s light canteen und haversack,
It’s hoonger mixed mit doorst ;
Und if ve had some lager beer
I’d trink oontil I boorst.
Gling, glang, gloria !
Ve’d trink oontil ve boorst.’ ”

That “ gling, glang, gloria ” chorus is excellent. Comes in at midnight a report that a rebel town with a rebel tavern in it, and much rebel beer in the cellar, has been discovered.

“ Gottsdonnerkreuzschockscherenoth !
How Breitmann broked de bush !
‘ O let me see dat lager beer !
O let me at him rush !
Und is mein sabre sharp und true,
Und is mein var-horse goot ?
To get one quart of lager beer
I’d shpill a sea of plood.
Gling, glang, gloria !
I’d shpill a sea of plood.’ ”

All this reads as mere humor now, but when first written there was sharp satire in it. The advancing Federal armies were preceded by troops of skirmishers, who never troubled the commissariat, but made the country feed them bountifully. This, it would seem, was the kind of service which suited the Germans.

One or two more extracts we must make. The Breitmann gives a Christmas party, which his countrymen enjoy. “ Pair-wise we goed to de sooper-room.”

“ Ve goed for ge-roasted Welsh-hens, ve goed for gespickter hare,
Ve goed for kartoffel salade mit butter brod—kaviar :
Ve roosh at de lordly sauer-kraut und de wurst hoch lofely shine,
Und oh, mein Gott im Himmel ! how we goed for de Mosel-wein ! ”

In this we have the German *gourmandise* satirized, while in the third series, where Breitmann turns politician, and is elected to Congress, there are some severe hits at the very free-thinking propensities of the Teutons. Breitmann’s opponent is one Smith, of whom, addressing a meeting of Germans, he speaks thus :—

“ And to mine Sharman liperal friendts I might mention in dis shpot,
Dat I hear an oonfoundet rumor dat der Schmit peliefe in Gott ;
Und also dat he coes to shoorsch—mit a brayer-book—for salfadion :
I would not for die welt say dings to hoort his repudation.

“ Und noding is more likely dat it all a shlander pe,
So also de rumor dat when young he shtood divinidy :
I myself, ash a publican, moost pe a sinner py fate,
And in dis sense I denounce mineself ash Republican-didate ! ”

There is an immense amount of humor in this third series of the Breitmann ballads, which treats of his successful attempt to invade Congress ; and we can sympathize with the English editor of Messrs. Trübner’s reprint, who wishes that England had a Lowell or a Leland to satirize the electioneering rascalities of our own elections. But the thing is hardly to be done in the same way. As there is not the same imperfect mixture of races, the satirist could not avail himself of a similar grotesqueness of dialect, which is, after all, a very important element in the humor of Lowell and Leland. If the Marquis of Hertford had fulfilled his famous threat, and sent his black footman to Parliament, why a Thackeray, with a command of the language of the *valefaille*, might have made great fun of Pompey, M.P. And something could doubtless be done at this moment, with such material as the recent election inquiries, especially if the humorist knew how to deal with the terror of the Roses and Drakes and Spofforths, and was bold enough to ridicule the unintelligent facetiousness and fussy dignity of the Commissioners. True, we have no such marked characters among our candidates as Hans Breitmann, that burly compound of *geist* and thirst. For all that, there is good material for a man of wit and leisure, if those two things are the simultaneous possession of any living Englishman. Still, we take it that this kind of humorous literature cannot be successfully introduced in England. Hans Breitmann, or Birdofredum Sawin, is the type of many thousands of men in America ; but in this country men of a single type are not numerous, there is more variation of character, and it would be almost impossible to paint a portrait in which a large class of the com-

munity would recognize themselves a little caricatured.

Monarchs have in their time been jesters. Rochester wrote on Charles II. the witty epitaph:—

"Here lies our mutton-loving king,
Whose word no man relies on,
Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one."

When Abraham Lincoln governed the United States, he was the fountain of anecdote as well as of honor. His stories were often apposite. At any rate, they were always the growth of the man's natural humor; he was deeply conscientious and sensitive, and had to battle with a terrible rebellion, and this humor of his enabled him to do his sad duty well. Laughter is a great gift of God, and helps men to endure their cares. It is a pity that so many of President Lincoln's apposite anecdotes are now forgotten. At this moment we remember an illustration of his, worth notice for two reasons. He said, when urged to proclaim the slaves free, that it would be as useless as the Pope's issuing a bull against the comet. How strangely wrong he was! That emancipating word ended the war. And in reference to the Pope's bull, it may be observed that the Vatican has never fulminated against any comet or other meteor, and that the tradition to that effect is probably based on the fact that some Pope did issue a minatory document against the players of a certain very dangerous game of cards, known in Italy as *cometa*. America now wants an Aristophanes. One man depicts one character—Sam Slick, Orpheus C. Kerr, Artemus Ward, Birdofredum Sawin, Hans Breitmann. Hence it is clear that the contact of races in a new hemisphere, with a new climate, and new conditions, has produced an immense number of characters differing widely from those of the old world. Well, they ought to be crystallized by the magic touch of genius, and brought into a higher literary form than any of those which we have noticed. If it were not for the plays of Aristophanes, our knowledge of Athenian life would be very imperfect. The "chaff" of the city lives on his imperishable page; he has immortalized the weak points of Cleon and Socrates and Alcibiades. His marvellous rhythm and perfect Attic style have preserved for us the trifles that floated in the air of the city

of the golden grasshopper, as flies are preserved in amber. The function of such a writer is not altogether frivolous; satire and caricature are weapons that may be used in strong earnestness, and with no contemptible effect. Moreover, the humor of a race is a valuable key to character, and will never be neglected by the student of ethnology and history. Humor, and not wit, as Sidney Smith maintained, is "the flavor of the mind." Probably this assertion of his was made thoughtlessly, since it is quite inconsistent with what we understand to be his main theory on the subject. Wit is an operation of pure intellect, and when most brilliant is by no means provocative of laughter. It was said of Franklin, *Eripuit fulmen cælo sceptrumque tyrannis*. This is true wit, but it does not provoke even a smile; and its author may well have been devoid of any sense of humor. Humor is natural, the indigenous growth of the soil; wit may be cultivated, may even be acquired. The humorous man is born so; no one was ever born an epigrammatist. The fact that both gifts are often united in the same person tends to prevent our always remembering the distinction between them; but if we turn to the writings and sayings of men like Congreve, Chesterfield, Walpole, Selwyn, who were wits by profession, that distinction becomes easily perceptible. Wit was the accomplishment of men of fashion in the days from Charles II. to the Regency, of men who would have thought humor low, even though it were the humor of Shakespeare. But humor has regained its ascendancy, and wit is now a comparative rarity, although a recent writer in the *Contemporary Review* predicts the restoration of the epigram. This we gravely doubt. Life is not long enough for the labor which good epigrams require. In fiction, wit seems to have given way to humor when Theodore Hook was succeeded by Charles Dickens. There was a great deal of the ludicrous in Hook's novels, and he was witty beyond measure; but he had none of that humor which belongs to vivid perception of real character. Dickens, on the other hand, possessed inexhaustible humor, for he took note of character wherever he perceived it; but he has few scintillations of wit. In the drama, again, although new plays are represented under the name of comedies, they contain no witty colloquy, and are for the most part a mixture of melodrama and farce. Their

authors might justify themselves etymologically; doubtless the first *κωμῳδία* reflected the humors of some Dorian *κῶμη*—the clownish fun of a country village.

Humor and wit have both their special functions. Humor reveals to us the character of men and of races of men; it aids the philosopher and the historian; it is the best ally of the dramatic poet. Wit has wondrous power in politics and society; its lightning clears the air. It is common sense, brightened by the crystallization of genius. Pleasant when it coruscates at the dinner-table, it is terrible when it exposes shams, when it shows the folly of antiquat-

ed prejudice, when it makes oppression contemptible and tyranny ridiculous. Wit, the very faculty that heightens the flavor of your claret, has been known to shake dynasties, and to unnerve the cruel hands of tyrants. It is the delight of the wise, and the scourge of fools. But it is as well not to use it too freely. "Appear," said Lord Chesterfield, "to have rather less than more wit than you really have. A wise man will live at least as much within his wit as within his income." The advice is judicious; but perhaps it is not important to enforce it in an age when wit is somewhat at a discount.

Fraser's Magazine.

THE PRESENT CONDITION OF CHINA.

BY A RESIDENT.

THE present condition of an empire containing two hundred millions of inhabitants must necessarily form a subject of deep interest to the people of this country.

Accustomed as we are to hear of the teeming myriads of China, it is difficult to believe what is nevertheless a fact, that this vast population has been reduced nearly one-half in the course of the last twenty years. This has mainly resulted from the great civil war and countless risings or rather raids of starving and desperate peasants, who under the name of "Neen-fei" are constantly ravaging the inner provinces of Northern, Western, and Central China.

The primary cause of the Taeping Rebellion appears to have been the deep impoverishment of the peasantry in the southern provinces, and the loss of prestige suffered by the Chinese troops in consequence of their inglorious defeats during our war of 1842.

Owing to the Chinese system of early marriages, the country becomes so densely populated after a long interval of peace, that the maintaining of a bare existence becomes a dire struggle, notwithstanding the great gaps caused by constant visitations of Asiatic cholera and other epidemics, some of which are described in Chinese chronicles as being so violent as "to carry off whole families, leaving no living member to bury the dead or take charge of the family property."

There is scarcely any pasture land throughout the whole of the eighteen

provinces, but the greater part of the country is cultivated, rice being in the south, rice and wheat in the centre, and wheat and millet in the north, the chief crops. In Southern China the whole country is intersected with canals and rivers which form almost the only highways, while even in the north the Grand Canal penetrates to within ten miles of Peking.

To convey passengers and produce under these circumstances neither horses nor any other beasts of burden are required, and even in places where the traffic passes mountainous or other regions without water communication, transportation is effected by porters who either carry their burdens on their shoulders by means of bamboo poles or yokes, or convey them in wheelbarrows. The wheelbarrow is an exceedingly useful, cheap, and even comfortable conveyance for travelling on the extensive plains of Central China. It is formed of a light framework resting on a large wheel in the centre, having two handles in front and two behind, and is propelled by two coolies, one pushing behind, the other pulling in front. By a skilful arrangement of the bedding, which it is the custom in China for travellers to carry with them, a couple of heavy men, reclining on either side of the central wheel, may be comfortably conveyed hundreds of miles with a considerable quantity of baggage at the rate of upwards of twenty miles a day. In case of a fair wind a light bamboo pole

is set up as a mast, a sheet of long cloth being used for a sail, and then only one coolie is required to guide or steer. Milton probably alluded to these vehicles in the following lines from the *Paradise Lost* :—

But in his way lights on the barren plains
Of Sericana, where Chineses drive
With wind and sails their cany wagons light.

The only animals in China which require a share of the produce of the soil are the horses belonging to the Government and the few oxen and water-buffaloes which plough or rather scrape the surface of the soil. Their usual food is, however, of the very poorest description, consisting chiefly of grass growing on hill-sides, in marshes, &c.

As boiled rice or millet with salted fish or pork with garlic suffice to maintain Chinese in health and strength, as they have no decided taste for those luxuries which in this country we deem necessities, such as clean linen, furniture, fires and fireplaces, wine, beer and spirits, leathern shoes, woollen clothes, &c., and as moreover the whole of the cultivated portion of the country is to all intents and purposes wholly devoted to the production of articles of food for man (the tea-plant is cultivated on the sides of hills, corn is grown under the mulberry-trees, while the land on which the poppy, indigo, tobacco, cotton, &c., are grown is still inappreciable), it would almost seem as though so vast an area would be able to support a countless number of the sons of Han. Judging, however, from Chinese history this does not seem to be the case, for whenever the population became very large, rebellions broke out, when after a protracted period of slaughter a new dynasty would establish itself, and govern peaceably, for a while, a fearfully diminished population.

From the remotest ages of antiquity the sages are represented as impressing upon the princes the necessity of providing a due supply of food for the people. The present Government, bearing in mind that the preceding Ming dynasty was overthrown by a rebellion originating in the distress occasioned by bad harvests, has shown some little care in this respect. As one means to this end they caused that portion of the land-tax which was destined for the capital to be forwarded in rice instead of specie. The enormous

distance of some of these provinces from the capital, viz. Hoonan, Hoopoh, Ganhwuy, and Keang-se, and the transshipments of rice thereby necessary, gave employment to an immense number of people, estimated at 800,000 able-bodied men, who were suddenly thrown out of work in the commencement of the reign of the Emperor Heenfung, in consequence of the portion of the Grand Canal running through the province of Keang-soo having falling into the hands of the Taeping rebels.

Another great public work which gave employment to a large number of people was the conservation of the embankments and dykes of the Yellow River, which stream when at its highest level stands, or rather stood, several feet above the surrounding towns and country. After the occupation of Keang-soo by the rebels there were no funds forthcoming for the supply of this staff: consequently the river broke down its embankments, and forsaking its bed, which disembogued into the Yellow Sea, returned to its old course, emptying its waters into the Gulf of Pechile.

Running almost parallel with the Yellow River is a stream called the Hwae, whose level is generally higher than that of the former. This river likewise crosses the Grand Canal, and the Chinese engineers by opening floodgates made use of this water to sweep back into the Yellow River the sand and mud deposited by it in the Canal during its overflowings. Owing to neglect, however, this river also has altered its course, while the Grand Canal has become so filled up with sandy deposits as to be no longer available as a means of communication.

In support of our argument that want of food is the original cause of almost all the rebellions in China, may be quoted a statement made by the Chung Wang or loyal prince, one of the most celebrated of the Taeping rebel leaders, in the narrative he wrote in his cage when captured by the Imperialists. After giving a brief account of the commencement of the rebellion, and some short sketches of the six Wang or princes who were the first leaders of the movement (the greater portion of them, as also the Heavenly king himself, being the sons of poor peasants), he says: "With the exception of the above-named six princes who were in the plot,

the sole idea of all the other men who joined the movement was to obtain food."

Again, the present Governor of Keang-soo province, in a memorial addressed to the Throne, to which we shall again refer, states:—

The rebels of to-day were the loyal subjects of yesterday. How then can loyal subjects bear to become rebels? They are driven to it by starvation. But how are they reduced to starvation? They are brought to that state by the inability of the Government to take care of them. Therefore the future tranquillity of the empire depends upon the nature of the conduct pursued by the officials towards the people at the present day.

We do not mean to say for one moment that risings do not take place in consequence of the oppression of the local authorities, but such risings are usually of short duration, and only extend over a very limited area. What we wish to make clear is, that the only way to restore peace to the country is to provide food and employment for the poorest classes.

Under these circumstances we will now consider the present state of the empire, as represented in the memorials addressed to the Throne by the high officials, and published in the Peking Gazettes. With regard to the correctness of their facts, they ought to be looked upon with the same consideration as is shown in law courts to admissions made against interest. For the rulers of provinces in China, as elsewhere, are naturally held responsible for the well-being of their subjects.

The memorial which attracted the greatest share of general attention throughout the empire during the last year was presented by Ting-jih-chang, Governor of the Province of Keang-soo, and a former Intendant of Circuit at Shanghai, in which post he had been brought into frequent contact with foreigners. He commences with an eulogium on the conduct of the two Empresses-Dowager and the Emperor in expressing a desire to correct abuses, and ascribes the reason of their continuance to the fear of wounding susceptibilities or of injuring adverse interests. He next comments upon the inefficiency of the local authorities, who, he says,

thoroughly understand the art of dancing attendance upon their superiors; but when called upon to try an ordinary lawsuit, they

are obliged, from their total ignorance of jurisprudence, to leave the case in the hands of their secretaries. In a like manner, from their unacquaintance with the revenue laws, they are forced to leave the collection of taxes solely under the control of their clerks. Now this is owing to their lifelong studies having no bearing upon their official duties, and thus they are called upon to transact affairs for the adequate discharge of which they have never been properly qualified. This is like compelling a workman to cure disease, or forcing a physician to build houses. The sick man would be despaired of, the house would assuredly fall. Now one house or one man is of comparatively little importance, and yet they are never neglected in this way. How much less then, in the weighty matter of the well-being of the people, should stupid men be allowed to experimentalize at their will!

He then goes on to describe the great injuries inflicted on the people through the sale of official posts under the ill-disguised term of subscription payment. The Governor states

that these subscription regulations are so loose, that not only do people of the middle classes brush themselves up and come forward, but even the poor and naked, trusting in their luck, constantly club together and scrape up enough money to purchase an official post as they would goods in a market; their idea being that the pay of a subordinate, amounting to some tens of taels monthly, would afford an ample interest for the thousand taels laid out in the original purchase.

Now in a transaction of this sort, as far as the officer himself is concerned, his capital is very small and his dividends very large; but as regards the state, its income is very small and its outgoing extremely large.

After comparing this action to that of a rich man who, being suddenly pressed for money, instead of raising a loan or curtailing his expenditure, lets his property at a very low rate to a tenant who allows it to go to utter ruin, he goes on to compare the system to nursing a scorpion, and remarks, truly enough, that it is the natural disposition of mankind to disregard what can be obtained without difficulty, and comments on the mistake of allowing men to rule who have no respect for their positions. He then states that it is as hopeless to attempt to stop people of this sort from acts of extortion as to try to keep a tiger from his prey with a bow and arrows.

"Not, however," he continues, "that

these men are ineradicably bad, but irregularity in the means of livelihood induces irregularity of mind and disposition, and they are brought to this state by the pressure of poverty and hardships." He concludes the section by advising the Emperress and Emperor to do away with subscription payments, and have the deficiency made up from the provincial custom-house and inland dues.

In connection with this subject we must bear in mind the great temptations to which a Chinese official in the provinces is exposed. There is no free press in China or newspapers of any kind, with the exception of the official *Peking Gazette*; beyond a terribly cruel penal code there is no civil law written nor unwritten, no reports or even legal maxims, while all interference with lawsuits being rigorously prohibited by the code, there is no bar or lawyers of any kind. Consequently the same official dispenses punishment for crimes according to the code, gives judgment in civil cases according to the lights he derived from his youthful studies of the moral philosophy of Confucius, without the aid or presence of juries, assessors, or reporters, generally with closed doors, and collects the taxes, assisted by a crowd of underpaid or unpaid myrmidons whose characters are proverbial all over China for extortion and cruelty.

The difficulties which lie in the way of a mandarin who attempts to discharge his duties with impartiality have been the theme of censors, essayists, and novelists for centuries. One great stumbling-block is the law which prohibits officers from holding posts in their own provinces, whereby they lose the moral support of their friends and relations, and become the mere tools of the local gentry, who can effect their ruin at any moment through their influential friends at the capital. The multifarious and complex regulations for the guidance of the mandarin body form another great difficulty. They were formerly scattered promiscuously through the Penal Code, but have of late years been compiled in separate books, one for the army and the other for the civil service. The preface to the latter work itself states that the rules are so vexatious and minute, that the most painstaking official is unable to avoid transgressing, while the crafty and dishonest manage to avoid detection.

In the next section the Governor complains of the inadequacy of salaries to supply the requirements of the elegance and luxury which have gradually supplanted the plainness and simplicity in vogue two hundred years ago, at the accession of the present dynasty; and that consequently the officials in the capital were obliged to pawn, borrow, and beg, while in the provinces the higher officers were constrained to demand money from their subordinates, and the subordinates from the people. In short, "both high and low seized everything within their reach, like poachers in a well-stocked preserve."

In the fourth section complaint is made of the enormous powers wielded by the clerks and secretaries of the mandarins, and the ill uses to which these powers are turned. The Governor commences by observing that when men regard gain rather than reputation, they cannot resist the temptation of hoodwinking their superiors in order to attain their private ends. He then shows how completely the officials are in the hands of these knavish persons, a result chiefly owing to the clerkships being permanent, and the duties confined to one special subject, while the duties of mandarins are multifarious, and their tenure of office seldom exceeds two or three years. This is mainly owing to the extreme jealousy of the Central Government, which not only does not permit officials to hold posts in their native provinces, but even elsewhere is constantly moving them in the dread lest they should obtain too great an influence over the inhabitants.

One of the difficulties arising out of this system is not alluded to by Governor Ting, viz. that in the southern provinces northern mandarins are often unable to speak or comprehend the local dialects, where they are wholly placed at the mercy of their secretaries and satellites, whom even the mandarins themselves do not scruple to accuse openly of all sorts of injustice and fraud. So much is this the case that intendants of circuit at the Treaty ports, who are the officers who do business with the foreign consuls, frequently beg them not to insist on sending in defaulting Chinese to the district magistracies, on the ground of the gross ill-treatment and extortion they would meet with at the hands of the police and various hangers-on of those establishments. The

services of these men are indispensable to the transaction of the affairs of the country, and as the mandarins' salaries are quite inadequate for their own support, and there is no fund set apart to provide their pay, they are obliged to obtain their living by extortion, and so ignoble is the calling that the sons of persons so engaged are prohibited from competing at the public Government examinations. We learn from the *Peking Gazette* that in some departments in the north of the province of Keang-soo these men are numbered in thousands—that they elect and nominate their own officers under the exalted titles of Lieutenants, Adjutants, Captains, and even Governors-General! When travelling in the country they are represented as riding in gestatorial chairs borne by four men, and as disputing the *pas* with the county families. So powerful had they become, that even the most tenacious and overbearing class in China, viz. the literati, had ceased to oppose their exactions.

In the section now under review the Governor gives their Majesties the following brief sketch of the duties of a district magistrate:—

This officer is but one man, yet in the morning his time is taken up with military affairs and criminal cases, while in the evening it is his duty to supervise the collection of the taxes and the preparations for the transmission of the tribute rice to the capital. In one single lawsuit references have to be made to the statutes, also to the reported cases and supplementary clauses attached to these statutes, and again to another set of regulations altogether independent of them. In any matter, by bribing a clerk, he will produce established cases in confirmation of the briber's wishes, while if no bribe be given, the clerk will bring forward like cases overthrown by contrary decisions in order to show off his own dexterity. In any case whatsoever, whether as weighty as a mountain, or as light as a feather, with a bribe black will be white, while without a bribe every white will be black. Thus the powers of one man will be limited, while the transformations of the penal code are practically unlimited.

As a means of reforming these abuses the Governor suggests the codification of the laws and the admission of legally-educated clerks to the ranks of the covenanted service—i. e. the mandarin body—but the only feasible plan would seem to be to apportion these onerous duties amongst a

greater number of officers. As it is now, the lives of these men are one constant struggle to keep their shortcomings from the eyes of their superiors.

In the fifth section a subject is touched upon very galling to the feelings of Chinese patriots, viz. the extreme depression of the native shipping interest, owing to the competition of foreign-built vessels. The junks of the port of Shanghai alone, which formerly numbered four or five thousand, have now dwindled down to four or five hundred only.

The loss of the coasting trade is entirely the result of the obstinate adherence of the Chinese to their antiquated style of ship-building. Their junks, being flat-bottomed and square-bowed, although, thanks to their light bamboo sails, they can sail when foreign ships are becalmed, can make but little way against a head wind, while, owing to the ignorance of the sailors (they are too democratic a race to allow of a ship-master in our sense of the term), they are obliged either to hug the shore, steer certain courses, or find their way by taking soundings, observing the different shades of yellow in the sea-water, &c., under the directions of some old men who *know the road*. Another difficulty with the native craft is that a greater number of hands are required to work them than is necessary for foreign vessels of corresponding tonnage, while the native sailors demand higher wages and more expensive food than the North German seamen, who are their most formidable competitors in the China seas. But the greatest disadvantages they labor under are the entire want of protection from pirates (so far, at least, as regards their own Government), the consequent impossibility of effecting insurance on cargoes sent in them, and the levying of heavy war-taxes on them by the local authorities.

In the sixth section the Governor refers to the system of military examinations, and comments on the absurdity of admitting candidates and granting promotion solely for proficiency in archery, when the moment actual warfare commences such antiquated weapons are at once thrown aside, and cannon and muskets brought into play. The military degrees here referred to are more looked down upon by the Chinese than even the purchased civilian grades. The archery is of the very poorest description, sixty paces being the distance required at the examinations, while the exercise

with the sword and weights is accomplished by men of very ordinary physical strength. He then goes on to state the almost incredible fact that these military graduates, together with the "ping" or regular Chinese army, are so cowardly as to be utterly useless, and that during the campaigns of the last few years the whole of the fighting has been done by a militia raised for that purpose, commonly known to foreigners under the term "braves."

As a measure of reform the Governor suggests that commissions should be granted to three classes of men, viz. those possessed of an ascertained proficiency in military strategy and tactics, those skilled in machinery and the construction and use of military weapons and munitions of war, and, lastly, those who have highly distinguished themselves in the field.

In connection with this subject we may mention that the most famous Chinese commanders during the late rebellions—e.g. Lo-ping-chang, Le-hung-chang, &c.—were civilians, and that the generality of the military officers (the greater part of whom have risen from the ranks) are ignorant, worthless, and contemptible, and have done very little towards the pacification of the country. Moreover, many of them are old rebels or bandits, who, instead of being impartially punished, are petted by the authorities, to the great subversion of the morals of the people generally. Unfortunately, owing to the great poverty of the Chinese Government, the only two courses which seem prudent to them in putting down rebellions are decapitation, or the incorporation of the prisoners within their own battalions. The great drawback to the apparently facile mode of extinguishing them by decapitation is that it makes the unvanquished rebels desperate, and prevents their coming to terms, while one disadvantage of the incorporation system is that the new comers commence to foment disturbances within the camp, which often lead to very serious consequences. The great Mongol General Säng-ko-lin-sin lost his life in one of these risings.

In accordance with the prescribed rule on such occasions the Empresses and Emperor (whom we may observe in passing are as much bound by rules and precedents as the most limited monarchs in Europe) handed over the Memorial to the Boards interested, for their consideration. As in duty bound, the Board furnished re-

plies to the several articles, but, unfortunately, only thought fit to publish the reply of the Revenue Board to the second section, animadverting on the evils connected with the purchasing of official posts. Judging from the tenor of this document, it is probable that the keeping back of the other replies was in consequence of the extremely unsatisfactory nature of their contents. In England when a counsel has a very weak case, it is said to be an excellent plan to abuse the plaintiff's attorney, and in a somewhat analogous manner the Board commences its report by stating that the sale of official titles became necessary in order to raise money for the troops engaged in putting down the rebellions in the Kwang provinces, of which the Governor Ting was a native, then reproaches him on account of the disordered state of his province by his own showing, and concludes by telling him that the Central Government has been "straining to improve the provincial administration like officers drilling an awkward squad." They next mention that one class of subscription at the capital alone produces an annual revenue averaging half a million pounds sterling, and that unless the provinces can make up the deficiencies from the regular sources of revenue, viz. the customs and excise duties and the property tax, these subscriptions must be continued, viewing the large sums required for the pay of armies in the still rebel-ridden provinces of Shense, Kansuh, Yunnan, and Kuei-chow, as well as for the reparation of the Grand Canal, the seawall in Che-keang, and the embankments of the Yellow River.

From this we perceive that four of the western provinces are still in a state of rebellion, and that three public works of the most important nature are still out of repair. With regard to the Grand Canal, Liu-kuên-yih, Governor of the province of Keang-se, in a memorial to the Throne representing the still existing difficulty in the transmission of rice due for the year 1869 to Peking, makes the following statement:—

When your servant went to the capital this spring to wait upon your Majesties, he discussed this question with the Viceroy of the provinces of Keang-soo, Keang-se, and Ganhwuy [also Imperial Commissioner in foreign relations], Ma-sin-yih, and the grain Superintendent, Chang-chih-wan, when passing through Nankin and Tsing-keang-poo. They agreed that the canal was so obstructed

with sand and mud that it was quite out of the question to make it immediately navigable, even though the size of the junks were reduced. On his journey your servant also carefully inspected the canal himself, and found that there was really such an accumulation of difficulties as to be almost insuperable.

He then quotes from a reply of the Board of Revenue to that part of Governor Ting's memorial which relates to the rice transportation, and which reply has never appeared in the *Peking Gazette*. The Board stated:—

The canal has not been repaired since the commencement of the disturbances [i.e. since 1851], so that the route is impassable; the flag-men have not come forward to conduct the transportation, and the transport junks are rotten or worn out.

According to the local chronicles the sea-wall in the province of Cheh-kiang was commenced in the times of remote antiquity, the first essays being limited to the laying down of wicker baskets filled with stones. In later years there was an inner wall or dyke made of soil only, and an outer wall facing the sea built of stone on a foundation of wooden piles. Unfortunately the Emperor Kien-Lung, who spent much time and attention on this subject, thoughtlessly removed the materials of the inner dyke to form an additional protection for the sea-wall, by making an outer case of earth and fascines, fastened down by wooden piles, which is in common use all over China and Manchuria. During the rebellion this wall, which extends some thirty or forty miles, was wholly neglected, and, consequently, not only has the outer case been almost wholly washed away, but great breaches have been made in the stone wall, although the immense slabs of which it is composed are brought from a long distance solely on account of their extraordinary specific gravity, and are riveted together by strong pieces of iron.

The cause of this destruction is a terrific bore, made by the Tsien-shan promontory, which at spring tides in the summer attains a perpendicular height of upwards of six feet, and rushes with such speed as, according to native statements, to perform the distance between Haening and Hang-chow, some thirty miles, in the space of an hour. In 1864, when the

wall was inspected by Major Edwards, R.E., the salt water from the bay flowed through the breaches in the wall at high water in great volumes, killing the mulberry trees and converting the most fertile soil in China for many miles in every direction into a reedy swamp. Still worse, this salt water ran northwards up the Grand Canal and parallel channels until it joined the confluent of the Hwang-poo river, when at certain seasons of slight rainfall it actually gave a perceptibly saline flavor to the water which supplied Shanghai.

With regard to the Yellow River the Chinese seem to have continuously treated both it and Yang-tsze on the most faulty principles, viz. by trying to keep them within bounds by means of embankments, which system, though admirable as regards waters with a fixed level, such as seas and lakes, is quite out of place when dealing with rapid streams rising in the high tablelands of Central Asia.

The channels of these rivers being too narrow to carry off timeously the vast quantity of rain which falls in the spring and early part of the summer in the mountainous and densely-wooded regions of Western China, the waters rise sometimes as high as fifty feet above the winter level, and overflow the whole of the adjacent unembanked champaign country. In the valley of the Yang-tsze thousands of square miles of excellent alluvial soil are left uncultivated in consequence of these annual inundations. As a general rule this land lies in the form of circular or oval depressions of the surface, some parts of which would be designated by Europeans plains, but which are alike described in Chinese maps as lakes, many of them extending several miles both in length and breadth, and communicating with the river and absorbing a great quantity of the waters as they rise. The largest of these basins, called in native maps the Poyang and Tung-ting lakes, were respectively visited in the spring of the present year by the French Minister at Peking, M. de Rochechouart, and Baron Richthofen, a German traveler, who described them as then being (with the exception of the channels of streams running through them) perfectly dry. Owing to want of drainage and a subsoil of clay, nothing grows favorably in these basins except reeds, although in favored spots the peasants are able to obtain a light crop of wheat by sowing the

seed broadcast on the sediment remaining after the subsidence of the water in the autumn.

This immense quantity of waste land might be brought into cultivation by imitating the mode pursued in the days of antiquity in the low-lying parts of the province of Cheh-keang. There, instead of the irrational system of earthen embankments, by which vast cities such as Kae-fung-foo, the capital of Honan province, are every year liable to be submerged, the country is divided into a network of canals through which the water finds its way slowly and tranquilly to the ocean, while the adjacent land has been raised by the excavated soil. The supply of water being unfailing, the paddy is irrigated on the low-lying land as occasion requires, while on the raised embankments which surround each field grow mulberry trees, cotton, pulse, and other corn. Seeing that the Poyang lake is some five hundred feet and the Tung-ting lake seven hundred feet above the level of the sea, even these as well as the many shallower basins might be turned into excellent arable land, while the canals would not only open up a town and country trade now feebly carried on by means of wheelbarrows, but would afford a liberal supply of fish and of water-weed, which forms an excellent manure in a country where there are no stables or farmyards.

The following description of these floods is given in a memorial by Liu-kuen-yih, Governor of Kiang-se:—

In the fourth and fifth months the rain fell in torrents without ceasing, when the mountain streams rapidly overflowed, bursting through dykes and embankments, inundating cornfields, and here and there drowning the inhabitants. The weather did not clear up until the beginning of the sixth month, when the destructive floods in Szechuen, Hoonan, and Hoopoh caused the Yang-tze to overflow and stop the outfall from the Poyang lake, when the accumulated water remained without subsiding for a great length of time. At the present moment the low lands lying near the river and lake in the prefectures of Nan-ch'ang, Nan-k'ang, Jauchow, and Kew-keang form an expanse of water vast as the ocean, while the fields and hamlets have become the territory of the water dragon. The families of the poor are broken up and scattered; they roam about the country suffering intolerable hardships.

With regard to the province of Szechuen, Wut'ang, the Governor-General, describes the flood "as sweeping away or submerging the dwellings of the people, the military guard houses, the cornfields, and even the salt wells and furnaces, when many of the inhabitants were drowned."

The next important memorial which appeared was written by an under-secretary named Chien-paulien. It is divided into twelve sections, the first two of which are devoted to the Banner force, or descendants of the mixed Manchu, Mongol, and Chinese force, which defeated the Ming and substituted the present dynasty. Those members residing at Peking he represents as suffering from the common ills of China, prolificness and scarcity of food. The number of aged persons, widows, and young children at the capital, without any friends or support, he computes at 40,000, and estimates that they may be maintained at a rate of about 1*l.* 4*s.* per head per annum, on a daily allowance of half a pint of millet.

He suggests that the young and unemployed members of the force should be sent into the provinces to fill up the gaps, "now said to exist in the ranks of the Tartar garrisons in the provinces," the fact being that in many cities these men were almost wholly exterminated by the long-haired rebels, who treated them with exceptional ferocity.

In the third section he touches upon a subject which, to our ideas of the teeming myriads of China, seems almost incredible, viz. that owing to the fearful loss of life during the rebellion, a great quantity of land is uncultivated. The memorialist suggests that the owners should be called upon by proclamation to claim their lands, and that if after the lapse of three years they should fail to do so, their claims should cease, and the land be transferred to other persons for cultivation.

The poll-tax having been merged in the general land-tax by the Emperor Kien-lung of the present dynasty, there is no means of ascertaining the exact number of the population, but it is generally conceded by the *unofficial* Chinese gentry that, through the terrible slaughter carried on both by rebels and Imperialists, together with pestilence and starvation resulting from the non-cultivation of the soil for many years in succession, and the loss of all kinds of property, the population of China general-

ly has decreased by one-half during the last twenty years. In other words, supposing that the population in 1850 really amounted, as is commonly supposed by Europeans, to *four* hundred millions, it does not now exceed *two* hundred millions. In some provinces it is well known that the loss has been still greater, the population of the province of Keang-soo having dwindled down from sixty to twenty-seven millions within the last few years. With regard to the western portion of the empire, a Chinese traveller who lately passed through the once wealthy province of Kansuh declared that for several days in succession the only objects which reminded him of humanity were dead men's bones, lying strewn along the road sides, while even in more peaceful provinces the *miles* of ruined cities and suburbs everywhere met with attested a fearful falling off in the population.

The sixth section deals with the question of impeachments, and the writer therein gives the following description of the way in which the representations of the censors are treated:—

When censors denounce officers for offences which have not been discovered by the high provincial authorities, the latter, whether from feeling annoyed at the exposure of their remissness, or resenting the interference as wholly uncalled for, take steps beforehand to screen the culprits or patch up the case. When driven to their wits' end, they even misrepresent the facts as being less grave than they really are, and the matters are settled by the imposition of very slight sentences. Thus the long-standing abuses of the governing body continue unchecked, and the sighs of the governed remain unheeded.

The institution of the Censorate dates from the commencement of the Christian era during the Han dynasty. The original intention was to keep the Emperor informed of the misdeeds of the official body; owing, however, to the extraordinary power obtained by the provincial authorities during the last few years of disturbances, their denunciations are utterly unavailing, and their chief use at present seems to be that of aiding suitors from the provinces who consider themselves aggrieved by unjust sentences to bring their cases before the notice of the two Empresses and the Boards. In the end these cases are sent back to the prov-

inces for final settlement, "when," the memorialist says "the hearing of the case is postponed at pleasure, and there are cases which have been pending for several years."

The seventh section touches upon a difficulty which other nations share with China, viz. the quiet settlement of disbanded soldiers on the re-establishment of peace.

The memorialist states:—

On the re-establishment of peace, a great number of braves are disbanded. These men, however, having become reckless, idle, and thoroughly good for nothing, form themselves into bands and constantly commit acts of robbery and violence. When forced to return to their original places of settlement, having neither means nor occupation, they combine together to disturb the neighborhood. This is the result of dismissing braves without taking any steps for their satisfactory settlement. It is really a means of injuring the people, although it may be deemed a scheme for economizing the army supplies.

On the accession of the Tang dynasty the early Emperors met this emergency by bringing into fashion the religion of Buddha, when vast numbers of turbulent soldiers gradually transformed themselves into abstraction-loving bonzes. The Tuen or Mongol dynasty would appear to have set on foot large public works, the Grand Canal having been made under their rule, while the late Ming dynasty settled the soldiers on the frontiers as military colonists. We have already shown that on the accession of the present dynasty the victorious troops were separated into small bodies and settled down in various cities throughout the empire to perform garrison duties.

The insubordination now prevailing amongst the "braves" is alluded to by the memorialist in the following passage as a matter of common notoriety:—

Moreover, when they have joined their respective regiments [i.e. drafted in small bodies into the regular army], being disunited they can easily be inspected; then the old and feeble can be discarded, the diseased and wounded sifted out, the lawless punished, and the unwilling to enlist sent away.

In the eighth section the memorialist dwells on the contumacious state of the

trained bands and of the measures to be taken for their suppression. Their origin he explains as follows:—

The system of trained bands was adopted as a last resource only, in consequence of the insufficiency of the Government forces to resist the raids of the ubiquitous rebels. At first these bands rendered good service, but after a lapse of time, relying on their numbers, they fell into the habit of setting at naught the authorities, resisting arrestation, and opposing the collectors of taxes. They even went so far as to pay black mail to the rebels, slaughter the Government troops, and perpetrate all sorts of enormities which are too numerous to relate. Now that peace has been re-established the trained bands of the very poor neighborhoods have long ago broken up of their own accord; but what is to be feared is the lawless nature of the villagers of the wealthier districts, that they will not disband when ordered by the authorities, on the pretext of defending themselves against robbers, and that at the first opportunity they would break out in insurrection, to the great detriment of the Imperial Treasury and no small injury of the people. On the other hand, after tolerating this action for so long a time, to take strong measures precipitately would, unless very carefully carried out, inevitably lead to disorders.

In the tenth section the memorialist supplements the observations made by Governor Ting on the obtaining of office by subscriptions. Seeing that there are no honorable professions or careers in China such as politics, the Church, the Bar, &c., and that the military mandarins, on account of their extreme ignorance, coarseness, and stupidity, are deservedly held in universal contempt, this subject is one of paramount importance to the intellectual and ambitious portion of the nation. The memorialist justly animadverts on a system by which peacock's feathers, the reward of the worthy, and banishment to the frontiers, the punishment of the unworthy, can be respectively obtained or remitted by payment of subscription. After plainly stating that this action is at variance with the principles on which nations are ruled, he mentions, "that by payment of subscriptions officers can avoid the performance of probationary services; can retain office when they ought to be removed; can be deemed to have been recommended by their superiors for their services; can take other office on the com-

pletion of their forced retirements during the periods of mourning, instead of waiting for their original posts; and also can avoid the necessity of giving up office on account of having senior relatives in government employ in the same province." He concludes by stating that the shortcomings of the territorial authorities who have obtained office by purchase have already been elaborately exposed by Governor Ting, and says plainly that such posts should not be given to useless and low-minded tradesmen, as a means of enabling them to derive pecuniary advantages or social distinction.

Having now obtained a glimpse of the present state of China, as represented by public officials in grave memorials addressed to the Throne, and which are diffused throughout the length and breadth of the empire in the Government Gazette, we find that *four* out of the *eighteen* inner provinces are in a state of open rebellion; that the regular troops are so cowardly as to be utterly useless; that the "braves" hired at high rates of pay to perform their duties are insubordinate; that the trained bands or local volunteers are so contumacious that it is feared they cannot be broken up without disturbances; that the great public works of the empire are in utter disrepair; that, owing to the outrageous slaughter carried on by both Imperialists and rebels, large quantities of land lie unowned and uncultivated; that, great tracts of country are liable to irremediable and disastrous inundations; that, owing to the extreme poverty of the Government, rank and office are openly purchasable, and the punishment of banishment redeemable by money payments; and that all ranks of the community are alike steeped in corruption.

In addition to this, we learn from Russian sources that the rebellion in Kashgar, which had been carried on in a desultory manner by the descendants of the old rulers ever since 1825, culminated in 1862 in the religious movement known as the Dungan insurrection, when almost the whole of the Western Chinese Empire outside the Great Wall regained its independence.

No serious effort seems to have been made by the Chinese Government to meet these difficulties, while, on the other hand, for some inscrutable reasons, a large portion of the scanty revenue of the country

is expended in building or purchasing gun-boats and other vessels of war, and establishing arsenals and dockyards on the eastern sea-board, while the troops in the west have to meet the enemy with harmless matchlocks, tridents of a shape handed down from high antiquity, or iron-tipped bamboo spears upwards of twenty feet in length. The gun-vessels scarcely make any attempt to put down piracy, and are chiefly used to transport munition of war, under cover of which the high provincial authorities not only manage to carry on an extensive smuggling business, but are enabled to convey their ill-gotten gains to places of safety without incurring public exposure, or, as has more than once happened, robbery on the way. In the interior of China the current opinion amongst the natives is that this armament on the sea-board is for the purpose of expelling the barbarians from the country.

The great cause of the unpopularity of Occidentals in China is the dishonest assumption by the Emperor of universal supremacy. Hence the natives look upon the foreigners as rightfully owing as much allegiance to the one Emperor as they do themselves, and nothing is more galling to the feelings of the higher minded natives than to see these aliens residing in the country exempt from the rule of, and to their eyes in open defiance of, the local authorities. This is our only serious difficulty with the Chinese people, as distinguished from their rulers. Were it removed our unpopularity would vanish; the inhabitants of every province, knowing as they well do the instantaneous increase of value of all property, products, and even human labor, would welcome us on our arrival with outstretched arms; railways and telegraphs would spread a network over the whole country, while Manchester would be fairly exhausted in the effort to supply two hundred million human beings with long cloths.

The next question is, How is this desirable result to be effected? We reply, that the Chinese Government should be required to publish a manual setting forth the exact position of China as compared with Western nations, to be used as a text-book in which every candidate for Government appointments should be examined.

The Chinese would then learn for the first time in their lives that foreigners

were not a fierce set of barbarians living on small islands in the neighborhood of Canton, who had taken advantage of the weakness of the Government to obtain by force an unwelcome footing at the ports on the large rivers and sea-board of the empire, a people to be suspected and opposed at every turn on account of the certainty of their ill intentions, but members of civilized and most friendly nations who have no desire to acquire territory, but simply wish to establish a trade in and develop the resources of the country, to the great benefit of all parties concerned. So calm and sensible a people as the Chinese would readily appreciate, when thoroughly acquainted with the facts of the case, the wisdom of a Government which gave up in due time so preposterous a claim, while in the places where foreigners resided they would regard the compliance of the local authorities with their lawful wishes, not as shameless deeds of treachery, but acts of justice or courtesy due to friendly strangers.

The golden opportunity for obtaining this Imperial recognition of our independent position occurred after our campaign in 1860, when the prestige of the Chinese Government was at its lowest ebb, and before Admiral Sir James Hope most disinterestedly checked the career, till then successful, of the Taeping rebels in the neighborhood of Shanghai. Unfortunately, the Chinese diplomatists contrived to persuade the then representatives of the Treaty powers to embark on what is termed a conciliatory policy, i.e. a policy tacitly assenting to the offensive assumption of universal sovereignty and moral superiority, to the great derogation of the dignity of our country, and the incalculable injury of the true interests of China. As long as it is persisted in, so long shall we continue to be a thorn in their side, and the final result, viewing the present impatient spirit manifesting itself in almost every province, is alarming even to think of. The Taeping rebellion, which originated in the neighboring province to Canton, has always been attributed to the loss of prestige of the Imperial forces during the war of 1842, and their failing to repress the turbulent braves who were then enlisted, while the consequence of our war in 1860, and march to Peking, in addition to the stimulus given to the Taeping rebellion

above referred to, has been the breaking out in the following year of the Dungan insurrection, which has deprived China of almost the whole of the western portion of her empire.

In sum, we may state that not only was the Duke of Edinburgh treated with a studied neglect, the fame and glory of which spread like lightning over the length and breadth of the empire, but it would appear from the luminous despatches of the late resident minister, Sir Rutherford Alcock, that, when negotiating the Supplementary Treaty, he could only obtain concessions "through the medium," as he himself states, of foreign servants of the Chinese Government. In other words, that in the capital itself, after ten years of conciliatory blandishments on our part, the High Chinese authorities had so far disobeyed the spirit of the Treaty, that, although they had not actually prevented our minister from corresponding and visiting with them, yet that they had had the audacity to render all such intercourse absolutely nugatory, and had constrained him, after a long and successful diplomatic career, to descend to the extremely humiliating position of treating with them indirectly through the medium of Mr. Robert Hart, a young Irishman, who is retained at Peking at an enormous salary to serve as a go-between for and to forward the interests of the Chinese Government.

Viewing the vast undeveloped capabilities of China, and the present dullness of trade both in this country and in America, the question of its progress becomes one of paramount importance. Unfortunately the foreign advisers of the Chinese Government seem to think that every measure of this nature is comprised in the establishment of dockyards and arsenals, and the laying down of railways and telegraphs, to which latter the Chinese object as being a scheme of foreigners for ultimately gaining possession of their country.

As a preliminary step we would suggest

that the public works already referred to, viz. the Yellow River embankments, the Grand Canal, sea-wall, &c., should be recommenced, and the central and northern provinces properly drained and irrigated, when the present products of that portion of China might be increased threefold, notwithstanding the extremely rude and antiquated system of agriculture now existing, while the money required could be cheaply raised by the Chinese Government, in the absence of any national debt, on the guarantee of the foreign custom houses. All prisoners of war who are now either incorporated into the ranks of the already mutinous braves, or tranquillized, i.e. permitted to await quietly the first favorable opportunity for revolting again, should be made compulsory workers, as also all kinds of able-bodied rogues and sturdy vagabonds who are now vainly escorted from one province to another under the fiction of undergoing banishment or returning home under surveillance, while the braves should be employed in keeping guard over these prisoners, and they should also be encouraged to work themselves, as they have hitherto been always glad to do, for a slight addition to their pay. Employment of this sort kept open for all able-bodied men in distress would save the country an immense sum yearly in the pay and expenses of troops called out to put down local banditti, or rather starving men called Neen-fei. Unfortunately there is in China neither patriotism nor public spiritedness of any kind amongst the ruling classes; the corrupt official body, in case they condescended to entertain any such scheme as the above, would only do so with the idea of enriching themselves at the public expense; and we are reluctantly compelled to arrive at the conclusion that this vast country will gradually sink into inextricable disorganization through the sheer indifference and dishonesty of its own governing body.

Quarterly Review.

SIR HENRY BULWER'S LIFE OF LORD PALMERSTON.*

It sounds strange to say of a man who died in his eighty-second year that he died opportunely, neither too soon nor too late,

for his fame. Yet this is strictly true of Lord Palmerston. If he had died at

* *Life of Henry John Temple, Third Viscount Palmerston, with Extracts from his Journals*

and Correspondence. By the Right Hon. Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, G.C.B., M.P. Vols. I. and II. London, 1870. Phila., J. B. Lippincott & Co.

seventy, before his first Premiership, the place permanently assigned to him by history would be amongst British statesmen of an inferior order: he would have no pretension to rank with Somers, Walpole, Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Burke, Peel, or Canning; he would, at best, be remembered as one who, by conducting the foreign policy of the country on liberal and enlightened principles, had caused England to be regarded, with alternating fear and gratitude, as the eager, not invariably judicious, promoter of free institutions throughout the world. On the other hand, if he had lived a year or two longer, he would probably have survived much of his utility and his popularity: although he would certainly not have fallen back on the reactionary party, he would hardly have moved fast enough to satisfy the party of progress, who were already beginning to murmur; he was imperfectly qualified for a home minister at the best of times; he would have upheld unwillingly and with a bad grace the banner of Retrenchment and Reform; and neither the disestablishment of the Irish Church nor the Irish Land Bill would have been carried (if carried at all) in the sweeping, dashing, and uncompromising style in which Mr. Gladstone has carried them.

It was owing to the peculiar exigencies of a transition period that Lord Palmerston's reputation culminated. It was during a lull, between the ebb and flow of the tide, when the State vessel was pausing in her course, that the national voice kept him at the helm. The rational majority of the people thought that, after the abolition of almost all prominent and admitted evils or inequalities—after such measures as Catholic Emancipation, the Reform Bill of 1832, and the Repeal of the Corn Laws, with the attendant and analogous changes—we might rest, be thankful, and take breath, before hazarding any fresh attempt to improve or confirm our political, social, or material advantages by legislation. In other words, moderate Conservatism was in the ascendant; Lord Palmerston was pre-eminently a moderate Conservative; and the wide-spread conviction that he was so, that he was equally opposed to undue caution and rash enterprise, was what gained him the confidence and insured him the support of the most influential portion of the so-called Opposi-

tion in addition to the largest, steadiest, and (we think) wisest section of the Liberal party. During the closing years of his career he attained and held power by being the representative man, or (more correctly speaking) representative politician, of the period; and this must not be understood in a depreciating sense, for it was not he who changed and accommodated himself to the times, but the times had come over to his way of thinking and acting. He remained substantially what he always had been; *tout vient à propos à qui sait attendre*; and the good fortune which attended him through life had so ordered it that, as contemporary after contemporary died out, he should be recognized as the statesman of all others best qualified to satisfy the expectations of his countrymen.

If any persons connected or intimately acquainted with Lord Palmerston and anxious for his fame should be inclined to question Sir Henry Bulwer's eminent qualifications for his task, their doubts and misgivings will be materially lightened, if not altogether dissipated, by the opening paragraphs, in which he clearly develops his estimate of the life and character which he proposes to describe and illustrate, and his plan:—

"I have undertaken to write the biography of a great statesman under whom I long served, and for whom I had a sincere and respectful attachment. I shall endeavor to perform this not ungrateful task with simplicity and impartiality, feeling certain that the more simply and impartially I can make known the character of a singularly able and honorable man, the more likely I am to secure for his memory the admiration and affection of his countrymen. The most distinguishing advantage possessed by the eminent person whom I am about to describe was a nature that opened itself happily to the tastes, feelings, and habits of various classes and kinds of men. Hence a comprehensive sympathy, which not only put his actions in spontaneous harmony with the sense and feeling of the public, but by presenting life before his mind in many aspects, widened its views and moderated its impressions, and led it away from those subtleties and eccentricities which solitude or living constantly in any limited society is apt to generate.

"In the march of his epoch he was behind the eager, but before the slow. Accustomed to a wide range of observation over contemporaneous events, he had been led by history to the conclusion that all eras have their exaggerations, which a calm judgment and an

enlightened statesmanship should distinctly recognize, but not prematurely or extravagantly indulge. He did not believe in the absolute wisdom which some see in the past, which others expect from the future; but he preferred the hopes of the generation that was coming on to the despair of the generation that was passing away. Thus there was nothing violent or abrupt, nothing that had the appearance of going backwards and forwards, or forwards and backwards, in his long career. It moved on in one direction gradually but continuously from its commencement to its close, under the influence of a motive power formed from the collection of various influences—the one modifying the other—and not representing in the aggregate the decided opinion of any particular party or class, but approximating to the opinion of the English nation in general. Into the peculiar and individual position, which in this manner he by degrees acquired, he carried an earnest patriotism, a strong manly understanding, many accomplishments derived from industry and a sound early education, and a remarkable talent for comprehending and commanding details. This, indeed, was his peculiar merit as a man of business, and wherein he showed the powers of a masterly capacity. No official situation, therefore, found him unequal to it; whilst it is still more remarkable that he never aspired to any prematurely. Ambitious, he was devoid of vanity; and with a singular absence of effort or pretension, he found his foot at last placed on the topmost round of the ladder he had been long unostentatiously mounting."

This strikes us to be just in conception and felicitous in expression. It is fully borne out by the ensuing biography, for which abundant materials of the rarest and most valuable description were fortunately at hand; including an autobiographical sketch down to 1830, journals for several years, and numerous letters to near relatives and trusted friends to whom the writer communicates his thoughts and speculations on both private and public matters without reserve. The letters to his brother, Sir William Temple, the diplomatist, who became Minister at Naples, would alone constitute a highly interesting publication.

There is a conventional understanding that no notes are to be taken of what passes in Cabinets, and when notes have been taken that they should be carefully suppressed or sealed up till the generation interested in and affected by them shall have passed away. Lord Palmerston does not appear to have considered himself

bound by any understanding of this sort. Some of his journals contain full and curious notes of what took place in the earlier Cabinets of which he was a member, and these have been placed at the unrestricted disposal of Sir Henry Bulwer, in the full confidence (amply justified by the result) that he would exercise a sound discretion in quoting from them. He has used them in a manner to throw new and valuable light on public characters and events, without (that we can see) withdrawing the veil from anything which policy or delicacy required to be concealed.

The distinctive merit of his book is the manner in which, step by step, by aid of these documents, the individual Palmerston is developed and placed in broad relief, until it is made clear how and why a man without commanding eloquence, without personal or parliamentary following, without grandeur of conception or originality of view, rose gradually and steadily to the highest point of power and popularity to which it is well possible for the subject of a constitutional State to rise. The trains are laid from the beginning, and even in the few and faint traces of Lord Palmerston's boyhood that have remained unerasd by time, Sir Henry Bulwer discovers proofs that the boy was father to the man. It is curious, therefore, that he should have omitted to mark the probable influence of blood and race to which Mr. Kinglake drew attention in a sketch of "The Minister who held his own Way:"—"His partly Celtic blood, and perhaps, too, in early life, his boyish consciousness of power, had given him a certain elation of manner and bearing which kept him for a long time out of the good graces of the more fastidious part of the English World."* When this passage was read to Lady Palmerston at Broadlands, on the first appearance of the book, she denied the Celtic blood almost as indignantly as Lady Teazle denied the pillion and the coach-horse, but on immediate reference to the "Peerage" she admitted that Mr. Kinglake was right.

According to Sir Henry Bulwer, the Temples were gentlemen in the reign of Henry VIII., and Lord Palmerston's immediate ancestor was the younger brother of Sir William Temple, the trusted counsellor of William III. and the honored

* "The Invasion of the Crimea," vol. i. p. 452.

patron of Swift. Henry, the son of this younger brother, was the first Viscount Palmerston, created March 12th, 1772, and was succeeded by his grandson, described as an accomplished and fashionable gentleman, a lover and appreciator of art, which he studied in Italy. He was also an admirer of beauty, of which he gave a proof in his second marriage to Miss Mee, who is "said to have been the daughter of a respectable Dublin tradesman, into whose house, in consequence of a fall from his horse, the peer was carried. Our late Prime Minister (born 20th October, 1784) was son of the second Viscount, of whom I have just been speaking, and of Miss Mee, who, though not of aristocratic birth, from all accounts appears to have been not only handsome, but accomplished and agreeable, and to have taken in a becoming manner the place in Dublin and London society which her marriage opened to her. Her husband's artistic tastes led him at various times into Italy; and it was thus that a portion of the future minister's boyhood was passed in that country in the fate of which he always took an interest." It was there also that he acquired an accomplishment which he subsequently turned to good account. He spoke Italian fluently and idiomatically. His residence abroad also inspired him with a wholesome distaste for sundry habits and customs of the English, which did not fall into deserved discredit till long after he had grown to man's estate, without at the same time in the least impairing his boldness of spirit or manliness of tone. Writing to his friend Francis Hare in Italy, from Harrow, January 5th, 1798, after expressing his admiration of Andromeda's leave-taking scene with Hector in the 5th Book of the "Iliad," he says:—

"I am now doing Cæsar, Terence, Ovid, Homer, Greek Testament, and a collection of Greek epigrams, and after the Easter holidays, which are now drawing near, I shall begin Virgil, Horace, and some more. I am perfectly of *your* opinion concerning drinking and swearing, which, though fashionable at present, I think extremely ungentlemanlike; as for getting drunk, I can find no pleasure in it. I am glad to see that though educated in Italy you have not forgot old England. Your letter brings to my mind the pleasant time I spent in Italy, and makes me wish to revisit the country I am now reading so much about; and when I am

sucking a sour orange, purchased by perhaps eight biochi, I think with regret upon those which I used to get in such plenty in Italy; and when eating nasty things nicknamed sausages, envy you at Bologna, who perhaps now are feasting off some nice ones. I have begun to learn Spanish, and have also begun to read 'Don Quixote' in the original, which I can assure you gave me much pleasure. Mr. Gaetano, if you remember him, desires to be remembered to you. I can assure you I have by no means left off my Italian, but keep it up every holiday with Mr. Gaetano, who has published a new Italian grammar, which has been very much approved of here in England. I cannot agree with you about marriage, though I *should be by no means precipitate about my choice*. Willy is come to Harrow, and sends his love to you. I send you no news, as I know none. Adieu!"

Francis Hare was the eldest of four highly-gifted and accomplished brothers. He is the only friend or acquaintance of Lord Palmerston's boyhood mentioned or commemorated by him, and it is somewhat remarkable that there is no allusion in the Autobiography to his having been at Harrow with Byron and Peel.* The fact is he had no turn at any time for that sort of habitual companionship which passes current for friendship in the world, the binding nature of which may be collected from Selwyn's cynical confession: "When I lose a friend, I go to White's and choose another." The only person beyond the circle of his own family to whom Lord Palmerston was believed to have accorded the full privileges of a friend was the late Sir George Shee. At the period when his education was proceeding, the city in the British isles which shone the brightest with intellectual light was Edinburgh, proudly arrogating the title of the Modern Athens. Rarely was such a constellation seen of historians and philosophers, and numerous were the pilgrims who hurried to do homage and imbibe inspiration at their shrine. It became the fashion for young Englishmen of rank to take the University of Edinburgh as an intermediate stage between a public school and an English University. Lord Henry Petty (afterwards Lord Lansdowne),

* There is a Harrovian tradition (which may pair off with the Etonian one of the battle between the Duke of Wellington and Bobus Smith) that Lord Palmerston fought a desperate battle with a boy much bigger than himself and conquered by tenacity.

Lord John (now Earl) Russell, and William Lord Melbourne, are three distinguished examples. Lord Palmerston is a fourth, and he has left a memorable acknowledgment of what he owed to his Scotch *Alma Mater* in his Autobiography:—"I left Harrow at sixteen, and went for three years to Edinburgh. I lived with Dugald Stewart, and attended the lectures at the University. In those three years I laid the foundation of whatever useful knowledge and habits of mind I possess." Dugald Stewart wrote thus to Mr. Blane on the 27th April, 1801:—

"With regard to Mr. Temple, it is sufficient for me to say that he has constantly confirmed all the favorable impressions of him which I received from your letter. His talents are uncommonly good, and he does them all possible justice by assiduous application.

"In point of temper and conduct he is everything his friends could wish. Indeed, I cannot say that I have ever seen a more faultless character at his time of life, or one possessed of more amiable dispositions."

The professor had yet better reason than he suspected at the time to be pleased with his pupil. His lectures were in a great measure extemporized; and when Sir William Hamilton undertook to publish them, the notes which proved most useful were those taken by Lord Palmerston. The autobiography proceeds:—

"In 1803 I went to St. John's, Cambridge. I had gone further at Edinburgh in all the branches of study pursued at Cambridge than the course then followed at Cambridge extended during the two first years of attendance. But the Edinburgh system consisted in lectures without examination; at Cambridge there was a half-yearly examination. It became necessary to learn more accurately at Cambridge what one had learned generally at Edinburgh. The knowledge thus acquired of details at Cambridge was worth nothing, because it evaporated soon after the examinations were over. The habit of mind acquired by preparing for these examinations is highly useful."

In the great majority of instances the habit of mind acquired by preparing for mathematical examinations, the grand object at Cambridge, is all-in-all: very few students remember the details, or make any practical use of them in after life; and it is to be feared that the mind is more frequently weakened than strengthened by

any extraordinary strain put upon it. "Dr. Outram (we are quoting from the Autobiography), my private tutor at Cambridge, more than once observed to me that as I had always been in the first class at college examinations, and had been commended for the general regularity of my conduct, it would not be amiss to turn my thoughts to standing for the University whenever a vacancy might happen." He acted on the hint when he was only just of age and had not yet taken his degree, his competitors being Lord Henry Petty and Lord Althorp. "I stood at the poll where a young man circumstanced as I was could dare expect to stand; that is to say, last, and by a large interval the last of the three. It was an honor, however, to have been supported at all, and I was well satisfied with my fight." At the general election in 1806 he was elected for Horsham, with Lord Fitzharris; but they were unseated on petition, and thought themselves fortunate in being so; for "in a short time came the change and the dissolution in May, 1807, and we rejoiced in our good fortune in not having paid 5,000*l.* for a three months' seat." He then stood again for the University, and was again unsuccessful, although, had he been less scrupulous on a point of honor, he might have succeeded; for it was only by putting the strongest pressure on his friends that he induced them to divide their votes according to an alleged engagement instead of plumping for him. Soon after this he came into Parliament for Newtown, in the Isle of Wight, a borough of Sir Leonard Holmes. "One condition was that I should never, *even for the election*, set foot in the place; so jealous was the patron that any attempt should be made to get a new interest in the borough."

He had just before been nominated a Lord of the Admiralty through the interest of his guardian, Lord Malmesbury, with the Duke of Portland, then First Lord of the Treasury. But he does not appear to have taken any active part, either in business or debate, till the Session of 1808, although his journal (begun June 29, 1806) proves him to have been all along an attentive and speculative observer of events. We are warned by a note in his handwriting that the opinions and remarks contained in the journal must be regarded merely as the exact expressions of his feel-

ings at the moment when they were written, and by no means as his fixed or unalterable estimates of things, persons, or events, but we shall confidently cite the passages which throw light on contemporary history or the formation of his mind and character. Those who remember his own firm, almost jaunty, step and carriage at past eighty, will be amused by this entry for July 3, 1806 :—

"The King's health is extremely good. He walks as firmly as anybody at his age (68) could be expected to do, and scarcely avails himself when on the terrace (at Windsor) of the assistance of a stick which he holds in his hand. His eyes, however, are scarcely of the smallest use to him."

Recent events give point and interest to the entries of December 30, 1806 :—

"A succession of events as rapid and extraordinary as those which occurred in the close of the last year, have marked the termination of this. In 1805 Europe saw with astonishment the ancient and powerful empire of Austria laid in the dust in the course of three months. . The battle of Ulm, the consequent surrenders of the Austrian army, and the battle of Austerlitz, reduced the Emperor to the abject conditions of the treaty of Presburg. This year one single battle (Jena) has annihilated the former rival of Austria."

The parallel is rendered more striking by the complete reversal of the parts, and will be found on close inspection to be greatly to the disadvantage of the French. According to M. Thiers not more than 30,000 Austrians surrendered at Ulm; and the capitulation was conditional on no relieving army appearing within eight days. "Mack's sole resource (remarks the historian of the Empire) was to throw himself sword in hand on one of the points of the iron circle enclosing him, to die or open a passage. He would certainly have been beaten. But military honor would have been satisfied, and, next to victory, this is the most precious of attainable results." The Archduke Ferdinand actually did put himself at the head of the cavalry and a body of infantry, 15,000 in all, and broke through the iron circle enclosing him.

The relative positions of France and Prussia in 1806, prior to the battle of Jena, are succinctly noted by Lord Palmerston :—

"Prussia and France had, for some time, been upon terms less friendly than their usual good understanding. When the publication of the Rhenish Confederacy and the demand of Buonaparte for some of the smaller possessions of Prussia, in order to complete his confederate system, opened the eyes of the latter, and convinced the Prussian court that the unprincipled system of aggression, which they had assisted France in enforcing against every other state of Europe, would at length be applied against itself, and that it had no choice left but resistance, or an unconditional acknowledgment of vassalage and submission, the King of Prussia sent, therefore, to Buonaparte three demands; to which he required an answer by the 8th of October. These were, that the French troops should retire from Germany, that no opposition should be made by France to the establishment of a *Northern Coalition, of which Prussia should be the chief and protectress*, in order to counterbalance the Rhenish Confederacy.

The battle of Jena was fought on the 14th of October, 1806 :—

"The force on each side was nearly equal, amounting to about 120,000 men. The two armies had, for some days, been near each other; *but the Prussians were so destitute of intelligence that they did not know where the French were till a day or two before the action.* The reason of this is stated to have been the spirit of desertion prevalent in the army, which rendered it useless to send out patrols, who generally joined the enemy instead of returning with intelligence. Two days before the battle 10,000 French penetrated between the centre and left wing of the Prussians, got to Naumburg in their rear and burnt their magazines. The two armies were, at that time, in the following positions: the French at Mühlhausen, Eisenach, and Gotha; the Prussians at Erfurt, Jena, and Zeitz. Upon finding that a body of the enemy had got into their rear, and that the main body of the enemy were making a demonstration to turn their left wing, the Prussians threw that wing back. In the mean time the French fell upon them, and an action commenced which lasted for eight in the morning until three in the afternoon, when victory declared in favor of the French. The loss of the Prussians—killed, wounded, and prisoners—amounted to fifty thousand men, and the rest of the army was entirely dispersed. Mr. Ross, who went as secretary to Lord Morpeth, said the rout of the Prussians exceeded belief. The flying troops were scattered in all directions. Corps without their officers, and officers without their corps, cavalry and infantry, cannon and wagons, were all mixed in one general confusion. To rally or

reassemble them was impossible, and the only limit to the captures and slaughter of the Prussians was the inability of the French to pursue them. The King fled to Berlin, whence he retired immediately to Cüstrin."

There is a note by Lord Palmerston on this passage :—

"He (the King) fled from thence to Osterade, in the neighborhood of Dantzic. Such was his apathy with regard to his affairs, that when Count M. Woronzow, who was sent from Petersburg on a mission to him, reached Osterade, he was immediately invited to attend the king on a hunting-party. They had good sport, and killed a wolf and an elk. The queen, though ill and disgusted with this ill-timed amusement, was forced to join the party."

"After such a signal overthrow as that of Jena" (continues Lord Palmerston) "it is natural to endeavor to find out reasons in the treachery or incapacity of the officers concerned, and it often happens that much injustice is done in this manner to men whose only fault has been a want of success." From his analysis of the causes, they appear to have been identically the same as those which have just led to the military collapse of France: all-pervading corruption and maladministration, combined with carelessness, presumption, and incapacity. The low moral tone of the Government and army of Prussia in 1806 had quite as much to do with the catastrophe as the bad generalship of their chiefs; and the Duke of Brunswick (the Prussian Commander-in-chief at Jena) had more than one point of character in common with MacMahon:

"The Duke was a man who carried personal courage even to rashness, but wanted that firmness and decision of character so necessary for a great commander. No one could execute with more ability and courage the orders of others, but, placed at the head of an army on which depended the fate of a kingdom, he shrunk from the responsibility of his situation, and lost in hesitation and doubt those moments which should have been employed in vigorous exertion."

The power that lay prostrate in 1806 is now exclaiming *Vae Victis!* and, Brennus like, flinging the sword into the scale. We leave it to the philosophic historian to explain how this wondrous change has been brought about.

Several pages of the Journal are occupied with the General Election of 1807, and will be read with surprise by the generation who have no personal experience of our representative system prior to 1832.

"The method adopted by Ministers with regard to their borough seats was very politic and ingenious. They purchased seats from their friends at a low price, making up the deficiency probably by appointments and promotions. These seats they afterwards sold out at the average market price to men who promised them support; and with the difference they carried on their contested elections. The sum raised in this manner was stated by a person who was in the secret to be inconceivably great, and accounts for an assertion afterwards made by Lord Grenville in the Lords, that "not one guinea of the public money had been spent for elections." It may be imagined that if seats were bought for two thousand five hundred, or even two thousand pounds, and sold again for five thousand pounds, a comparatively small number of such transactions would furnish a considerable fund; and Government had so many seats passing through its hands that, at last, in one or two instances, it sold them to people who only professed themselves in general well-disposed towards them, without exacting a pledge of unconditional support."

It was at this election that Sheridan at Westminster, and Tierney at Southwark, the once popular candidates, found the tables turned against them, and had to complain of the violence of the mob. "Sheridan's unpopularity was said to have arisen chiefly from his never having paid his debts. Numbers of poor people crowded around the hustings, demanding payment for bills which he owed them." During the Norfolk election "two ladies, friends of Wodehouse (Coke and Windham's opponent), having appeared every day in a barouche and four at the hustings with his colors, the friends of Windham determined to drive them away, and accordingly put two women of the town in another barouche, decorated with the same ribands, and drew them alongside the carriage of the ladies. This unmanly insult so incensed those who were the objects of it, that they determined to be revenged. They consequently prevailed upon some of the electors to petition against the sitting members; and as the fact of their having treated is notorious,

there is no doubt of their being turned out."

When (in March, 1807) the new parliament met, the government, the Broad-bottom Administration, or, as they were half mockingly called, "All the Talents," appeared in the beginning of the month so strong that it seemed beyond the power of events to shake them. "They (to quote from the *Journal*) and their adherents had so long and assiduously made the country re-echo with the boast that they alone were fit to conduct the affairs of the nation that the multitude—who seldom take the trouble of judging for themselves, and are apt to believe what they perpetually hear—began at length to give them credit for the abilities of which they claimed such exclusive possession; and keeping the king as a sort of state prisoner, by allowing none but themselves to approach him, they began almost to consider themselves a fourth branch of the Government of the country. From this height of power nothing but their own conduct could have brought them down." The rock on which they split was the eternal Catholic question. They were succeeded by the Portland Administration (March, 1807), under which Lord Palmerston's long tenure of office commenced with a junior lordship of the Admiralty. In the following September he made his maiden speech; and a maiden speech at that time was an event to which no slight importance was attached:—

"There was not (remarks Sir H. Bulwer) so much and such constant talking in the House of Commons then, as there is now. People did not take up the morning's reports of the debates and put them down, lost amidst the wilderness of commonplace remarks of commonplace men on commonplace subjects, which, in the flattering way it has become the fashion to adopt in speaking of ourselves, we call business-like speaking, but which in reality is for the most part twaddle, that prevents or impedes the transaction of business.

"The ordinary affairs of Government, which after all have to be gone through as a matter of course, with little or much speech about them, were permitted to pass off quietly, without every member making a speech which no other member wanted to hear—any great affair was debated in a great manner by the leading men. When a new member was animated by ambition, he made a trial of his strength, and was judged by the assembly he addressed as fit or unfit to be one of the

select to be listened to. The ordeal was a severe one. But the novice who passed it with tolerable credit in the judgment of those men whose opinion was the test of success and failure, and who knew at once how to detect mind—which, if accompanied by energy, ends in giving ascendancy in any body of men who live much together—was henceforth classed, and almost certain, if he persevered in a parliamentary career, to obtain place and distinction."

In other words, the House of Commons, prior to the Reform Bill of 1832, partook more of the character of a debating club, in which the main object was display, than of a representative assembly, in which members are compelled to think of their constituents, and grant to one another the license each is compelled to ask in his turn. It has consequently become a less critical audience so far as style and manner are concerned, and readily dispenses with graces of elocution in a speaker who relies on argument, information, and good sense. But it by no means follows that what we are agreed to call business-like speaking is for the most part twaddle, or that the benefits of discussion are best attained by allowing a few party leaders or established orators to monopolize the debates. Indeed, when great affairs are debated, the leaders still speak too often and too long, to the exclusion of many who might bring peculiar knowledge to bear on the subject, or who, as representatives of classes, are well entitled to be heard.

The parliamentary *débuts* of celebrated men would form an instructive and interesting chapter in the political history of England. Sheridan's was a failure; Canning's a moderate success. Lord Chatham was a born orator. On its being remarked, after Pitt's first speech, that he bade fair to become one of the best speakers in the House, a first-rate judge exclaimed, "He is so already." Fox's debating excellence was obtained by practice; he has left a record that he spoke every night during his first session, which does equal credit to his perseverance and the patience of the House. Erskine, confused by the contemptuous look and gesture of Pitt, narrowly escaped a break-down. Mr. Gladstone fully sustained the expectations of the admiring friends of his youth. Mr. Disraeli resumed his seat amidst shouts of derisive laughter, after uttering his memorable and prophetic boast, "The time will come when you *will* hear me."

Charles Lamb proposed to draw up a list of men who had never made but a single joke in their lives. A list might also be made of men who established a reputation by a speech and never made another, or made others so indifferent that they have come to be regarded as never made at all. "Single Speech Hamilton" is one example; "Single Speech Hawkins" (who came out on the second reading of the Reform Bill) another; and the meteor-like appearance of a third brought him on two marked occasions into honorable competition with Lord Palmerston, who says in his Autobiography:—

"In September of this year, 1807, Copenhagen was taken, and the Danish fleet carried off. The Danish expedition was the great subject of debate at the beginning of the Session in 1808. Papers relating to it were laid before Parliament. At that time lay Lords of the Admiralty had nothing to do but to sign their name. I had leisure therefore to study the Copenhagen papers, and put together a speech, on which I received many compliments. Robert Milnes,* better known as Orator Milnes, had made a splendid speech on the first night of the discussion.

"He chose to make a second speech on a following night, to show that he was as good in reply as in preparation. His speech was a bad one, and my first speech was thought better than his second."

Writing to his sister three days afterwards (Feb. 6, 1808) Lord Palmerston says: "I certainly felt glad when the thing was over, though I began to fear I had exposed myself; but my friends were so obliging as to say I had not talked much nonsense, and I began a few hours afterwards to be reconciled to my fate." This feeling of dissatisfaction argued well for the future. On a young man's expressing satisfaction at his own performance to Dr. Johnson, the lexicographer observed: "That, sir, shows not that your execution

was good, but that your conception was petty." Lord Palmerston complains in the same letter that the papers had not been very liberal in their allowance of report. The speech occupies less than two columns in the "Parliamentary Debates," and Sir H. Bulwer's appreciation of it seems just:—

"The speech to which this correspondence alludes was evidently composed with much care, and in those parts which had been carefully consigned to memory was spoken with great ease and facility; but in others there was that hesitation and superabundance of gesture with the hands, which was perceptible to the last, when Lord Palmerston spoke unprepared, and was seeking for words, which he always employed appropriately, but which it cost him pains to find. This marred, no doubt, the continued effect of his delivery, and made him doubtful, as we have seen, at first as to the impression he had produced; but every one recognized that a clever, well-instructed young man had been speaking, and made ready allowance for defects which might not remain, and to which if they did the House would become accustomed."

The concluding remark was evidently suggested rather by the eminently successful close of Lord Palmerston's parliamentary career than by its rather doubtful and hesitating commencement. On his first becoming Premier, his conduct of affairs in the House of Commons was condemned for levity of tone and misplaced jocularity. "Let him remain Premier for a year or two," observed a member of the highest literary and political distinction, "and our standard will be lowered till we prefer this laughing devil-may-care method of getting through business to the wit of Canning and the gravity of Peel." The result fully confirmed the justice of the observation, which was made by one of the most refined and acute of contemporary writers and thinkers, Lord Lytton.

The quarrel between Lord Castlereagh and Canning broke up the Portland Administration, and Perceval became Prime Minister, owing rather to the confusion and separation of parties produced by the Catholic question, and to his concurrence in royal illiberality, than to his proved merits as a statesman, for as such he hardly attained mediocrity. Having to form a ministry out of the materials of the last to the exclusion of its most distinguished members, he was compelled to look

* Mr. Robert Milnes was a college friend of Lord Byron, and a distinguished member of his set, which comprised the late Lord Broughton, Mr. W. Banks, Charles Skinner Matthews, and Scrope Davies. He was offered a peerage by Lord Palmerston as a mark of personal respect, which he refused, on the ground that he might be obliged to oppose Lord Palmerston's government in the House of Lords. On his death, the peerage was offered to and accepted by his son, now Lord Houghton, whose social, literary, and political position fully justified the elevation.

about him for young men of promise, and his attention was naturally attracted to Mr. Milnes and Lord Palmerston. The account in the Autobiography of the ensuing transactions differs slightly from that in the contemporary letters to Lord Malmesbury, as well as from the version orally communicated to friends; but the upshot was that Lord Palmerston had the successive offers of the Chancellorship of the Exchequer and the Secretaryship at War, conditioned in each instance on the prior refusal of Mr. Milnes; and his mode of receiving them manifests a rare degree of self-knowledge and discretion.

"I own (he writes to Lord Malmesbury) of course one's vanity and ambition would lead to accept the brilliant offer first proposed; but it is throwing for a *great stake*, and where much is to be gained, *very much* also may be lost. I have always thought it unfortunate for any one, and particularly a young man, to be put above his proper level, as he only rises to fall the lower. Now, I am quite without knowledge of finance, and never but once spoke in the House."

After describing the interview with Perceval, in the course of which he was told that Mr. Milnes must have the refusal of the Secretaryship of War as well as that of the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, he writes:—

"He (Perceval) said that he felt that this preference of Milnes might not appear very flattering to me, but he trusted I should view it in its right light, as proceeding from his great anxiety to secure a doubtful friend who might be of essential service to our cause. I assured him that my principal wish was that his Government should receive every possible accession to strength, and that no personal considerations would prevent me from acquiescing in any arrangement which could conduce to that end, but that in point of fact the first offer he had made me of the Exchequer was so very flattering, that, having declined that, I could not in any case object to giving Milnes the preference as to the War Office; and that should he decide to take it, I should very willingly take a seat at the Treasury.

Mr. Milnes, after a long conference with Perceval and another with Canning, determined to support Perceval and decline office altogether:—

"This latter resolution, which surprised me exceedingly, is founded upon real and un-

affected diffidence. I think it a great pity, both for him and for us, as he would be more useful in office than out of it. The War Office has consequently come to me, conditionally, however, upon arrangements I will presently mention. In the mean time, Perceval having very handsomely given me the option of the Cabinet with the War Office (if I go to it), I thought it best, on the whole, to decline it; and I trust that, although you seemed to be of a different opinion at first, you will not, on the whole, think I was wrong. The office is one which does not invariably, or, indeed, usually go with the Cabinet. A seat there was consequently not an object to me for appearance sake; and considering how young I am in office, people in general, so far from expecting to see me in the Cabinet by taking the War Office, would, perhaps, only wonder how I got there."

The office of Secretary-at-War, which he was destined to hold so long, suited and grew upon him. After some weeks' trial, he writes:—"I continue to like this office very much. There is a good deal to be done; but if one is confined, it is some satisfaction to have some real business to do: and if they leave us in long enough I trust much may be accomplished in arranging the interior details of the office so as to place it on a respectable footing." In a letter to his sister, after his first official speech in bringing forward the army estimates, he says that, besides the commendations of his friends, which were things of course, the Opposition were civil and complimentary. "Windham was pleased to make honorable mention of me; and, what I certainly least expected, Whitbread, with whom I had never before exchanged a word, took occasion, as he met me entering the House yesterday, to say some very handsome things about perspicuity and information."

One great attraction of this sort of biography, largely composed of personal reminiscences and familiar letters, is that it revives and records, in all their original freshness, many scenes and incidents which are too illustrative to be forgotten, *e. g.*:—

"We had last night a most extraordinary display of folly, coarseness, and vulgarity from Fuller, who, because Sir John Anstruther, Chairman of the Committee, would not take notice of him, when he several times attempted to rise, in order to put some very gross and absurd questions to Lord Chatham, flew out into such a passion, and swore, and abused the Chairman and the House to such a degree that it became at last necessary to

commit him to custody. As he went out he shook his fist at the Speaker, and said he was a d—d insignificant little puppy, and snapping his fingers at him said he did not care *that* for him or the House either. He is now amusing himself with the sergeant-at-arms, and I think was very lucky in not being sent to Newgate or the Tower."

The rule or understanding that members of the Government, not being of the Cabinet, are to be chary of their eloquence except when the business of their respective departments is discussed, would have prevented Lord Palmerston from taking an active part in debate during the first eighteen years of his official life had he been possessed with the desire of shining, which he was not. But it did not prevent him from giving marked indications of latent power, nor even from indulging in the same kind of *persiflage* and humorous retort which was latterly by turns his weakness and his strength. The commencement of his reply to a very formidable assailant, Brougham, before whom most debaters of his standing would have quailed, was in these words:—"The honorable and learned member has made an accusation, which I certainly cannot retort upon that honorable gentleman himself, namely, that *he very seldom troubles the House with his observations*. I, at all events, will abstain from all declamation, and from any dissertation on the Constitution, and confine myself to the business at present on hand—the Army Estimates of the current year."

The ridiculous blunders with which Joseph Hume was wont to diversify his economical statements doubtless gave full effect to this sarcasm:—"He (Lord Palmerston) recollected that he had heard of an ancient sage, who said that there were two things over which even the immortal gods themselves had no power, namely, past events and arithmetic. The honorable gentleman, however, seemed to have power over both." It was not an ancient sage, but a modern orator and wit, Canning, who said that nothing was so misleading as figures, except facts. Hume's matter-of-fact understanding, with his utter insensibility to fancy or humor, besides serving as an armor of proof against the pointed shafts showered upon him, occasionally turned the tables, and produced a telling, because unpremeditated, effect: as when Lord Palmerston, in reply to a de-

mand for papers, observed that considerations of delicacy (to foreign States) forbade their production. "There it is!" exclaimed Hume; "wherever there is delicacy, there is sure to be something wrong." Although the aphorism is quaintly expressed, without the fitting limitations or modifications, he was not much beside the mark, so far as official reticence is concerned.

The death of Perceval in 1812 led to the formation of a Government under Lord Liverpool, which Sir H. Bulwer describes as "universally considered the weakest that ever undertook to hold the helm of a great State, but which suffered less from opponents and was more favored by events than almost any other that has conducted the affairs of this country." Certainly the weakest that ever conducted the affairs of this country for fifteen consecutive years, thanks to the prudent moderation of its chief, to whom may be applied the witty remark in the "School for Scandal," that there are "valetudinarians in reputation as in constitution, who, being conscious of their weak part, avoid the least breath of air and supply their want of stamina by care and circumspection." The political capital acquired by the glorious conclusion of the war lasted the Tories the better part of a generation, whilst the Whigs were proportionately discredited by their ineffective and often factious opposition. It was seven years after the peace that we find Lord Byron writing:—

"Where are the Grenvilles? Turn'd as usual.
Where
My friends the Whigs? Exactly where they
were.

Naught's permanent amongst the human race,
Except the Whigs not getting into place."

In this (Lord Liverpool's) administration, remarks Sir Henry Bulwer, "Lord Palmerston having refused—before the offer was made to Peel—the Secretaryship for Ireland, maintained, without rise or fall, during fifteen years the post which he had received in 1810 from Mr. Perceval, uniting during this period the pleasures of a man of the world with the duties of a man of business. No one went more into what is vulgarly termed 'fashionable society,' or attended more scrupulously to the affairs of his office; no one made better speeches on the question, whatever it was, that his place required him to

speak on, or spoke less when a speech from him was not wanted. His ambition seemed confined to performing his functions with credit, without going out of the beaten track of his office as a volunteer for distinction." To complete the impression of Lord Palmerston's position and habits in early life, it should be added that he had a turn for literature, associated with the wits, and contributed to the "New Whig Guide." Every one has heard the story of Sheridan's dinner-party, at which the sheriff's officers acted as waiters. On its being mentioned at Brockett as apocryphal, "Not at all," exclaimed Lord Palmerston; "I was at it. Sheridan, Canning, Frere, and some others, including myself, had agreed to form a society (projected, you may remember, by Swift) for the improvement of the English language. We were to give dinners in turn: Sheridan gave the first, and my attention was attracted by the frequent appeals of the improvised servants to 'Mr. Sheridan.'" "And did you improve the language?" "Not, certainly, at that dinner; for Sheridan got drunk, and a good many words of doubtful propriety were employed."*

Nor should Lord Palmerston's conduct as an Irish landlord be forgotten; for in this capacity he acted persistently and conscientiously on the conviction that property has duties as well as rights. There were years when he sacrificed the entire income of his Sligo estates to their improvement, and neither the excitement of politics, nor the attractions of society, ever long diverted his attention from the moral as well as material well-being of his tenantry. Sir Henry Bulwer has printed several letters detailing the steps he took for this purpose, which might still afford useful hints to proprietors similarly situated. We find him writing from Cliffoney in 1808:

"Roads are the first necessity for the improvement of Ireland. In my last ride the day was very fine, and the whole tenantry came out to meet me, to the number, in dif-

ferent places, of at least two or three hundred. The universal cry was, 'Give us roads, and no petty landlords.'"

He said one day, not long before his death, that he had a thousand tenants who paid less than five pounds each, many under a pound. "But do they pay?" "Not always, they pay when they can: when they sell the pig."

Although his oratorical ambition may have been confined to performing his peculiar functions with credit, these were of a nature to elicit his views on leading principles of policy, foreign and domestic; and his defence of a standing army of respectable proportions was based upon the self-same doctrine which he afterwards maintained as Foreign Secretary and Prime Minister, that the prosperity and well-being of the British empire depended upon its influential, nay, proud, position amongst the first-rate nations and communities of the globe. This is a pet doctrine of Sir H. Bulwer's, and he is well entitled to be heard upon it:—

"No doubt a great gentleman, let him be the Duke of Devonshire, the Marquis of Salisbury, Mr. Beaumont, Mr. Fortescue, Sir Robert Peel, or any other distinguished peer or commoner, is the same individual, whether he opens his house and keeps up a large establishment, or whether he lodges in a cottage and never offers a glass of wine to a friend; but his influence is different. A certain degree of show and hospitality gives influence,—quietly, insensibly, but irresistibly. Lord Palmerston himself, in later years, gained much by a conspicuous mansion and constant dinners and assemblies. It is all very well to sneer at these things; they affect us in spite of our philosophy.

"As three or four servants in livery and a large house place a man in this world of ours higher than he would be placed, inhabiting a small lodging with a dirty maid to open the door, so a nation has its servants in livery, its large house, its large establishments—things not absolutely necessary to its existence, but the accompaniments of its position, and without which its position would not be duly represented and sustained. I may be mistaken, but I believe every Englishman has a certain pride and interest in the figure made by the English nation. He likes that it should be 'the great nation,' and appear 'the great nation.' All that seven-eighths of us ask is, that the proper effect should be obtained without needless or improper cost."

Speaking of Lord Palmerston's position so late down as 1822, Sir H. Bulwer calls

* Charles Surface is described as hitting on the same expedient:—

Sir Benjamin Backbite.—"No man lives in greater splendour. They tell me that when he (Charles Surface) entertains his friends, he will sit down to dinner with a dozen of his own securities, have a score of tradesmen waiting in the ante-rooms, and an officer behind each guest's chair."—*The School for Scandal.*

attention to the circumstance that, though good, it was still an isolated one :—

"His private friends were never such as could be called political friends. Mr. Sullivan, his brother-in-law, and Sir George Shee, whom he made afterwards Under Secretary of State, were the only men with whom he could be said to be intimate. Neither did he belong to any of the particular sections which divided the House of Commons and the Tory party. He was not then an adher-

ent of Canning, never having followed that statesman out of office ; nor was he an adherent of Lord Eldon, nor even of Lord Liverpool, for he had voted, since 1812, in favor of concessions to the Catholics. He certainly was not a Whig, and yet he lived chiefly with Whig society, which, since the time of Mr. Fox, was the society most in fashion. George IV. always disliked him. No one, therefore, had a very lively interest in him, or felt a strong desire to make his parliamentary position more important.

(To be concluded.)

London Society.

FROM THE BATTLE FIELD.

GOOD NIGHT.

ARE you watching for me, darling—are you looking out for me ?
Do you think I may be coming by the path along the sea ?
My love ! with golden tresses and ever-varying cheek,
And the welcome in your glances which your shy lips seldom speak.

I can close mine eyes and see you in the mellow evening gleam,
Your earnest face uplighted by some pure and happy dream ;
By the chiming ocean billows in the radiance of the west,
Those busy fingers folded for a little while at rest.

Ah ! I see you looking downward at that slender golden ring,
With a quick, faint blush—you prize it, the foolish, worthless thing ?
You are thinking of the kiss that dared press your fingers, dear.
I have never touched your lips yet, and I am lying here

On the field of a lost battle, all, save dead and dying, gone :
A cold slow rain is falling, and the night is drawing on.
Our flag, deep stained with crimson, is wrapped about my arm,
I have saved it with my life-blood through this battle-day's alarm.

My passion has been silent ; we have only been true friends.
Thank Heaven we were not lovers ! since this is how it ends,—
I know your heart is tender, and has given both prayers and tears
To your well-beloved companion, your friend of early years.

May they turn to you in blessings—may my darling never know
A single tear more bitter than those for me which flow !

Who will tell her of my fate ? I am dying here, alone,
So yearning for one tender look, one gentle pitying tone !

I thought to bring back honor, and lay it at your feet ;
I thought to win a glorious name, and whisper, "Share it, sweet !" —
But dying eyes see clearly ; I never won your heart—
Well, better so, far better—it is easy now to part !

There are many moaning round me, but my wounds have ceased to pain;
I hardly hear the night-wind or feel the chilling rain.
They will find me here to-morrow, and bury me where I lie
In a nameless grave, without a prayer—and I am young to die!

But it must be so, my darling; if you were by my side
You would kiss me a "good-night"—the last before I died,—
Farewell! God shield you, dearest! and sometimes think of me
As you sit in your sunny window beside the sparkling sea!

St. Pauls.

THE FISHERMAN OF AUGÉ.

CHAPTER IX.

MIMI.

MIMI FAYEL was sitting in her brother's cottage at Augé—the black tulle veil she had been sprigging so deftly lay in her lap, her hands were idle, and her eyes were looking, not at her work, but were bent on the distant expanse of sea that showed through the open door-way.

Mimi had learned her own secret since Désiré's return from Italy. She knew now that the vague unrest and discontent that had possessed her since Madame Lelièvre's death were signs and tokens of love. The first sight of the young soldier had told her this.

Mimi had grown very thin and pale lately. She had been able to look frankly into her old playmate's face and to congratulate him on his happiness, and she had done this sincerely; for Mimi could not have spoken an untrue word. But the bitter struggles, the sharp heart-wrenches of agony that had come first, were all hidden away in the young girl's heart, only betrayed outwardly by scalding tears as she knelt in her little bed-room before the rude crucifix Désiré's mother had given her years ago.

But Mimi's was not a selfish love. "If Désiré is happy, I must be happy too," she said, "or I am no better than the wicked woman in the Breton tale, who ate her son's heart because he loved his wife better than his mother. It is all very well of Jacques to mock at Marie Triquet; but she must be good as well as pretty, or Désiré would not love her."

Poor faithful Mimi! Her idol could not do wrong in her eyes.

Yesterday Jacques Fayel had brought home the news that Marie had broken her

engagement with Désiré, and was promised to Auguste Leroux.

This news had kindled Mimi's anger. But her heart was large; small feelings did not seem at home there. All she thought of now was Désiré's sorrow. As yet, of course, he knew nothing, for Le Callac seemed to Mimi a distant country. And then, as her work fell from her hands, and she sat thinking, searching with her tired eyes the far distant shadowy cloud-line that melted into the sea, an idea presented itself—a way of escape from this sorrow for Désiré.

Marie was very young, two years younger than she herself was. Might it not be possible that the girl had been over-persuaded by her mother, and, in Désiré's absence, had not sufficiently valued the treasure she was yielding up? If any friend of Désiré's pleaded for him, would not Marie listen?

And strong temptation whispered to Mimi, "No; it is best as it is. If she does not value him, she could never make him happy." And a look of joyous hope broke forth on the pale truthful face.

Mimi rose up and laid aside her work. It seemed to her she must fling away this sudden joy with all her strength, or it would master her and make her wicked.

She crossed herself devoutly, and then she knelt down and prayed for Marie, and for Désiré, and for herself.

She rose up paler than ever, but with a settled look on her face.

"I will go to Caen," she said. "I have often wished to see Marie Triquet; I will see her, too, when her mother is not by, and I will make her promise to keep true to Désiré. She must tell him what has happened with Auguste Leroux of course. She must not keep a secret from her husband

—but Désiré need not know it till he returns from Le Callac: it would be too cruel if he learned it there."

She went to the armoire, got out her Sunday cap—only distinguished by a finer lace and an embroidered headband, for Mimi was not rich enough to wear a bourgeois cap: she was only a peasant, though, thanks to Monsieur le Curé of St. Julier, the nearest parish to Auge, she was a fair scholar.

Her cap-strings were not tied when a shadow darkened the door-way,—the shadow of a rough, square-shouldered fisherman, with a huge sausage under one arm.

"Eh bien, Mimi! Where art thou off to in such fine feathers?"

Mimi blushed. She knew that her brother did not suspect her love for his friend, and she could confess her errand.

"I am going to Caen, Jacques."

The fisherman's face clouded.

"What gadabouts you women are! Women—I believe I'm tired of the lot of you." He stood in the door-way, his sausage still under his arm. It seemed as if his words had been pent in some time, they came tumbling out so fast. "Who do you think I saw in Caen this afternoon, —maybe he is there now?"

Mimi knew by instinct, but she asked who it was.

"Dame! it was Désiré Lelièvre; and I saw him going in at the door of the old Triquet, the old traitress. I never thought that little pink-faced chit Marie a worthy wife for my friend; and now that he should reap mortification from such a crooked choice! It is too much; ma foi! it is not to be borne. And here am I, tired, hungry,—what do I say?—with my heart pierced at the thought of my comrade's trouble, and I find my sister going out to take her amusement!"

He strode into the room, his heavy sabots clattering on the brick floor, and seated himself with his back towards Mimi.

She stood a minute, and then she unfastened her pretty headband, loosened the tape-strings which drew her cap into a close-fitting shape, and replaced it in its paper wrapping in the armoire.

From a cupboard in the wall she brought out a long dark-colored loaf and a jug of cider, and set them on the round table in the centre of the cottage.

She tried to busy herself, but her heart

was aching sorely. It was all over, then; she was too late to help Désiré.

"Why, what is this?" said Jacques Fayel. "Why, Mimi, thou art as changeable as Marie Triquet! A minute ago thou wast decked out for a junketing, and now——"

"Allez," she interrupted, "I am not quite so bad as thou thoughtest, Jacques. I must see thee eat. Come, where is the sausage?"

Jacques patted her hand and said, half to himself, half to her, that she was a good girl, worth six Marie Triquets,—but the words made his sister glad to turn away.

When he had ended his meal, he smoked for some time in silence, while Mimi cleared away the fragments, and went back to her work.

"Mimi," said Jacques Fayel suddenly, "hast thou seen Martin Lelièvre to-day?"

"No, I have not seen him; but that is nothing unusual."

Her brother got up and came close to her.

"But I have not seen him for two days; and Désiré has written to me to ask if his father is well, and if he goes out fishing as usual. Martin has hardly been out since Désiré went away, and no one knows what ails him. Ma foi, Mimi! when I last saw him there was a look on his face I did not like to see there."

"But I also do not like the look on the face of Martin Lelièvre," said Mimi.

"But it was not a look thou hast seen. It was the look, I tell thee, of a man possessed by Satan, or of a madman. I must see him, or what account can I render to Désiré?"

He went out, but he came back almost directly.

"Mimi," he said hurriedly, "thou wast always wiser than I am; thou wast help me now. Martin is mad; his door is locked—it always is; I looked through the window; he is not in the cottage, but there is a disorder that only a madman could create."

And he described to her the wild chaos he had perceived through the window.

Mimi shook her head.

"Perhaps Désiré will come home, Jacques; it seems to me we can only watch for Martin, and when he does come home we must make sure that he has no knife or weapon within his reach."

So the brother and sister sat waiting till the moon rose and glittered over the broad sea.

CHAPTER X.

AT THE CALVAIRE OF SAINT PIERRE.

OUT of the house—mechanically taking his way along the street—blind, senseless to external things, Désiré hurried on till he found himself some distance from the town, free from all observing eyes, at the outskirts of the table-land high above St. Pierre.

Alone there, with the free air blowing round him on all sides, he was released from the strong power that had hitherto impelled him, and he fell face downwards on the earth.

How he wrestled with his agony! It seemed to have almost wrenched out his manhood with his love, for burning tears forced themselves from his eyes, not tears falling easily and relieving the over-charged heart that sends them, but single drops, scorching the eyes that shed them, as memory, awakened from the paralyzing effect of Marie's averted face, stabbed each word she had uttered deeper.

He made no moan, no outward sound of the utter despair that was slowly mastering him.

Why is it that natures like Désiré's, tender, true, and brave, are so often those whose reverence for women is early destroyed by some such blight as this—a blight which eats into the bud of their future life, jaundicing its fair young leaves with the spirit of scorn and mistrust, with thorough unbelief in that paradise of happiness which a true wife can make of a man's life?

While he lay there the sun was setting in broad belts of gold and crimson over the distant city stretched out below—the crimson fast changing into purple lines that mingled with the long range of gray hills in the horizon. Golden light still gathered on the river, winding among the poplar fringed fields of the middle distance, and on the vanes of some of the churches of the nearer city, guiding the eye from the superb burial-place of William the Conqueror to that of his queen, Matilda, at the opposite extremity of the town. But each moment was dimming light in the west, and as the sun sank slowly and reluctantly into the gray bank of clouds behind Caen, he seemed reflected on the rosy face of the rising moon, aflame with her harvest glories.

Faintly at that distance came the cho-

rus of bells, sounding the Angelus, swelling louder and louder as each church in turn lent voice to the universal clangor that told the death-hour of another day.

When Désiré rose up and looked around him, all the crimson glory had vanished; but for the bright moonlight, he would have been in darkness.

He stood still, awakened to the future. Where should he go now? He could not return to Le Callac. Home! Was he in a humor to bear his father's cutting jests with patience? And yet the fisherman was often away; he might be absent now. There was no place where Désiré could so completely hide from human fellowship, whether irritant or sympathizing, and it was his home. Yes, he would go to Auge.

Désiré had till now never lost a friend. He had seen mixed good and evil in human nature, but the ripe side of the peach had been always his. Marie was his first disillusion in a reality he had believed in as firmly as any article of religious faith; and he found himself now utterly skeptical of any good, any truth, to be found in woman or man either.

He shrank from looking on a human face.

Since he had risen from the earth, he had been moving slowly towards the high road. The white posts beside it, along which ran the telegraph wires recently placed there, looked ghastly in the moonlight, and as Désiré approached them, a strain of apparently unearthly music sounded close beside him. He started and recoiled a few steps; a strange thrill ran through his blood; but as the music swelled again, and again died away, he smiled at himself. It was only the wind, rising at fitful intervals, which had struck those mournful notes from the wires as it swept across them.

About thirty yards before him, the ground rose steeply on the left-hand side of the way. On its summit was a large square flight of stone steps, crowned by a tall Calvary—a well-known landmark on his homeward road.

The moonlight seemed concentrated on this spot, and as he got nearer, Désiré saw a figure in the road just below, pausing apparently in contemplation of the Holy Image sculptured on the Cross. Not in devout contemplation for the man had not removed his hat, or bent his knee,

or given any of the other tokens of reverence usual in passing by such a symbol.

Désiré crossed himself, and muttering that it was unlucky to meet a heretic, he looked up to the figure on the Cross, as if for protection from the evil presence.

The face was so calm, so beautiful in the moonlight, that he stood there gazing, and as he stood his own sorrows seemed lightened, his heart felt less hard, less bitter against his fellow-men, brought thus face to face with that unspeakable Sorrow and Love.

The man in the road had his back towards Désiré; he had not turned at his approach, although the young soldier was within a few yards of him, and though all was now so breathlessly still.

Suddenly there swept by, louder than before, the same unearthly music.

Shrieking, almost howling, with mortal fear, the man fled up the steps of the Calvary, and flung himself at the foot of the Cross, clasping it in his arms as if for protection.

With an instinct he could not have accounted for, Désiré sprang after him.

Face to face he saw that it was his father.

The next instant he shrank horror-struck at the incoherent ravings he heard.

"Oh, blessed Saviour, have mercy on me; Son of Mary, pity! I did not mean to cause her death. Hark! hark! she is calling me. Oh, holy Virgin, I meant but to stupefy, not to kill; the blow was heavier than I thought! There!—there again! Oh—oh!" The wretched man strove, by pressing his head against the stem of the Cross, to shut out the thrilling sounds which rose louder and louder as the breeze swept by.

Désiré, dumb with horror, in the hope of quieting him, laid his hand gently on his father's shoulder; but the touch only increased Martin's frenzy.

"Céline! Céline!" he shrieked, "let me go. I have confessed! am I not here confessing? Thou hast no right to follow me with thy pale face, forever threatening that our son shall know who caused thy death."

In the intensity of his horror, of his resolve to learn the very worst, Désiré's touch had become a powerful grasp on the old man's shoulder, and at the instant the breeze swept by again, bearing with it the same mournful strain.

Martin Lelièvre's fear made him desperate. He turned, and strove to wrest himself from what he believed to be his wife's grasp, for an instant, as the moonlight fell on Désiré's face, the likeness to his mother increased the frenzied creature's conviction, and he struggled like some wild animal in the grasp of his foes.

In vain. His son held him with the double strength of a powerful frame and a determined will, and finally Martin reeled back against the Cross, shuddering, panting as if ague-smitten.

As he looked full in Désiré's face he recognized him; probably the physical consciousness that he was struggling with flesh and blood, and not with an avenging spirit, helped to clear Martin's faculties from the nightmare that had numbed them.

His muscles relaxed, the rigid distention of his eyes lessened, and he drew a long gasping breath either of exhaustion or from relief.

Father and son seemed alike unwilling to break the awful silence that followed. The old man leaned against the Cross, still as the sculptured image above him, and his son also stood motionless, while the broad moonlight shone down upon them.

Désiré was literally unable to speak, so fearful was the conflict that raged within him; and Martin was trying to collect his thoughts, trying to remember how far he had revealed his secret.

At length he rose up from his reclining attitude against the Cross, shook himself, as a man does after sleeping soundly, and moved forward to descend the steps.

Then Désiré roused, and laid his hand once more on his father's shoulder. The touch brought back the aguish shuddering.

"Stay"—he could not utter the word father,—"I must tell you that I have heard enough to know that—that my mother died by your hand."

All Martin Lelièvre's bullying spirit had fled. He was deadened, as if by paralysis or intoxication. His eyes still fastened on his son, but they were expressionless of remorse or fear.

The horror that had seized on Désiré grew with each moment of silence; and it doubled in its nature, for some of it was at himself, and the intense longing he felt to give the criminal up to justice.

It seemed to him at last, as the awful silence continued, that he could no longer resist the impulse that bade him at once take his father a prisoner to Caen.

Did Martin read his purpose in his face? On a sudden the dilated eyes, so rigid in their immobility, quivered, and then turned an imploring gaze, which the clasped hands and bended knees helped to interpret before words came. Down, lower, still lower he crouched, till his head almost touched the earth.

The action brought back filial feeling. The unhappy young man shuddered to see his father in so unworthy a position, prostrate before his own child.

He stooped to raise the old man, and throwing back his head as the inert weight strained on his muscles, once more the loving pity of the face above him helped Désiré.

He placed Martin as he had before stood, against the Cross; but there was no longer the same erect attitude. The fisherman's head drooped between his shoulders, his knees bent inwards, his aspect was more that of a stuffed figure, whose unbalanced weight must after a while cause its own downfall, than that of a man with thews and sinews and self-sustaining power. Martin's lips moved, had been moving for some seconds past, but no words came.

"Shall I help you home? you can tell me the rest—what I ought to know—there."

Désiré spoke calmly, not sternly, as if he were addressing a stranger to whom he felt bound to render some painful duty.

A quick movement thrilled through Martin Lelièvre; it might have been his son's words that caused the blood to flow more freely. He raised his head, his body became erect, and he stretched his outspread right hand towards Désiré, as if to enchain attention to his words.

"Home, no! What thou hast to know must be told thee here. There is something here that forces me to speak, afterwards no human power could draw from my lips what only she"—the trembling returned visibly—"has made me tell. And she has broken faith, too"—his voice grew eager. "When she first got back her senses, and told me she was dying, I said—for it seemed to me then that I couldn't bear to lose her—I would go to the maire and confess that I struck her."

"Did you know who it was you struck?" The words came almost involuntarily, startling Désiré more than the narrator, whose eagerness they scarcely slackened.

"Yes; it was not dark—white, white moonlight, as it is now. I had gone down first to see my treasure, and because I knew that—that there was a chance of putting more to it, I went on along the shore. She must have watched me, and followed me, for I walked miles beyond Auge to where the terrible rocks begin—you know them." He jerked his head in a westerly direction. "I had found what I expected to find, and I had bent over him to see if his clothes were worth having, too, when I felt a grasp on my arm. I turned round. I was afraid, for I expected to see nothing human. I thought it was one of the polyps, and their clutch never loosens till they have dragged their prey down into deep water, and I had laid down my knife beyond my reach. I turned, I tell thee, and it was thy mother, Céline. I was very angry with her for giving me such a fright, but she raised her other hand, and said I had murdered the sailor lying at our feet. I don't know what I said. I was mad to hear her say that all my treasure was blood-stained, and would bring a curse. I had never said I had treasure, so I knew she must have followed me. I struck her. In a moment she lay before me as lifeless as the sailor!"

Désiré's blood had seemed to stand still while he listened; but now he drew back with abhorrence in face and gesture.

His father saw it, and his courage rose with despair.

"Thou thinkest I murdered her, Désiré; but remember, if she had not come spying upon me with false charges it would not have happened; and remember, too, that if thou hadst left me in peace to-night and that other night not long ago, thou mightest have died without knowing this. That time thou foundest me in the river-bed brought it all back, and she has never left me since till to-night I was on my way to obey her. But she has broken faith; she said our son must never know it, and yet this is her doing. She only said 'Confess, atone!—confess, atone!—and I was on my way to do both.' He began to walk rapidly up and down the platform, muttering to himself, his son keeping close to him. Presently he stopped. "Yes, Dé-

siré, I said to myself, 'her spirit will not rest till I have done one good deed to wipe out the past;' and then, as if by a miracle, I heard of the wrong intended to thee, and I resolved to right thee. I resolved that if Marie Triquet weds Auguste Leroux, she shall wed a poorer man than thou art; and I said 'Mon Dieu! what do I know? So great an atonement made to her son whom she loved may quiet her as much as the confession, and she may rest without that.' I cannot make it—I will not, though she stands at my bedside all these nights, ever since thou stolest upon me at the rocks—looking so like her; and she says 'Confess, atone!' she threatens me with her fingers!" His face grew ghastly as he spoke, and he again stretched out both hands to enforce attention.

"Last night, Désiré, I promised her I would do it. I am on my way to Ardaïne; before now thy wrong would have been atoned. As I came up to the Calvaire I only heard 'Confess, confess!' I thought this was fancy; deeds must be better than words, and I hardened myself and tried to pass on to Ardaïne, and then her voice shrieked out, as it had never done before, 'Confess! confess! confess!'"

The aguish trembling overmastered him once more, and if Désiré had not held him up he must have fallen.

The son's senses were reeling with this combination of undreamed-of horror, but Martin's present project seemed to demand his instant interference.

"You have mistaken my mother's wishes entirely," he said. "To my mind, she bade you go to the priest and make the atonement he should counsel with your treasure. As to your molesting Auguste Leroux, that would be only adding crime to crime." He stopped, hardly able to make his meaning clear; presently he went on: "If you do not promise me to renounce any attempt to injure him, I must at once take you before Monsieur le Maire."

He meant this only as a precautionary means to prevent mischief at Ardaïne, but his father misunderstood him.

"Thou art still my son, Désiré, and I will spare thee the remorse of disobeying thy mother's last wish—that the secret should be kept. Hush!—" for his son no longer held him, but stood clasping his hands in earnest deprecation of the surmise just uttered. "I will render it

impossible to thee to betray me to justice; thou couldest not be so ungrateful when I shall have made Marie again thine. I am thy father! I forbid thee to follow me!" At the last word he turned, and then darted down the steps on the side nearest to Ardaïne.

CHAPTER XI.

ON THE ROOF OF THE ABBAYE.

THE Calvaire stood at an angle where two roads, each starting from Caen, converged into the highway. About twenty yards down the left-hand path (Désiré had come by that on the right, and still stood on that side of the Calvaire) was a narrow cross-road, with a high wall on each side, built of huge blocks of stone.

This walled road, which led to the open country, was a much nearer way to Ardaïne than if you followed the downward path from the Calvaire into Caen, and thence mounted again through the Rue Notre Dame; and yet the latter was the ordinary route, for so much of the cross-road as lay between the high walls was deeply shadowed by them, and so ill-drained, as to be, except in the driest weather, a sort of morass; even at the best it was rough and ridgy walking.

But Désiré knew, by instinct rather than from reflection,—he gave himself no time for this,—that his father would be found in the walled road, and that if he would stop him he had no time to lose.

For a moment or two surprise held him motionless, and by the time he reached the foot of the platform Martin Lelièvre had vanished.

Désiré ran on at his utmost speed till the increased darkness on the other side showed him that he was approaching the walled road. As if to aid the fugitive, the bank of clouds behind which the sun had set had gradually overspread the sky, and just now a fresh gust of wind drove a mass of ragged black vapor over the moon, totally obscuring her light.

Désiré stopped and listened—it was impossible to see any object in such darkness—but, from the roughness of the ground, he felt sure no one could hasten over it noiselessly.

Yes; there was the faint sound of one running fast in front of him, more ahead than he could have thought possible.

It was a relief to fix his thoughts on the best means of intercepting his father's

purpose, so as not to remember all he had been listening to.

He thought he could soon run down the fugitive; but, in the darkness, supposing Martin doubled, it might be difficult to capture him without a desperate struggle.

Would it be better to trust to his own speed, return direct to Caen, and thence hasten to Ardaïne, and meet his father on his arrival there?

"No," he said. "It must be nearly eleven o'clock. Leroux and all at the farm are sleeping long ago. My father might conceal himself among the buildings before I could arrive and give the alarm."

And Désiré felt that he could not set the farm-servants on to track out his father's hiding-place. It was plain that the only course left for him was to pursue and overtake the fugitive before he reached Ardaïne.

He had recommenced his pursuit while he decided; for the sounds in front had grown less distinct. Suddenly the darkness lightened, the air came freer, and Désiré knew that he had reached the end of the wall boundary. Henceforth the pursuit lay between wide stretching fields, with hedges on either side.

On he sped; the sounds in front of him grew more and more distinct, as the distance lessened. Suddenly they ceased. Désiré redoubled his speed. He could hear the struggling, gasping breath, as of one almost overcome; and he sprang forward.

There came a scramble, so close beside him that he seemed to feel the hedge move, and then a fall into the field on the other side.

He remembered that there was a long narrow path somewhere hereabouts, which struck diagonally across the intervening fields and led straight to Ardaïne.

Without hesitating he forced his way through the hedge, and then listened. There was no light to show him how to strike the path.

He heard no one running before him; but there was grass beneath his feet. It was possible the sound might be deadened.

Désiré looked towards the moon, or rather to where she had been before the great black rolling mass had swallowed up her light. There was a grayer hue on one side of it than on the other. The next breeze that sprang up would drift the va-

por onward, and then he should be able to see the way his father was taking. He could not feel or see any path; but he believed that he must be running on towards Ardaïne.

Sooner than he hoped, the clouds passed on; the moon shone out again, almost brighter than before. Where was the path? Not in front of him. There it lay to the right. The direction he was following would have brought him out somewhere on the Bayeux road, between La Maladrerie and Caen, far away from Ardaïne.

In a moment he had regained the foot-path, and he looked forward. The ruined abbaye stood out dark and massive in the wide landscape, surrounded—except where the huge entrance-gates came—by high walls, built of the stone of the country, decaying slowly and imperceptibly beneath the moonlight.

Désiré strained his eyes in vain; there was nothing moving between him and the abbaye.

His father's manœuvre flashed upon him. He had forced his way through the hedge, but had gone no farther; and while his son had been losing himself in the darkness, Martin had returned to the road, and had been making sure progress towards the farm.

Muttering against his own folly, Désiré at once directed his course towards the road, in the hope of being yet in time.

It was as he had feared.

Martin Lelièvre had scrambled over the hedge, and had dropped under it for the rest he so greatly needed; and when Désiré darted off to find the path across the fields he almost brushed by his father, who lay prostrate on the grass, holding in his panting breath for fear of discovery.

He had been a better runner in his day than Désiré, and was still, except in sustaining power, fully his match. His spirits rose with the success of his stratagem. He should accomplish his purpose, and make his son happy and eternally grateful to himself. Then, surely, Céline would rest. He regained the road; his mind growing wilder and more ungoverned as he hurried on.

He was within a few yards of the avenue leading to the abbaye gates. In Martin's present haste it seemed to him that these gates would be easier to scale than the walls. He was dashing down the avenue

when he heard steps following in pursuit along the road he had just left.

In an instant he had hidden himself behind one of the large tree-trunks.

His pursuer stopped, evidently at fault; he came nearly up to the tree behind which the fisherman stood, and then retraced his steps to the road.

Again a mass of whirling black vapor overspread the moon. Martin stooped and gently pulled off his shoes, glided noiselessly along within the shelter of the tree-trunks till he reached the gates, without attracting his pursuer's attention.

He stood still, looking at them. They were stout and strong, but not very high; a much bulkier man than Martin would have found space enough to make his way between them and the arched stonework above.

"There is no time for the abbaye," he murmured; "I must see to Leroux first; and, after all, it is the surest way."

On the other side of the gateway was a large court-yard; in this on the left stood the noble abbaye, now a mere shell, but in perfect external preservation even to the roof and the richly-carved tracery of the windows.

It had long been deserted as a church, and was filled with carts, hay, straw, and winter fodder of all kinds; on the right were barns, and close under the wall, that extended for some distance to the left of the gates, facing the abbaye, was a range of buildings. These were rooms intended for the occupation of the farmer who rented the land when the proprietor himself lived in the farm-house; but the present owner was an absentee, and Auguste Leroux was fitting up a charming home for Marie in the old house which stood on the opposite side of the court-yard.

Till his marriage, Monsieur Leroux slept in one of the rooms beside the gate. It was only one story high, a large lofty chamber, which served for eating and sleeping; the floor was tiled, the walls of bare stone, and on the great open fireplace rested a pair of huge dogs, idle at this time of year. In one corner of the bare gaunt place stood a tall white-faced clock; in another a walnut-wood armoire; in front of the fire-place was a small round table and a chair; and in the farthest corner from the door and window, both close together, and both opening directly from the court-yard, was a mahogany French

bed, its scarlet curtains screening the sight, but not deadening the sounds, of the heavy sleeper within.

The tall clock with the white face always ticked loudly; but for the last five minutes it had seemed noisier than ever. It struck eleven; and as the last clear ringing stroke fell on the bell, Auguste Leroux started, broad awake.

Was it only the clock that had roused him? Who can say what caused the sudden awakening?

Close beside him, bending down so that he could not see his face, a man was holding a lighted match to his bed-clothes, while the moonlight streaming in through the open window showed how he had obtained entrance.

Leroux sprang upon the intruder and grappled with him; but in an instant a knife flashed before his eyes. He shouted aloud for help, and struggled desperately with his assailant, but he could not extinguish the flame, now spreading fast from the bed-clothes to the paillasse beneath. Leroux was powerfully made, but he was a heavy lumbering man, and was besides taken by surprise. His assailant was evidently trying to force him back on to the burning bed.

There was a sudden darkening of the window, a cry of "Au secours!" Leroux felt his adversary's grasp loosen as he turned round to face the new-comer. The next instant he was released, and the incendiary had darted through the window.

The person who had last entered was following the intruder, but Leroux called out loudly for help in extinguishing the flames. The heavy cloth bed-curtains only smouldered as yet, but the wood of the bedstead was beginning to take fire. There was not any water in the room, but the horse-trough stood just outside the window, and there was a duck-pond at the other end of the court-yard.

By the time they had got pails from the nearest barn, and had partially extinguished the flames, the sleepy farm servants began to arrive, full of wonder and ejaculations of horror at what had occurred.

"Yes, you lazy vauriens, but for that good friend's help I might have been murdered; and if the walls had not been stone," Leroux added, looking round the great bare room as he hastily scrambled

on some clothing, "the farm and the abbaye would have perished."

"Will monsieur pardon," said one of the servants, "but it is partly monsieur's own fault; you made me take Bruno to Varentin yesterday, because you said his noise disturbed you when the moon was full; his tongue would have waked us. Who has done this mischief, monsieur, and where is he?"

One of the elder men said this, but Leroux did not heed him. He had turned to thank his deliverer, and by the light which some of the servants had by this time brought, he recognized Désiré Lelièvre.

A confused murmur of voices, asking what was to be done, was seemingly unheard by the two rivals brought so strangely face to face. If Désiré heard, he was purposely deaf; all he hoped for now was his father's escape, for he felt convinced that his own sudden appearance would insure Martin's departure from the abbaye.

Leroux was strangely excited: he waved his hands impatiently to the men.

"Go, go now, all of you! You have done what is necessary," and almost pushing the last man out, he shut the door upon him.

Then he turned to Désiré.

"How you came, as if by a miracle, I cannot guess; but you must be a true soldier," he said, in an agitated voice, "to listen only to the call of honor, even to save the life of one who has robbed you of your promised wife. But, Désiré Lelièvre, till two days ago I did not know that your marriage with Marie Triquet had been decided. I was told you admired her; but that was all. I was angry when I heard the truth, for I think a girl even should never break her word; but I said nothing. I thought perhaps Marie's mother knew you were not worthy of her daughter, and so had discarded you. Now I know differently, and I tell you that I cannot live happily with Marie, feeling that I have stolen her from the man who saved my life. Take her, my friend, take her back again, and my debt will be paid."

It was wonderful to see how the enthusiastic impulses of his gratitude carried the usually pompous, purse-proud Leroux out of himself. Perhaps a little of his accustomed manner clung to him, for he seemed rather to be bestowing Marie on Lelièvre than to be yielding her; but Désiré did not heed this.

He shook his head. For a moment he stood thinking, uncertain, not of what he should say, but how to bring the words out with as little offence as possible to the young farmer.

"I am glad I have been of service to you, Leroux; but I want no reward. I shall not soon forget your generous offer, and I am glad you have made it; it shows me she will have a better husband than I thought; but even if she were willing, I could not marry now; that is all past and gone for me."

He had restrained himself with great effort during this speech. Leroux's generosity had fired his. It seemed unmanly to say that he thought a woman who could deceive as Marie had, never could fill his heart again; it might injure her with her future husband.

Leroux grasped his hand.

"Lelièvre," he began; but there came a clamorous outcry for "Le maître!" "Le patron!" "Monsieur Leroux!" "Au secours! au secours!" from the men who still lingered in the yard.

Désiré reached them first; a nameless fear was spurring at his heart as if to force it out of his body.

As he reached the loud-talking, gesticulating group, clustered at the foot of a tall ladder, which nearly touched the roof of the abbaye, there was a cry from among them, a sudden scattering, and the tall ladder was pushed violently forwards against the stone wall facing the side of the abbaye, and came crashing to the ground.

One of the men ran up to it, and then he pointed upwards, "Le scélérat! The ladder is broken!" he said to Désiré, "and he will set fire to the abbaye before we reach him."

"He!" Désiré's eyes had been strained on to the roof of the building; but there was no moonlight now, and he could not distinguish as well as the men who had been watching in the darkness.

Just then Leroux touched him.

"The fellow is there," he said—he pointed to the roof. "He pushed the ladder down just now. He is hiding behind the little staircase-tower. You see those towers at the four corners; they each contain a staircase winding up to a gallery which runs along inside the roof from end to end on a level with the upper windows. If any one had the boldness to

climb on to the roof from one of those windows this madman might be secured till we have spliced the ladder; if not, he will enter by one of them, and fire the stores, and then—*mon Dieu!*—I am a ruined man. See! see! there he goes!"

The farmer spoke almost in a shriek; a dark object was plainly crawling along the edge of the sloping roof, only saved from falling by a low pierced parapet.

Leroux rushed to the foot of the turret, and unlocked the little door leading to the staircase.

"A hundred francs to the man who goes up first!" he said vehemently.

There was no response. The farm-laborers clustered sulkily together; the reward seemed to them quite disproportioned to the risk proposed. The staircases were said to be broken and dangerous; and then, a hand-to-hand struggle with a desperate man on a roof more than a hundred feet from the ground! Bah! it was too great a danger.

Leroux looked despairingly at Désiré.

"I would venture myself," he said. "It is not want of pluck that keeps me back; but I am heavy built, and from a child I have the vertigo if I mount a height. If I go I shall lose life as well as fortune."

Désiré's eyes had been strained on the dark, moving form.

"I cannot go," he said, "you must not ask me——"

Leroux was strangely surprised. Could this man, whom he had seen so daring a short while ago, be a coward after all? But there was the dark figure making slow but sure progress. It had paused, and apparently had felt over the edge of the parapet for the projecting moulding which would indicate the head of one of the windows.

Leroux raised his voice so as to silence the clamorous cries and threats which the men again shouted upwards.

"Five hundred francs to the man who climbs into the gallery and holds the thief there as he enters! You'll not catch him on the roof now; he is feeling for the window; he will get in there!—he means to fire the building."

"And if I do catch him on the roof will you make it six hundred?" said a tall gypsy-looking youth, who had come into the yard after the rest.

"Yes! But, in heaven's name, make haste; he has found the window!"

Leroux's words were accompanied by a laugh that came from the roof of the abbaye, a mocking laugh, that sounded wild and unearthly to the rest, but which Désiré knew too well.

Some of the men below had by this time lit torches, which threw a smoky light upwards. The rest were helping their master to splice the ladder; but it was so badly fractured that this was not easy. Désiré Lelièvre alone stood statue-like, his eyes fascinated as if by a spell on the moving figure, which now, having at last made sure of the window-moulding, sat astride the parapet, stretching one hand downward to grasp the carved tracery. Martin's movements had been much more rapid since Leroux had last spoken. Désiré wondered that the men (for several, tempted by the increased reward, had followed the gypsy) did not appear at the window. He did not know how difficult the broken, winding staircase was to climb.

Ah! the outstretched hand has found the tracery now, in another instant the whole body will be over the parapet.

Désiré can no longer restrain himself; hitherto his terror has been lest his father should be recognized, but now he calls out loudly,

"Father! father! stay, I will bring the ladder; no one shall harm thee!"

There is no answer; the body swings over the parapet, while both hands cling to the tracery; then they slide quickly to the central mullion, the whole weight of the body dragging from them.

Désiré stands in speechless horror: he sees the clinging figure twice strive to force its way through one of the unglazed lights, and twice swing out in rebound from the violent effort; the aperture is too small. The figure shakes now as if agitated, and a loud cry from within tells that the men have reached the window.

"Stay!" Désiré shouts from below,—
"hold off! don't touch him! he is mad! I will climb the ladder and hold him fast; he will yield to me!" He adds this hoping to restrain and calm his father.

He looks round for the ladder. No one heeds his words: all are too busy in securing their work. They have fastened the ladder at last by means of a shorter one laid across the fracture, and are raising it from the ground. . . .

When Désiré turned his eyes for the

first time from their fixed gaze on the dark figure hanging in mid-air, it made one more desperate effort to enter by the window; and then, as if struck by sudden paralysis, lost its hold and fell with a dull sickening sound on the stones below.

CHAPTER XII.

WHAT BECAME OF DÉSIRÉ.

WHEN Désiré recovered consciousness he did not know where he was.

He lay on a bed something like his own; but he was not in his father's house. Even before memory came back, he recognized this with a feeling of relief. Just then the door opened, and he saw Mimi.

She came up to the bedside and asked him quietly how he was; then she gave him the soup she had brought in, as if it were the most natural thing possible for him to be lying there.

Désiré lay still; he felt too weak to talk; presently Mimi said—

"Jacques will be so glad you are better. I will fetch him."

She went away, and when she had told Jacques he must be very quiet and careful, she left him alone with Désiré.

Jacques fidgeted; he was not used to a sick-room, and he heartily wished Mimi had stayed and watched over his behavior; besides, he was afraid of Désiré's questions.

"Ma foi!" he said at last, "I never thought to see thee reasonable again, mon garçon. And the farmer there, Leroux; he will be as glad as glad can be!"

Désiré smiled.

"I have had a fever then?" he asked faintly.

"A fever! I should say thou hast had three fevers at once, if that is possible. Monsieur Leroux, he says it was the burning thou hast received in saving his life. He says he shall never forget his fright when he saw thee fall in a heap in the court-yard, and then—for he is a good fellow at bottom, Leroux—he was raising thee in his arms to lay thee in his own chamber—not on his bed, that was too wet from the water that had been thrown on it; and while he waited, giving orders for some fresh bed to be made there, all of a sudden he felt a struggle, and, pouf! there thou wast, flying for thy life through the gates which had been opened to let in some of the men who slept outside. Ah, Désiré! it was well for thee that

night that I was watching. I hear some one come flying along the sands as if Satan was on his heels, and suddenly thou stumblest over a rock, and I see thee as I think dead on the sand."

Mimi opened the door gently.

"Thou talkest too much, Jacques," she said, smiling.

"Ma foi!"—Jacques plunged his great rough hand into his hair—"Then, Mimi, stay here and mount guard. I am only telling him how his illness began. I have not said a word of his cries, and his struggles, and his wild talk, and of all thy skillful nursing. Ma foi, mon garçon! I could not have brought thee round without Mimi. I will say that for her, though"—he looked slyly at her—"she does lead me such a dog's life about talking above my breath. Why, ma foi, I have had to whisper till my throat aches!"

Mimi's face had grown crimson; but Désiré wondered as he looked gratefully at her why he had never thought her pretty before.

He put out his wasted hand.

"I don't know how to thank you for your goodness," he said, and tears came to his eyes as he pressed the girl's hand. "And thou too, my friend; how much anxiety I have caused thee——"

"Thou must not talk," said Jacques Fayel, delighted to stop his friend's thanks; "to-morrow I will have thee out on the sands; next day—who knows?—out at sea, fishing perhaps; now go to sleep, mon gars—no, thou shalt not speak even to Mimi!"

For Mimi was weeping, and Jacques, utterly mystified at such inconsistent behavior, took her hand, and led her into the outer room.

"Sapristi!" he said roughly, when he had shut the door behind them, "if I had found thee crying when this poor fellow lay there raving about murders and the Calvaire, I would not have wondered; but to cry now, just when he is so much better that I could turn head over heels with joy, is the behavior of a child, Mimi! Bah! Bah! dry thy tears then!"

Captain de Gagnac was again sitting in the window overlooking the court-yard of the old Convent de l'Oratoire, and, no longer standing before him, but seated in a chair close by, with thin pale face and sunken eyes, was Désiré Lelièvre.

It was the first time he had felt able to make the journey to Caen, and he was almost overpowered by fatigue.

There had been much during the last two days to try his newly-found strength. He could not be sure whether Jacques Fayel suspected the identity of his father with the madman who had met with such a fearful fate at the Abbaye d'Ardaine; but it was plain that no one else did; it was supposed in Auge that Martin had gone on one of his long solitary expeditions among the dangerous rocks of Calvados, and had perished there, far beyond human help.

The body of the madman had been crushed by the fall out of all human likeness; and, as death had supervened while in the act of crime, the remains had been hastily buried, without any religious rites.

From his father's confession, it was clear to Désiré that he had been one of the unknown wreckers among the fishermen, and he felt almost sure that the burden which Martin had borne into the cottage, the last night he had himself passed there, was this ill-gotten treasure.

Yesterday Désiré had visited the cottage. He shuddered as he stepped over the threshold.

In the inner room, hidden away among the straw stuffing of his father's paillasse, he found money, watches, and valuable jewelry, and, among other articles, a massive altar service, evidently taken from the shipwrecked. Désiré trembled at the thought of how all this had been come by; but he kept the fisherman's secret.

The whole of the treasure was religiously consigned to the curé of St. Julien to be spent in masses for the souls of his unhappy parents, one of whom, Désiré simply said, had been a grievous sinner.

And then it seemed to the young soldier that he must put the sea between himself and Auge. The remembrance of that terrible night was still too vivid: only time and absence could soften its horror. And he resolved to consult his captain about his future life.

From Monsieur de Gragnac he heard that the 75th was ordered to Algeria, and the captain at once proposed that, until he should be able to take his place in the ranks, he should act as his servant, and so get the benefit of thorough change of scene.

"And so, my poor fellow," he said kindly, "you think you will be strong enough to travel at the end of the week. Bon! I hear this Algerian climate works wonders with invalids." And Monsieur de Gragnac, who had heard the end of Désiré's courtship, could not resist the opportunity of illustrating his favorite theory.

"Liking, my poor Désiré, is permitted, is, in fact, desirable; but love, in what is to be an indissoluble tie, merely clouds and blinds the judgment with its passionate fumes. When next you think of marrying some girl who has filled your heart and your head to the exclusion of everything, you will remember this misadventure and my counsel, and you will then decide to accept all the love that comes in your way,—but you will also tell yourself, that a French soldier should have nothing to do with so serious an institution as marriage until he is at least forty-five."

"I thank you from my heart for all your goodness to me, Monsieur; but I can never think either of love or of marriage henceforward. I am not a man to be deceived twice, and I have not so bad an opinion of the girl I loved as I could never love again, as to suppose her worse than other women are. Their natures are weaker than ours, and their feelings also, I suppose." And yet while he spoke he thought of Mimi Fayel, and felt that there might be high unselfish natures in women.

"Remember this well, Désiré, and you will have learned the secret of dealing with women. They have no power of endurance; they give like a cane."

"Yes, Monsieur, I think so. Marie will be happy with Leroux." He spoke with an effort, for the farmer's name brought back his father's awful confession more vividly than ever. "I hear they are to be married at the Saint-Michel. I wish them happiness. For me, Monsieur, my mistress is henceforth the French Army, and the Emperor is my father. I have no home but under the eagle's wings."

He bade farewell to the Captain, and found Jacques waiting for him outside the great gates of the quaint old court-yard. The vine leaves were crimsoning fast, and the fruit hung in purple clusters; yellow festoons of a creeping plant that garlanded the lower windows had grown almost too wildly luxuriant.

"Eh bien, mon gars!" said Jacques, "it is well I brought the charrette close up to the gates—thou art as white as a sand-eel."

The young fisherman tried to cheer his friend on the way home; but Désiré was thinking too deeply to rouse for more than a minute or so.

They were very near home when Jacques stopped the horse.

"Canst thou walk this little bit, my friend? It will save thee some rough jolts."

Désiré jumped down briskly. He was tired of the monotonous jolting of the rough vehicle, and he was glad to be alone.

Mimi was sitting in her usual place at the open door. He had meant to walk on to the mouth of the river; but seeing her, he stopped, and then went towards her.

Mimi saw him coming. She had managed to avoid finding herself alone with Désiré; but now she could not help it. She could not run away without seeming rude.

But she felt angrily that she was foolish enough to be growing red and uncomfortable.

"And what for?" she said, indignantly. "For a man who cares no more for me than he does for his own musket. Not so much, perhaps."

"Well, Monsieur Désiré,"—she forced herself to look him in the face—"here you are, tired and hungry. I am sure of it. Allons, the soup-pot is au chaud, and I suppose Jacques will be in directly." Here a look she was not used to in Désiré's eyes made her falter.

"I am not hungry, Mimi, and I want to speak to you. I have never yet thanked you as I want to thank you for your goodness to me, and now I don't know how to do it." He stopped and looked at her. Instinctively, almost unconscious-

ly, the slender brown hands had stolen up to her face, and they hid it now from Désiré.

"Mimi," he said, and his voice trembled, "I am going away. I am still ill. I may—who knows?—die in Algeria. Will you wear this while I am away, Mimi, to put you in mind of the poor fellow you were so good to." He had taken a small medal from round his neck, and he held it towards her; but Mimi dared not look at him. "Are you angry with me?" he said, sorrowfully.

"Angry!—oh, Désiré!" She looked up at him, and he thought he had never seen such beautiful eyes as Mimi Fayel's.

"Then we are friends." And he put the little chain that held the medal round her neck, and kissed her on both cheeks in brotherly fashion. But the kisses seemed to awaken fresh ideas.

"It was my mother's," he said. "She always loved you, Mimi. She had it blessed for me when I was little, and I promised her not to part from it lightly. And now, Mimi, will you not give me a token? Something to tell me always I have a true friend left in Auge."

"I have only this," she said. She drew a small silver cross from her dress. "I have another, but I love this best. Will you wear it for me, Désiré?"

It seemed to both of them most inopportune that Jacques should choose this moment for returning, and he was in such a hurry, too, for his supper that Mimi could not even stop for Désiré's thanks. But he paid them with interest on the morning of his departure.

"Adieu, Mimi," he whispered, while Jacques bustled about with a present of fish he was taking in to Monsieur de Gragnac. "If I do not take service again I may return when I choose; and I do not think I shall take service unless there is war."

Cornhill Magazine.

THE SUN'S CORONA.

ONE after another the mysterious problems presented by the sun to man's contemplation have been solved by astronomers. We have learned what are the substances which compose his giant bulk. We know much respecting the condition in which those substances exist. The

strange red prominences which are seen round the black disc of the moon in total eclipse, "like garnets round a brooch of jet," have not only been interpreted, but our astronomers, calling in to their aid the subtle powers of the most wonderful instrument of research yet devised by man,

have been enabled to discern these objects when the sun is shining with full splendor in the heavens—nay, even to measure their motion, and to gauge the pressure exerted by the gases which compose their substance. But one great problem yet remains unsolved. When the sun's orb is hidden in total eclipse, there bursts suddenly into view a crown or glory of light, resembling the *nimbus* which painters place around the heads of saints. Sometimes presenting the appearance of a uniform circular halo, at others radiated and even irregular in aspect, this striking phenomenon had long attracted the attention and invited the curiosity of astronomers. But recently, owing to the nature of the information obtained respecting the sun's substance and the colored flames which play over his surface, the corona has been regarded with a new and much greater interest. There is, perhaps, at this moment, no problem in astronomy which attracts so much attention, or whose solution would be hailed more eagerly. It is not concealed, that though the expedition which is to set forth to view the eclipse of December will be provided with the means of renewing, and probably improving upon, the researches made into the other phenomena of total eclipses, yet its main object is to determine, if possible, what is the nature of the corona. If no new information shall have been obtained, during the coming eclipse, respecting this singular solar appendage, it will be admitted by astronomers that the primary object of the expedition has remained unachieved.

It may interest our readers, therefore, to have some account of the observations which have been already made upon the corona, and to consider, though but briefly, the chief theories which have been put forward in explanation of the phenomenon.

The corona was known to astronomers long before those colored prominences which have recently received so much attention. It has even been supposed that Philostratus refers to the appearance of this object where he remarks, in his *Life of Apollonius*, that "there appeared in the heavens"—shortly before the death of Domitian—"a prodigy of the following nature—a certain *corona*, resembling the iris, surrounded the orb of the sun and obscured his light." One might conceive

that there was no reference here to a total eclipse of the sun; but Philostratus remarks further on, that the darkness was like that of night, a circumstance which leaves little doubt that a solar eclipse had taken place.

It is, in fact, worthy of remark, that the light of the corona often misled the observers of total eclipses to suppose that, in reality, a portion of the sun had remained uncovered. Kepler was at the pains to write a treatise to prove that certain eclipses, supposed to be only annular, had, in reality, been total. A year after he had published this treatise, he himself had an opportunity of witnessing the total eclipse visible at Naples in 1605, respecting which he remarks, that "the whole body of the sun was completely covered for a short time, but around it there shone a brilliant light of a reddish hue and uniform breadth, which occupied a considerable part of the heavens."

From this time scarcely a single total eclipse has occurred, during which the aspect and dimensions of the corona have not been noted. It would be easy to fill a volume with the various observations which have thus been recorded. For our purpose, it will be convenient to select those accounts which indicate the most important peculiarities of the corona, and especially those which may help us to ascertain the real nature of the object.

One of the earliest accounts of this nature is that given by Dr. Wyberd of the total eclipse of March 29, 1652. "When the sun was reduced to a narrow crescent of light," he remarks, "the moon all at once threw herself within the margin of the solar disc"—(a peculiarity which has been observed under favorable circumstances by others, and is, of course, only apparent)—"with such agility, that she seemed to revolve like an upper millstone, affording a pleasant spectacle of rotary motion. In reality, however, the sun was totally eclipsed, and the appearance was due to a corona of light round the moon, arising from some unknown cause. It had a uniform breadth of half a digit or a third of a digit at least; it emitted a bright and radiating light, and appeared concentric with the sun and moon" when the centres of the two discs were at their nearest.

It will presently be seen that the extent of the corona on this occasion was far less than during many modern eclipses; in

fact, Dr. Wyberd's account would seem to indicate that he only noticed the brighter part of the corona which lies close by the black disc of the moon. Otherwise the extent of the corona on this occasion was exceptionally small. Strangely enough, the next account we have to refer to assigns to the corona an exceptionally large extension from the sun.

During the eclipse of May 12, 1706, MM. Plantade and Capiés saw a very bright ring of white light surrounding the eclipsed sun, and extending to a distance equal to about a tenth of the moon's apparent diameter. This was, in all probability, that brighter portion of the corona which Dr. Wyberd saw. Outside this brilliant ring of light a fainter light was seen, which faded off insensibly until—at a distance from the sun equal to about eight times his apparent diameter—the light was lost in the obscure background of the sky.

This observation serves very well to indicate the interest and importance attaching to the solution of the problem presented by the corona. We shall see presently that a question exists whether the corona is, on the one hand, a solar appendage, or, on the other, a phenomenon due merely to the passage of the sun's rays through our own atmosphere. The observation just described would in the one case indicate that the object has a real extension enormously exceeding that of any known celestial object,—save perhaps the tails of certain comets,—while in the other case the corona would have no more scientific importance than those long radial beams formed by the light of the sun shining through a bank of clouds. Enormous as is the bulk of the sun—so enormous that the earth on which we live sinks into utter nothingness by comparison—the actual extent of space filled by the coronal light on the former supposition, could exceed the volume of the sun more than two thousand times!

It is not without some little shame that astronomers refer to the great total eclipse of 1715. Although this eclipse was visible in England, and though it occurred in the time of so great an astronomer as Halley, no adequate preparations were made for observing it. Coates, indeed—a practical astronomer, whose observations would have had a high value—was "oppressed

with too much company," Halley tells us, to pay special attention to the eclipse. Halley himself made a few common-place notes on the phenomena presented by the totally eclipsed sun, but we learn nothing new from them respecting the corona.

Nor were the French astronomers more energetic in 1724. But one observation made by Maraldi is worth noticing. He perceived that at the beginning of the eclipse the corona was clearly broader on the side towards which the moon was advancing than on the opposite side, while at the end of the eclipse the reverse was the case. This would seem to show that the corona is a solar appendage, since the moon thus seemed to traverse the corona precisely as she traversed the sun.

The observation made by Maraldi was confirmed by several who observed the total eclipse of 1733 in Sweden. A special interest attaches to this eclipse, because instead of being observed only by astronomers, it was watched by a large number of persons invited to the work by the Royal Society of Sweden. As many of those who propose to join the expedition to view the eclipse of December have decided to direct their attention to the general aspect of the corona, it is interesting to inquire how far such observations are likely to add to our knowledge. In this respect the Swedish narrative is most encouraging. At Catherinesholm, the pastor of Forshem noticed that the ring of light which appeared round the black disc of the moon was of a reddish color, an observation confirmed by Vallerius, another pastor, who noticed, however, that at a considerable distance from the sun the ring appeared of a greenish hue. The pastor of Smoland states that "during the total obscuration the edge of the moon's disc resembled gilded brass, and that the faint ring around it emitted rays in an upward as well as in a downward direction, similar to those seen beneath the sun when a shower of rain is impending." The mathematical lecturer in the Academy of Charlestadt, M. Edstrom, observed these rays with special attention, and remarks respecting them that "they plainly maintained the same position until they vanished along with the ring upon the re-appearance of the sun." On the other hand, the ring as seen at Lincopia seemed to have no rays.

It is important to inquire whether this

difference in the aspect of the corona, as seen at different stations, is due to the condition of the air, the eyesight of the observer, or other such causes. For clearly, if the observer at Lincopla saw an object really different from that seen by Edstrom, it would follow that the corona is a phenomenon of our own atmosphere and not a solar appendage. On other occasions a like difference has been recorded in the aspect of the corona as seen at different stations; but we do not remember any observations which seem calculated to resolve the question just suggested, until the great total eclipse observed last year in America. It is easy to see that, whatever theory of the corona we adopt, the condition of the atmosphere might be expected to affect the aspect of the ring. For obviously this would happen if the coronal light is merely due to the illumination of our atmosphere; while, if the light comes from beyond our atmosphere, it would still be brighter or fainter according as the air was more or less clear. The only convincing form of evidence would be such as showed that some peculiarity of figure, noticed when the ring was seen under unfavorable atmospheric conditions, remained recognizable notwithstanding a great increase in the apparent extent of the ring, when seen at some distant station, under more favorable circumstances.

Now during the great eclipse of last year, very remarkable evidence was given, fulfilling these very conditions.

In the first place, all the astronomers who observed the eclipse along the whole path of the shadow,—from where it first fell upon America, far in the north-west, to the point where it left the American continent and fell upon the Atlantic,—noticed the singularly quadrilateral aspect of the corona. This was not only observed with the naked eye, but by telescopists; and in one instance photography recorded the peculiarity most satisfactorily. But this four-cornered aspect belonged only to a portion of the coronal light lying relatively close to the sun. The most distant corner of the four lay at a distance from the moon's disc scarcely exceeding half the moon's apparent diameter. Outside the cornered figure lay a faint glare of light which seemed to most observers to merge uniformly and gradually into the

dark tints of the sky, far away from the eclipsed sun.

But there was one party of observers who were stationed above those lower and denser regions of the atmosphere which are most effective in obstructing the passage of light, and especially of light so faint as that which comes from the outer parts of the corona. General Myer, Colonel Winthrop, and others ascended to the summit of White Top Mountain, near Abingdon in Virginia, and thence, at a height of some 5,500 feet above the level of the sea, and immersed so much more deeply in the shadow of the moon than the observers at lower levels, they had an opportunity of witnessing the imposing phenomena presented during a total eclipse of the sun. The account they give of the corona becomes, under these circumstances, most instructive. "To the unaided eye," says General Myer, "the eclipse presented, during the total obscuration, a vision magnificent beyond description. As a centre stood the full and intensely black disc of the moon, surrounded by an aureola of soft bright light, through which shot out, as if from the circumference of the moon, straight massive silvery rays, seeming distinct and separate from each other, to a distance of two or three diameters of the lunar disc; the whole spectacle showing as upon a background of diffused rose-colored light. . . . The silvery rays were longest and most prominent at four points of the circumference—two upon the upper, and two upon the lower portion, apparently equidistant from each other. . . . giving the spectacle a quadrilateral form. The angles of the quadrangle were about opposite the north-eastern, north-western, south-eastern, and south-western points of the disc" (an arrangement corresponding precisely with the observations made at lower levels). "There was no motion of the rays—they seemed concentric."

Nothing, as it should seem, could be more convincing than the evidence given by this observation. The radial extensions which, to the observer near the sea-level, reached only to a distance from the moon's edge equalling about half the moon's diameter, were recognized at the higher station as rays four times as long. The influence of the atmosphere in blotting

out, so to speak, the fainter portions of the corona is thus made manifest,—and so far the evidence strongly favors (to say the least) the supposition that the corona is something lying much farther from us than the limits of the earth's atmosphere.

Let us return, however, to the records of earlier eclipses. Strangely enough, the next we have to deal with corresponds very closely with the American eclipse of last year as respects the appearance presented by the corona. "The most remarkable feature exhibited by the corona," remarks Professor Grant, speaking of the eclipse of February, 1766, "consisted of four luminous expansions, separated from each other by equal intervals."

The Spanish admiral, Don Antonio d'Alloa, gives an interesting account of the appearance presented by the corona during the total eclipse of 1778. He states that "five or six seconds after the commencement of the total obscuration, a brilliant luminous circle was seen surrounding the moon, which became more vivid as the centre of that body continued to approach the centre of the sun. About the middle of the eclipse, its breadth was equal to one sixth of the moon's diameter. There appeared issuing from it a great number of rays of unequal length, which could be discerned to a distance equal to the lunar diameter. It seemed to be indued with a rapid rotary motion, which caused it to resemble a fire-work turning round its centre. The color of the light was not uniform throughout the whole breadth of the ring. Towards the margin of the lunar disk it appeared of a reddish hue; then it changed to a pale yellow, and from the middle to the outer border the yellow gradually became fainter until at length it seemed almost white."

Passing over several intermediate eclipses, we come to the great eclipse of 1842, remarkable on account of the number of eminent astronomers of all nations who took part in observing it.

The most noteworthy feature in the records of this eclipse is the very wide range of difference in the estimates of the extent attained by the coronal ring. M. Petit, at Montpellier, estimated the width of the corona at barely one-fourth of the moon's diameter. Francis Baily—it was during this eclipse, by the way, that the phenomenon known as "Baily's Beads" was first observed with attention—considered

that the corona was about twice as wide. To Otto Struve, the eminent Prussian observer, the corona seemed yet wider, falling little short of the moon's apparent diameter in extension.

It is interesting to notice these discrepancies between the observations of modern astronomers of repute for accuracy and observing skill. It shows that the differences recorded in the aspect of the corona are not due to such errors as unpractised observers might be expected to make. We shall presently see the importance of thus separating truthful from untrustworthy observations.

Arago made a similar observation during the progress of this eclipse. He remarked in one of the brighter portions of the corona, "a luminous spot composed of jets entwined in each other, and resembling in appearance a hank of threads in disorder." It is difficult to understand what this may have been. It would almost seem to give evidence in favor of a view recently put forward, that the light of the corona comes from innumerable streams of meteors in the neighborhood of the sun.

Some of the rays of the corona during this eclipse were estimated by the younger Struve as nearly eight times the moon's apparent diameter in length, the first instance, be it noted, in which a modern observation has confirmed the account given by MM. Plantade and Capiés in 1706.

In 1851 the Astronomer Royal had a second opportunity of observing the solar corona. It affords interesting evidence of the variability in the appearance of this object according to the circumstances under which it is observed, that Mr. Airy recognized a distinct difference not merely in the extent but in the figure of the corona on this occasion. He says, "The corona was far broader than that which I saw in 1842. Roughly speaking, its breadth was little less than the moon's diameter, but its outline was very irregular. I did not notice any beams projecting from it which deserved notice as much more conspicuous than the others, but the whole was beamy, radiated in structure, and terminated—though very indefinitely—in a way which reminded me of the ornament frequently placed round a mariner's compass. Its color was white, or resembling that of Venus. I

saw no flickering or unsteadiness of light. It was not separated from the moon by any dark ring, nor had it any annular structure. It looked like a radiated luminous cloud behind the moon."

In 1860 the Astronomer Royal again witnessed the phenomena which accompany a total eclipse of the sun; and again, his evidence respecting the corona assigns to it a figure resembling, "with some irregularities, the ornament round a compass-card."

And now we are approaching, or, rather, we have already reached the era when other modes of research than mere telescopic observation were to be applied to this perplexing phenomenon. In 1860, Mr. De la Rue and the Padre Secchi succeeded in photographing the eclipsed sun; and though but a small portion of the corona is discernible in their photographs, yet it is quite evident, on a careful comparison of pictures taken at stations widely separated, that at least the brighter portion of the corona belongs to the sun. Where the coronal radiance is brightest or extends farthest in Mr. De la Rue's pictures, there also in F. Secchi's can be recognized corresponding peculiarities.

Then, after a considerable interval, came the great eclipse of August, 1868, when an effort was made to apply the powers of the spectroscope to the interpretation of the corona. It is a somewhat singular circumstance, by-the-by, that the results of so important an observation as Major Tennant's spectroscopic study of the corona should be quite commonly misquoted—but so it is. We have before us, as we write, his own statement, in which are the words (*italicized*), "What I saw was undoubtedly a continuous spectrum, and I saw no lines;" followed by the remark, "there may have been dark lines, of course, but with so faint a spectrum . . . they might escape notice." Yet in Roscoe's most valuable treatise on spectrum analysis there occur the words, "Major Tennant states that the spectrum of the corona is the ordinary solar spectrum;" and the American astronomers who observed the eclipse of last year repeat the statement, commenting with surprise on the fact that *they* could see no dark lines in the coronal spectrum.

The distinction between what Major Tennant actually saw and what he is sup-

posed to have seen is most important. If the corona gave a spectrum resembling the sun's, it would be reasonable to conclude that the light of the corona was simply reflected sunlight. But if the spectrum of the corona shows no dark lines we can no longer suppose this. A burning solid gives a rainbow-tinted spectrum of this sort, without dark lines; and though it would not be proved, it would at least be rendered probable, were this the nature of the coronal spectrum, that the light of the corona comes from actually incandescent substances.

It was hoped that the American astronomers would have obtained decisive results; but a new source of perplexity was introduced by their observations. They satisfied themselves that the coronal spectrum really is continuous, for they observed it under conditions which removed all the doubts referred to by Major Tennant. But superposed upon the faint rainbow-tinted streak they saw bright lines. Professor Harkness saw one line only, but Professor Young saw three.

Now, it is only necessary to know what is the interpretation of a spectral bright line to understand the strange significance of this new observation. A glowing vapor gives a spectrum of bright lines. But surprising as the conclusion would be that the corona consists, either wholly or in part, of glowing vapor, it is when we consider the nature of the vapor indicated by the coronal bright lines that the most startling result of all is suggested. One of the bright lines corresponds in place with a line belonging to the spectrum of the glowing vapor of *iron*. This metal, which requires so intense a heat for its liquefaction, and, therefore, a yet more tremendous heat to vaporize it, would actually seem (from the evidence) to be present in the form of glowing vapor in the sun's corona. Here are the words of Professor Harkness—who is thoroughly familiar with the laws of spectroscopic analysis—announcing his acceptance of a conclusion as probable, which is so startling that we could not venture to leave it on record without such confirmation, lest haply the reader should regard it as simply arising from a misinterpretation of the evidence:—"I consider the conclusion highly probable, if not actually proved, that the corona is a very rarefied self-luminous atmosphere surrounding the sun,

and, perhaps, principally composed of the incandescent vapor of iron." And what renders the conclusion so much the more remarkable is that Professor Harkness has adduced evidence to show that the heat of the summits of the colored prominences is such as would be insufficient to vaporize iron. The corona would be less heated, one would suppose, than the prominences which lie so much nearer to the sun.

Such are the observations which astronomers and physicists have made upon the corona. We have indicated in passing some of the theories suggested by special observations, but we have now to inquire what are the general results to which this series of researches, regarded as a whole, appears to tend.

The theories which have been put forward by astronomers in explanation of the solar corona are not many in number, and some of them need not occupy us for any length of time, as modern researches have practically disposed of them.

The theory that the corona is due to a lunar atmosphere is associated with the names of the eminent astronomers Kepler and Halley. It is probable that the latter would have been even more confident of its truth than he actually was, had it not been that the opinion of his great friend Newton was opposed to this theory. Such, at least, has been the interpretation placed upon Halley's remark that "the contrary sentiments of one whose judgment he should always revere" caused him to feel doubtful as to Kepler's theory.

We now know quite certainly that the moon has no atmosphere which could account for the appearance of the corona. It is doubtful whether the moon has any atmosphere at all; but most assuredly if she have any it must be very limited in extent. When the moon passes over a star, the disappearance of the star is quite sudden; there is no sign whatever of that gradual diminution of the star's light which would undoubtedly be recognized if the moon had an atmosphere of appreciable extent.

The French astronomers La Hire and De Lisle put forward two theories, which may also be dismissed as untenable in the presence of recent researches. According to each theory, the appearance of the corona is caused by an action on the sun's rays, that action taking place at the edge of the moon's disc—the difference be-

tween the two theories being that La Hire ascribed the action to the inequalities of the moon's surface and their power of reflecting the solar rays, while De Lisle supposed that the sun's rays were diffracted at the moon's edge. We owe to Baden Powell and Sir David Brewster the disproof of De Lisle's theory, De Lisle himself having disposed of La Hire's.

There remain, then, only those two theories to consider, which, at the present time, divide the attention of astronomers. According to one the corona is a true solar appendage, and one of the most remarkable features in the universe; according to the other the corona is simply a terrestrial phenomenon, due to the passage of the sun's rays through our own atmosphere. The latter theory is that advanced by M. Faye, and is supported by Mr. Lockyer, the skilful solar spectroscopist; the former is the opinion entertained by Sir John Herschel and the Astronomer Royal, and has recently been advocated somewhat earnestly in papers communicated to the Royal Astronomical Society. It is hoped that the observations to be made during the eclipse of next December will set the question finally at rest. In the mean time let us briefly consider the arguments adduced for and against the rival theories.

We owe to the researches of Dr. Frankland and Mr. Lockyer one of the most effective arguments against the theory that the corona is a solar atmosphere. It will be obvious that if the corona be such an atmosphere, it will exert a pressure upon the sun's surface corresponding to that pressure which our own atmosphere exerts upon the surface of the earth. But then the pressure exerted by the coronal atmosphere would be incalculably greater. Our own atmosphere, we have reason to believe, does not extend much more than 100 miles above the sea-level. Now the corona is visible, under favorable circumstances, at a distance from the sun equal to his own diameter—setting aside all considerations of the radial projections. In other words it certainly does not extend less than 850,000 miles from his surface. Regarded as an atmosphere, therefore, the corona is certainly not less than 8,000 times as deep as our own. On this account alone the pressure it would exert would be enormously greater. For it is to be noted that the pressure exerted by

our air would not be merely doubled were the height of the atmosphere doubled, trebled were that height trebled, and so on, but would increase at a much more rapid rate. If a mine were sunk into the earth in order to measure the increase of atmospheric pressure with depth, instead of a depth of 100 miles being required in order to have a double pressure, only $3\frac{1}{4}$ miles would be needed. At the bottom of a mine 7 miles deep the pressure would be four times as great as at the sea-level; $10\frac{1}{2}$ miles deep the pressure would be eight times as great; 14 miles deep the pressure would be sixteen times as great, and so on, like the expense of the miser's grave, "doubling as we descend" for every $3\frac{1}{4}$ miles. It requires no great knowledge of arithmetic to see that the pressure at a depth of 100 miles or so would be millions of times greater than that at the sea-level.* It will be seen, therefore, how inconceivably great the pressure exerted by a solar atmosphere some 8,000 times as deep as ours would necessarily be, let the nature of the gases composing it be what it may.

But even this is not all. We have hitherto only compared the height of the supposed solar atmosphere with that of the earth's. We must not forget that the sun's attractive energy so enormously exceeds the earth's that even though his atmosphere were no deeper than ours (and similarly constituted) the pressure exerted on his surface would be enormously increased. If a man could be placed on the solar surface his own weight would crush him as effectually as though while on the earth a weight of a couple of tons were heaped upon him. In precisely the same way the pressure of the solar atmosphere is increased by the enormous force with which the sun drags towards himself every particle composing that atmosphere.

Now it happens that we know quite well that the pressure exerted by the real solar atmosphere even close by the bright surface which forms the visible globe of the sun, is nothing like so great as it would be if the corona formed part of that atmosphere. The bright lines constituting the

spectrum of the colored prominences would be many times thicker than they are if the pressure were so great; for spectroscopists have found, by means of experiments made in the laboratory, that with increase of pressure the spectral bright lines of a gas increase in thickness.

Here, then, we have the most conclusive proof possible that the corona is not a solar atmosphere.

But, on the other hand, those who argue that the corona is a solar appendage, ask how it happens, if the phenomenon is due to the illumination of our own atmosphere, that the moon looks black in the very heart of this illumination. If our air were illuminated, its light would extend over the moon also—since the moon lies so far beyond its limits; whereas the moon is as a dark disc on the background of the coronal light. This very word background, obviously applicable to the corona as actually seen, indicates that the source of the coronal light is beyond the moon.

Here, then (to mention no other considerations), we have the most conclusive evidence that the corona is not a phenomenon of our own atmosphere.

But then the corona is clearly *some-where* and *something*. If its light comes from beyond the moon, we need not doubt that it comes from the sun's neighborhood; and again, if the corona is not a solar atmosphere, we can scarcely doubt that it is a solar appendage. It would seem to follow that the corona is due to bodies of some sort travelling around the sun, and by their motion preserved either from falling towards him (in which case the corona would quickly disappear) or from producing any pressure upon his surface, as an atmosphere would.

Whatever the corona may be, it is clear that regarding it as a solar appendage—a conclusion which seems forced upon us by the evidence—it is presented to us as one of the most striking and imposing of all the phenomena of the solar system. It is a fitting crown of glory for that orb which sways the planets by its attraction, warms them by its fires, illuminates them by the splendor of its light, and pours forth on all of them the electric and chemic influences which are as necessary as light and heat for the welfare of their inhabitants.

* The actual number representing the proportionate pressure would consist of no less than nine figures, being very nearly two hundred millions.

Cornhill Magazine.

BIANCA CAPELLO.

THERE is much mystery and more uncertainty in the story of Bianca Capello; and it happens that the dark and doubtful comprehend precisely the more interesting portions of her career. Except in actions that were palpable to all the world, contemporary records are silent concerning her, or passionately at variance. On the disputed items of her character and conduct, they are all much to be distrusted. The Italian writers of that age were, for the most part, a mixture of the bravo and the flunkey. They dealt very murderously with the reputation of their enemies, and were the merest flatterers of their patrons. Nor are authoritative declarations of much more value than the assertions of partisans. As we shall show, there were always place-men in plenty, ready to attach seal and signature to any statement which it pleased a Prince to publish. And it was not unusual to destroy letters and reports into which offensive truths had forced their way.

Bianca was born in the year 1543; her family was noble; and she was brought up by a stepdame, harsh as such relatives are comonly reputed—that is all we know of her youth. As to her person, there are numerous portraits extant representing her at different ages, but all bearing the same character. Her form was large and lithe, her complexion brilliant, and her face most beautiful. Every line of that face told of passion and intellect. Passion predominates in the earlier portraits, intellect in those of later date. In none is there a trace of lofty aspiration; all wear the same false expression, all show the same malign power.

Directly opposite to the Capello Palace stood the Venetian establishment of the Salviati, one of the wealthiest families of the banking aristocracy of Florence. And conspicuous among the staff of this bank for handsome person and distinguished mien—that is in 1562-3—was Piero Bonaventuri. He was a young Tuscan of poor family, for whom the influence of his uncle, a confidential clerk in the same employ, had procured a subordinate appointment. Youthful as he was, it seems that Bonaventuri was experienced in mischief. He soon contrived

to make the acquaintance of his attractive neighbor, the Venetian authorities stated, by representing himself as one of the Salviati. Aided by false keys, and an accommodating waiting-woman, the lovers often met. The crisis came in due time. One evening, in the first week of December, 1563, Bianca eloped, and Piero of course accompanied her. An elopement is usually a thing that springs from impulse, and speeds through blundering to an unfortunate close. But in this instance it was deliberately planned and wisely executed. The lady carried with her many of the Capello jewels, and a large sum of money; and the midnight flight down those romantic, but rather bleak lagunes, and the morning scamper across the Venetian territories on the mainland, were both so cleverly managed that, though the evasion was soon discovered, and they had but a few hours' start of their pursuers, they got clear off—no small achievement, considering the place and the period. They paused at Bologna to be married, a business that did not delay them many hours. The Council of Trent, indeed, had just amended the marital regulation of Christendom in a way very adverse to runaway matches. But these amendments had not yet received the sanction of the head of the church, and weddings therefore continued to be "solemnized" pretty much as they used to be seventy or eighty years ago "in the Fleet,"—that is, with all the scandalous laxity that had called so loudly for the interposition of the Tridentine fathers. Resuming their course immediately, the fugitives reached Florence barely in time for Pelegrina, Bianca's daughter, to be born.

It was the law in Florence that the portion of every bride should be registered with a view to taxation. One would think that this law could hardly have applied in the case of Bianca. Piero, indeed, might consider "the plunder" secured by his careful bride as a legal portion; but that the government under which he sought shelter should have taken the same view of matters is rather startling. Nevertheless it did so, called upon the gentlemen to register his winnings, and was obeyed. Piero stated the sum at

20,000 scudi, by no means a trifling "dot," and was roundly accused of cheating the revenue by underrating the amount.

Meanwhile in Venice old Capello was making a great outcry about "his daughter and his ducats." His numerous kinsmen chimed in, the loudest among them being his brother-in-law Grimani, Patriarch of Aquileia. And the whole body of the nobles united to swell the chorus; for there were many other needy clerks in Venice, and many giddy daughters. Capello, therefore, found no difficulty in handing over his grievance to the State, which adopted it willingly, and took immediate action. The uncle of Piero, Bianca's waiting-woman, and the gondoliers who had "rowed them o'er the ferry," were all imprisoned, nor, so far as we know, was one of them ever released; Bonaventuri himself was declared an outlaw, and a price—2,000 ducats—put upon his head; a legacy of 6,000 ducats left to Bianca by her mother was estreated; and finally three bravoes were hurried off to Florence to slay the pair.

The large-hearted, clear-headed despot of Florence, Cosimo I., was then at the close of his career. He was still in the prime of life, but a terrible domestic calamity—the deaths of a valued wife and two promising boys, within a single month—had disgusted him with power, and his eldest son, Francesco, was now the real, as he was soon to be the titular Prince-Regent, for Cosimo abdicated in form a few months later. Francesco was then just twenty-two. Strikingly like his mother, a Toledo, and educated in Spain, he was in all things a true Spaniard—as courtly Spaniards then were. This was not as they had been half a century before. From soldiers of steel, they had degenerated into iron politicians—as, half a century later, they were to become a heap of rust. Still Cosimo's heir was a prince among princes. He had grace, spirit, and some wit; he was scholarly and magnificent, he loved art like a Medici; and, for these and other reasons, few were willing to admit that he was as harsh and as haughty as a Toledo. Francesco saw Bianca, and stretched his powerful hand between her and destruction. This happened at once; but how is not certainly known. A hundred stories are told in explanation, of accidental meetings and love at first sight, of unscrupulous agents,

and overruling circumstances, and, above all, of a shameless husband. For the last we can vouch; Bonaventuri was a shameless husband. We will add that the pair lost no time in petitioning for protection, and probably presented their petition in person.

The decree against Bianca and her husband was published on the 15th of December, and early in January we find Cosimo Bartoli, the Tuscan envoy at Venice, interposing energetically in their behalf—with what effect his last despatch on the subject, dated many months later, will show:—

"The event," wrote he, "is deeply resented by the nobility, and is yet far too recent. The Capelli are powerful in themselves, and they are powerfully seconded by a man whose influence you are acquainted with, the Patriarch Grimani. I doubt if any advocate could be found to plead for Bonaventuri, or rather for his wife. Further, it seems to me inconsistent with my dignity as your envoy to interfere in a private cause, the more especially as it does not promise a favorable issue. I do not remonstrate because I find the matter irksome; I say nothing but the bare truth. Were I to bring the subject before a court of justice, even as the agent of your Highness, I fear I should be made to feel the resentment of such court. Nor would this be all. The adoption of a course so obnoxious to the Venetian nobility would draw down their wrath, not merely on my head, which would be a trifle, but also on yourself, whose ambassador I am, and thus involve your affairs in serious difficulties."

In consequence of these representations the affair was allowed to drop; but the Prince's interposition was not altogether fruitless. It showed that he was too deeply interested in his protégés not to resent any attempt on their lives, and the assassins therefore were recalled.

There is little to be told of Bianca and Francesco up to the close of 1565. He was then busily negotiating for the hand of an archduchess, and he took care not to mar the efforts of his ministers by provoking a glaring scandal. But, as he was far from suspending his relations with the Venetians, he avoided one danger merely to court another. This appears from a letter dated February 25, 1565, and written by Cosimo: "Your solitary night-

rambles through Florence, which have now become continual, I may say habitual," wrote the old Prince, "are neither profitable, nor honorable, nor even safe. They cannot have any good result! I do not pretend to meddle with you without reason, but in a case of this moment I must be permitted to give my opinion; and I believe that you are too prudent to persist in a course that must end in your ruin." Cosimo alluded to the risk which Francesco ran of being assassinated. The Medici had numerous bitter foes; as was shown by the fall of Cosimo's predecessor. Nothing was so likely to aid an assassin as an obscure liaison, and assassination was then fearfully rife, no less than 186 murders, or attempts thereat, happening within the bounds of the city, in less than eighteen months.

Francesco was married to the Archduchess Giovanna in December, 1565. The union was not a happy one. She was pale and meagre, austere and narrow-minded, and equally feeble in health, understanding, and temper. She had, besides, a fault which, more than any, tended to alienate her husband. Like all his race, the Prince was a shrewd financier; and Giovanna could never be made to understand the value of money. She wasted her allowance, contracted debts, and repeatedly pawned her jewels. Francesco, indeed, paid the debts and redeemed the jewels; but he always took care to reimburse himself by impounding her pin-money, and thus drove her off again to the usurers. Within three months of Francesco's marriage, Bonaventuri had become his chamberlain. As to Bianca, there was some reserve still maintained. Giovanna, however, was soon informed of the truth, and behaved like a fury. The Prince, of course, took shelter with the Venetian, and the latter bound him fast in fetters that multiplied and strengthened daily. So fascinated, indeed, became Francesco, that some time in 1569 he swore on the crucifix, with many awful forms, to wed Bianca when they should both be free. One of them was so before the year expired.

The chamberlain of a prince of the sixteenth century filled a post which, if not too honorable, was rich in influence and emoluments to those who knew how to use it. Bonaventuri, however, was not the man for the place, and no amount of

experience could fit him to it. Rapacious, insolent, and vicious, he was the object of general hatred, and, at length, of individual revenge. Illicit love, we need hardly remark, was then very prevalent at Florence, as through the rest of Italy. But it ran great risks, withal, and the knife and the pistol wrought sad havoc among the gallants, without always sparing the gallanted. Discretion trebly cloaked was, therefore, indispensable in such affairs. Bonaventuri was foremost among the gallants, but he scorned discretion, and, thanks to his office, for a long time with impunity. At length, he made the acquaintance of Cassandra Borgiani, a lady belonging to the powerful Ricci family. He could scarcely have chosen a more perilous mistress, for she was hedged about with steel. Already two gentlemen of high birth had paid for their appreciation of her graces with their lives. This warning, however, was lost on Bonaventuri's wretched vanity. Such success was nothing in his eyes unless everybody knew it; and, thanks to his reckless tongue, the new scandal rang through Florence as scandal had seldom rung before. The Ricci were furious. It was clear that the dread of ducal vengeance would not long restrain them. Nor was this all. Bonaventuri's excesses had begun to reflect on Francesco—in whispers, indeed, as yet; but there was no telling how soon these whispers might not swell into a shout that would shake his authority. Influenced by such reflections, quite as much as by the menacing complaints of the Ricci, the Prince condescended to remonstrate with his attendant.

"You will do well," said he, "to break off your connection with Cassandra, or, at least, to observe some circumspection therein. I tell you fairly that I cannot pretend to restrain the Ricci much longer. Some of these days they will assassinate you; and, though I may be able to punish them, I cannot restore you to life."

Bonaventuri received the warning with docility. He protested, however, that there really was no cause for the animosity of the Ricci, except their jealousy.

"That is no concern of mine," replied Francesco, haughtily. "You will act as you think proper. But pray observe, if things turn out to your hurt, you will have nobody to blame but yourself."

Piero acted as he thought proper, that

is, more scandalously than before. The Prince felt that it would not do to retain such an officer about his person, and determined to get rid of him. He thought of employing him in France, and consulted Bianca thereupon. She opposed the project for reasons of her own, and the Prince abandoned it, stipulating, however, that she herself should do something towards restraining her husband within due bounds.

"I will reason with him," replied the dame; "and you shall hear."

The Prince was concealed within ear-shot, and the "ne'er-do-well" summoned. Now, remonstrance is a two-edged weapon; it may do as much harm as good, and may urge a man to ruin just as readily as uncompromising approval; in fact, there is no such stimulant to hot-headed folly as one very common species of "remonstrance." Bianca's was a masterpiece in its way. It probed all the flaws in Bonaventuri's temper with excruciating skill. The result was "a scene."

"Another word," growled he, grasping her shoulder, and fingering his dagger, which, being a respectable householder, he always carried handy,—"another word, and I cut your throat!"

He then flung her into a corner and disappeared.

"Trouble yourself no more about that man," whispered Francesco. "Leave him to his fate."

Francesco parted from Bianca to find the Ricci in waiting with a new complaint. He gave it unwonted attention, and dismissed the complainants with the very satisfactory reply,—

"Act as you please: I shall take no notice."

Two hours later he dismissed Bonaventuri for the day, and left Florence for his villa at Pratolina. This was the 21st of December, 1579,—a fatal day, as the Guises found ten years later, to their cost. The chamberlain sped to Cassandra, nor did he leave her until midnight was past. He reached the Ponte della Trinità on his return. The work of Ammanato, besides being then, as now, a favorite daily promenade, was notorious for deeds of murder done in the night. It was the only bridge in Florence unencumbered with houses, and the river that ran beneath was marvellously convenient to the stabber. Bonaventuri knew the evil repute

of the spot, and that there, if anywhere, he was likely to be waylaid. He knew, too, that there were few men in Florence more like to be waylaid than himself, or he had read his recent warning as to some extent a withdrawal of protection, yet he shrank not from crossing. He had one strong quality not always to be found in such men—fearless courage. Besides, he was a first-rate swordsman, and behind him stalked a pair of accomplished cut-throats, who, as well as himself, were armed to the teeth. The night was dark and chilly; there was nobody in sight, and not a sound to be heard but the unpleasant voice of the swollen river, which smote his ear partly in warning and partly in menace—and in both respects to be disregarded. Half the bridge was crossed when a whistle rang through the darkness. It was followed by the rustle of many feet; and in an instant Bonaventuri and his men were beset by a score of ruffians. One of his followers was slain at once. The other dashed headlong at the assailants, upset two or three of them, and, making good use of his heels, escaped. The chamberlain was left to cope alone with the murderous band. And gallantly he met them. His blade was good, his eye quick, his heart firm, and his arm unusually strong. Besides, the very number of his foes was in his favor; and many a cut and stab meant for him fell elsewhere. The struggle rolled hither and thither across the bridge. One after another the murderers fell—several under the blows of their comrades—until the band was diminished by five. At length, the leader received a thrust straight through the heart, and fell like a stone. The rest turned and fled in a panic. Bonaventuri shook himself, to feel if he were wounded, muttered a hasty prayer, wiped his sword on one of the victims slain, and resumed his homeward course. He passed the gloomy bridge without further interruption, and plunged into the gloomier streets. Here he considered himself safe. There was no one on his track, of that he was sure; and even if the band should adopt the unusual course of making a second onslaught, they could hardly move fast enough to intercept him now. He reached his own door, and was about to enter, when the dense shadows round him vomited out another band as fierce and numerous as the first. He faced them just

as valiantly. He set his back against the wall, and while, thanks to the obscurity, his antagonists hemmed him in with small effect, he thrust and shouted with all his might. Nor was the fray unheard. A figure bearing a light appeared at one of the windows opposite. The rays fell full on the face of Bonaventuri as he fought in the centre of the group.

"I have him now," cried a prominent antagonist; and with the word he aimed a thrust at Piero's throat. It struck home. The victim staggered and dropt his point. In a twinkling half a dozen blades were buried in his body, and he fell to rise no more. There was a shriek from the window overhead; it was replied to by a shot, and the light and its bearer vanished. As to rescue, these things were too common in Florence, and, in many instances, too well deserved, to say nothing of the danger for any one to interfere, unless with a host at his back. The body of Bonaventuri lay within a yard of his own door until broad daylight, when it was picked up pierced with many wounds. That morning, too, it was discovered that the residence of Cassandra had been broken into during the night and the lady herself murdered.

Bianca displayed due wifely sorrow. She tore her tresses—out of curl, wept, fainted once or twice, and hied to the palace to demand justice. But Francesco, as we have said, was at his villa, nor did he return until two precious days had flown. Then, of course, he was properly indignant, and gave all necessary orders. But for once the ducal officers seemed to have lost their cunning; the details of the crime shunned their scrutiny, and not a single arrest was made. In recompense, the Prince redoubled his attentions to the widow. He loaded her with gifts, and installed her in a palace. From that day forth for many a year she proved herself mistress of the State as well as of the Prince. One after another she won the ministers or replaced them by creatures of her own, until hers was the only will in Florence.

Giovanna opposed the adventuress fiercely and obstinately, but not wisely. It is strength alone that knows how to manœuvre its wrath; to bide a fitting time and, when that time comes, to adapt effort to exigency. Weakness cannot do this. It is always impatient and headlong; it

has no course but violence, and invariably shatters its hopes and itself. Giovanna was weak, therefore violent and signally unsuccessful. Having exhausted all her own efforts in vain, she applied to her brothers, and they blustered exceedingly, pronouncing Francesco "the most infamous prince in Europe," and threatening to rouse all Tuscany against him. A liberal distribution of Florentine ducats reduced them to silence. The Princess then resorted to old Cosimo. This was no very hopeful step. Of late the Grand Duke had set his son a very bad example in many ways, and it was hardly to be expected that he would plead at all convincingly with his son. Nor did he. He took another but hardly a wiser course, that of giving his daughter-in-law advice:—

"Your Highness,"—thus he wrote—"ought not to credit all you hear. Courts are infested by people who delight to sow the seeds of discord. Nor is it well to notice every trifle. Youth will have its 'fling,' and it is best to overlook those faults which maturity is sure to correct. By doing otherwise, you will excite, little by little, an aversion that will never subside. I cannot think that the Prince would allow you to want for anything wilfully. Your Highness has only to give way a little, and he will anticipate all your desires. I may remind you that, as compared with your sisters, you have no great reason to complain; I know very well how some among them are treated. Cease to worry yourself with phantasies; be prudent and cheerful; rise above your household difficulties; meet your husband with a laughing face. Thus you will procure yourself a happy future. I promise you on my side to neglect nothing that can tend to procure you perfect satisfaction."

Cosimo's precepts were too weighty for Giovanna, and produced no effect.

The Venetian retained her ascendancy; and neglected no means of confirming it. Dress, attitude, everything that could enhance her beauty, she studied like an artist. And she captivated Francesco's mind as completely as his senses. She adapted herself to his peculiarities, embraced his opinions, and mastered his favorite studies. She provided him with amusement; she aided him in business, and relieved him of its tedium. What Aspasia was to Pericles she rendered her-

self to him—that is, from one end of the day to the other indispensable. All this would have sufficed to secure her steadfast dominion over a far stronger character; but she was not content with it. Hers was the age of magic, philters, and potions, and Bianca dealt largely in all. She was aided by suitable professors—chief among them being a Jewess, as much dreaded in her sphere as La Voison herself. And besides these, Bianca consulted every witch and wizard of note between the Baltic and the Mediterranean. So much, indeed, and so openly did she pursue the occult, that she acquired a hideous fame among the vulgar. Generations after her death there used to be shown in the palace at Pratolina a room still furnished with retort, furnace, and crucible, wherein it was averred that she was accustomed to “call spirits from the vasty deep,” and, among innumerable other atrocious things, distil a favorite cosmetic from the bodies of new-born infants! Evidently the picture, painted about the same period, of Margaret of Navarre applies equally to Bianca. Thus wrote the spy of Charles IX. :—

“She has been shut up for three days with only three of her women. One of them holds the two-edged sword; another, the paste; and a third, the iron. She is constantly in water, and burning incense.”

Cosimo died in 1574, and with him died the last small remnant of respect for Giovanna on the part of Francesco and his nobles. The Austrian was deserted, and the Venetian became openly the head of the court. It was soon the most voluptuous in Italy. The crowd, which always thinks with its heart, pitied Giovanna and detested the Venetian. There were many, too, among the higher ranks who shared these feelings. Side by side with extreme depravity, Florence nourished an austerity just as extreme. So it always happens: the cavalier cannot exist without his puritan, nor the puritan without his cavalier—even in the same individual. Bianca herself furnished a strange example of this. She was then, and remained to her dying day, a member of the third order of Mincius—always wearing its cord and never omitting the numerous prayers it exacted. The adherents of Savonarola—that politico-religious enthusiast and martyr—were numerous among the Florentines. These

fanatics formed a secret society, and held daring views. They had also what we may term their lodges, where their apostle was duly glorified; and where his precepts, always intensified and too often distorted, were inculcated. Among the younger a plot was formed for the purification of Tuscany; and, as usual in these cases, perfect purity was to be achieved by an enormous crime—no less than the murder of all the males of the reigning family. These males were but three—Bianca's paramour, the Cardinal Ferdinand, and the cadet of the house, Piero, who was about “the rascalliest young prince” that ever Europe produced. A feast was to be got up in true Medicean taste; the brothers and their adherents were to be invited; and, as it was concluded that they could not resist the sensual allurements which the saints “meant to provide,” they were all to be destroyed at one fell swoop. But it was a maxim rigidly adhered to by the Medici—who were wiser in their generation than the Guises—“never to aid the thief by carrying all their coin in a single purse.” They could never, therefore, be all decoyed under the same dangerous rock, so the hopeful scheme could not be realized, and was at length abandoned. And precisely at this moment it ceased to be a secret. One of the leaders, Pucci, was arrested, tortured, and put to death; the rest scattered to France, to Germany, and even to England. And thither they were pursued, and one after another laid low by Francesco's “free lances”—a band of desperate characters maintained at Florence for the destruction of state criminals, and whose deeds rendered the term “free lance” infamous. This plot was suggested by Bianca's sway; and she was about the only person who benefited by it; the enormous confiscations that followed falling nearly all to her disposal.

Close after the Pucci plot stalked two appalling events—both the result of courtly depravity. Conspicuous among the satellites of the Florentine were Isabella, the beautiful sister of the Grand Duke, and Eleonora de Toledo, her equally beautiful cousin. The one was the wife of Paolo Giordino Orsini, Duke of Bracciano—a name destined to be interwoven with still another fearful story; the other had been married in childhood to her cousin, Piero, and was now hardly

twenty-two; nor was her husband older. Isabella was more mature. Orsini, a wanderer, left his Duchess, who preferred to abide at Florence, in charge of his cousin Troilus. The story of Rimini was rehearsed by the three. Troilus betrayed the lady's secret and his own by a fit of jealousy, which culminated in a murder. He fled fast and far with a pack of three lances—dogs that bit but never barked—at his heels. They tracked him through all his windings, and at length, after a chase of years, destroyed him. As for the lady, Orsini hurried to Florence “to vindicate his honor”—as ran the phrase. As the body of such a dame was not to be sullied by plebeian touch, he strangled her himself. Francesco furnished Orsini with a letter of acquittal, in the shape of a letter of condolence, which was duly published to deceive the public, and duly failed. The second tragedy—or rather the first in point of time, since it occurred five days before the other, on the 11th of July, 1576—was, if possible, of darker hue. An exquisite, Bernardo Antinori, slew his man in a scuffle and was rusticated in Elba, to the great grief of Eleonora. A billet meant for him was entrusted to a faithless messenger, who handed it to the Grand Duke. Not a word was said to disturb the gay serenity of the court. Trusty messengers, however, were sped to Elba, and they hurried back with Antinori. Francesco read the fatal letter to the prisoner. It was accusation and sentence. In three minutes more Antinori's head was rolling in the dust. So far the public opinion of the day approved. “That's the way to deal with those little gallants who make love to princesses,” was the remark of the magnanimous Bourbon, on hearing of such a murder. But what followed was indigestible to even that ferocious age. No sooner was the lover disposed of than “the lost Lenore” was apprised of all. She saw her doom, and was paralyzed at the sight. In helpless woe she followed Piero to his villa at Caffaggiolo. It was like a terrible dream. He knelt, besought heaven to pardon the crime he was about, and vowed, by way of expiation, never to wed another. Then he struck the stroke. A bulletin was issued, attributing Eleonora's death to palpitation of the heart. Signed by physicians and ministers, and countersigned by Francesco, it was de-

spatched to the various friendly courts. And along with it Philip II. of Spain—the patron of the Medici—received an explanation, which the Grand Duke had transmitted to his ambassador, as follows:—

“Although there may be some question of an accident to Donna Eleonora in that letter (containing the bulletin), you will say to his Majesty that Don Piero, my brother, has himself taken her life, because she betrayed him by conduct unworthy of her rank. He revealed this conduct to her brother, and entreated him to visit Florence. But the latter would neither act himself in the matter, nor allow his brother, Don Garcia, to be consulted. Having resolved to conceal nothing from his Majesty that concerns our house, I think it my duty to acquaint him with the truth in a thing of this consequence. I shall expedite the requisite documentary evidence in order that his Majesty may see with what justice Don Piero has punished his wife.”

After this what weight can be attached to the official testimony of that period and country?

In the slaughter of his wife Piero was himself a victim. Giovanna had no sons, and that struggle for the succession, which was to close only with Bianca's life, had already arisen between her and the Cardinal. The murder, or rather its consequences, threw Piero completely out of this rivalry. He was surrounded with knaves, in the pay of both Ferdinand and the Venetian. And, in conjunction with his everlasting remorse, these knaves plunged him into miserable vices, from which he never rose again—even to the height of a crime.

It was at this time—when the public mind lay prostrate under the weight of these deeds—that the strangest incident of Bianca's strange career took place. Giovanna Santi, her favorite attendant, was the leading agent therein. This person singled out three suitable women of the lower classes, and without apprising them of her station or her purpose, had them transported to convenient places and closely watched, while Bianca herself played a necessary part to perfection. On the 29th of August, 1576, one of the three gave birth to a boy, which was smuggled into the palace in a lute-case and presented to Francesco as his own.

The Prince, passionately anxious for a son, received the infant with delight, named it Antonio, in compliment to the Saint whose gift he conceived it to be, and endowed it with large estates, chiefly derived from the Pucci confiscations. Bianca then endeavored to secure the secret by destroying all acquainted with it. The nurses were flung into the Arno and drowned. The real mother, who knew not what had become of her child, was conveyed to Bologna, in charge of a physician named Gazzi. And finally, Giovanna Santi, while on her way to the same city some fifteen months later, was intercepted and mortally wounded among the defiles of the Via Mala, by banditti. But Santi survived long enough to make a confession, which was carefully noted and preserved until the fitting time. And Gazzi dying much about the same period, made a clean breast of it to his charge, and warned her to take good heed to herself. The woman, not hoping for safety at Bologna, or indeed as a resident anywhere, changed her name and became a vagrant, until Bianca's death enabled her to come forward with her tale. On every item of all this there is abundant evidence preserved in the Florentine archives. This evidence seems to have satisfied the few historians who have thought for themselves on the subject, and who all speak of the child as spurious. We, however, venture to differ from them. The proofs on which they rely are nowhere convincing or above suspicion; they are either the depositions of vagabonds and adventurers, or certificates of the quality of that one which declared Eleonora de Toledo to have died of disease of the heart; and they were carefully withheld from publicity while Francesco lived. It is asserted, indeed, in one or two documents, very legally drawn up and signed, that Bianca *quickly* informed Francesco of the deception, and that the Prince himself repeatedly admitted the imposture. This is an extraordinary statement, and fully as awkward. The admission was never made to any one except Ferdinand and his confidants. The knowledge of the deception never altered the conduct of the Grand Duke towards either Bianca or the child; and these letters preserved in the Florentine archives were written by Antonio to *his father* Francesco. Not less awkward and extraordinary is the proclama-

tion in which the Cardinal denounces Antonio as supposititious, and which reduces the proofs to little better than hearsay. And still more extraordinary and awkward is the conduct of this same Cardinal as Grand Duke: all through his reign he treated Antonio as a true prince of the Medici stock.

It may be objected that Ferdinand had no reason to dread the rivalry of an illegitimate child, and therefore to amass false testimony as to his birth. To this we reply that illegitimacy was then a trifling bar to Italian succession. Francesco was but the third Duke of Florence, and the first, Alexander, had been notoriously base-born. Many indeed questioned if he were a Medici at all. And yet his uncle, Clement VII., had caused him to be preferred to a host of relatives of stainless birth. Francesco, too, repeatedly showed something more than an inclination to follow the same course. And as there was no knowing what might not be achieved by his infatuation and Bianca's policy, the ambitious Ferdinand had every inducement to stigmatize the child as "*non è altrimenti figliuolo del granduco Francesco e della Bianca, ma sì bene figliuolo di una fattorressa di Sta. Maria Nuova.*"

It was at this time that Bartolomeo Capello visited his daughter, from whom he returned laden with gifts. The intercourse thus opened Bianca carefully maintained, and turned ere long to good account.

Giovanna's first and only son was born on the 20th of May, 1577, and before it Bianca's importance vanished. She was even driven from Florence—partly by the demands of decorum, but still more by the manifestation of public opinion, which always ran strong against her, and could not now be repressed. The Grand Duke showed his Duchess unwonted attention; he paid all her debts without curtailing her allowance, and promised to become in time quite a model husband. For a season Giovanna was happy. A very short season it proved. She was soon informed that the Venetian was a favorite.

Determined to see for herself she traced Francesco to a pleasant retreat in the country, and found him with Bianca. The anger of the Grand Duchess burst forth with more than usual violence. She was then borne home to die. Nor did her boy

long survive her. "Give me your hand," said Bianca to her confidant, on learning the news. "I can now make your fortune."

But, strange as it may seem, Giovanna's death proved the rudest shock that Bianca had ever to encounter. Francesco was conscience-stricken, sank beneath the blow and withdrew from Florence, and temptation, while his brother Ferdinand and more disinterested friends did their best to improve the occasion against the mistress. Bianca, however, was not idle; neither were her adherents. The latter were everywhere, from the council-chamber to the confessional; they knew full well that they must fall with her, and they battled desperately in her cause—because it was their own. Francesco was to be pitied. Circumstances had deposed his will; he could not decide between his passions and principle, nor yet between the rival advocates. Of these the Churchmen fought the most interesting fight. The confessor gave overwhelming reasons against Bianca; and the chaplain very convincing ones for her. "Abandon your sin," cried the one; "Repair the wrong you have done," shouted the other. Continually strained in opposite directions, Francesco could incline to neither; but his health began to give way between them. At this juncture Bianca managed to penetrate his retirement and cast herself at his feet. It was time; that night Francesco was announced to be seriously ill. He required all the attention that Bianca could give him, and he received it. This decided the contest. "On the morning of the 5th of June, 1579," says Siebenkees in a curious passage, "Bianca entered his apartment. She asked if he wished to eat. 'No,' said he, 'I feel no appetite.' 'Well,' said Bianca, 'at least take this egg as a gift from me. Eat it; I am sure it will do you good.' Francesco ate the egg. 'I feel much better,' said he, 'and thank you for your present. I have long been your debtor, and in return for your kindness I now mean to repay you. Here—take my hand—you are my wife.'" That same evening they were married by the chaplain, who was shortly afterwards created bishop of Chiusi. Need we remark that the confessor received no similar appointment? The marriage was kept secret for some months. Bianca indeed took up her abode in the palace; but it was as the governess of the three daughters

of Giovanna. Cardinal Ferdinand was, however soon taken into confidence. His brother's illness having drawn him to Florence, he saw enough to excite his suspicions, and on pressing Francesco he obtained an avowal. Ferdinand, though sufficiently alarmed, hoped for a time that this marriage would be merely morganatic, and of no more consequence than that which his father had contracted with Camilla Martelli, nine years before. He was soon undeceived. Philip II. was consulted, and as he consented, the thing was published everywhere. Ferdinand retired to Rome, and vowed to see Francesco no more.

The friends of the Grand Duke deplored the step, and his enemies rejoiced greatly. The latter, who were numerous and powerful, included the Count of Savoy and the Dukes of Ferrara and Mantua; so there was no end to lampoon and libel, which, next to the dagger and the bowl, were the favorite weapons of the Italian. Some sharp verses were penned by the poet Tasso, who was a dependant of the house of Este. It was a foolish deed; Francesco never forgave it: and he soon found means to make the poet rue it. He commended him to the attention of the Della Cruscan critics, and these worthies plucked Tasso's poem and his reputation to pieces with great effect. It was temporary, indeed, but long enough lived to give Tasso much pain—and even to tempt him into another piece of folly, that of hymning Bianca's praises, with the view of soothing her wrath. Ridicule was then as dreaded in Italy as it is now in France, and was nearly as dangerous. But Bianca was quietly preparing a surprise for her contemporaries, that did not indeed reduce her maligners to silence, but which rendered their tongues and their pens nearly harmless.

Having smoothed the way by some skilful secret negotiations, a special embassy was despatched to Venice bearing a letter addressed to the Doge. It was written by Francesco, and announced that—preferring an alliance with the Republic to any other—he had married Bianca. "I regard this lady," wrote the Grand Duke, "as the daughter of your Republic, of which I wish to become the son by adoption, as I have hitherto been its son by inclination and respect." The Seigneurs made a suitable response, and promised to discuss

the matter amply; meanwhile the ambassadors were lodged in the Capello Palace, and surrounded with unusual honors. There were special assemblies of the various councils, much deliberation, and many speeches. Finally, on the 16th of July, 1579, the Pregadi by acclamation pronounced Bianca "the one and true daughter of the Republic," specifying as reasons "those most rare and precious qualities" which had rendered her "worthy of the loftiest fortunes," and the honor which the Grand Duke had rendered the Republic in contracting "this most wise and prudent marriage." That day high festival was kept in Venice—bells ringing, artillery thundering, banners floating, sports of all sorts indulged in, at night a grand illumination and general ecstasy. The decree which honoured Bianca was then despatched to Florence by the most magnificent embassy that Venice ever sent forth. It included the father and brother of the dame who had just been created Knight of the Stola d'Oro, the Patriarch Grimani, and a host of kindred. And it was accompanied by the *élite* of the Venetian aristocracy. The envoys and visitors were received with equal splendor at Florence, on the 25th of September, and magnificently lodged, and as magnificently entertained during their stay. The ensuing month was an endless round of banquet, ball, tourney, bull-fight, and other sports. On the 12th of October there was a second and public marriage of the Grand Duke and Duchess, after which Bianca was ceremoniously declared "The daughter of the Republic," and crowned with a "crown-royal, that she might in all things be equal to her elder sisters, the queens of Cyprus and Hungary." The very magnificent but very tiresome proceedings of the day culminated in a *Te Deum*, and closed with a banquet which completely defies our descriptive powers. Nor did the feasting cease until the end of October, when the ambassadors and most of the visitors departed, bearing with them magnificent gifts. The whole expenses amounted to 300,000 ducats.

Bianca's brother remained behind, was installed in office, and promised to become a leading favorite. But he was neither prudent nor even honest. Being detected in adding a cipher to an order for 3,000 ducats, he was expelled from Tuscany, to the relief of his sister, who

had begun to find him a great annoyance. She was now beyond the reach of malice. The Venetians, however, were less satisfied with their work. Bianca refused to become their instrument in reducing Tuscany under their authority, and something more than coolness was soon perceptible between the States.

During the remaining years of her life Bianca was the ruler of Florence. Francesco secluded himself in his villa, occupying himself with alchemy, mechanics, and sensual indulgences, and seldom interfering in state affairs, unless to order a confiscation or a political murder. The ministers were all the creatures of Bianca, and carried out her policy. She was not unopposed, indeed; Piero and Ferdinand were her declared enemies. The one was rendered contemptible by his vices; but the other was formidable from his intellect, his energy, and his standing. He, however, as well as Piero, was needy, and as Bianca held the keys of the treasury, she was mistress of the situation, an advantage which she knew well how to use. Ferdinand did not care to come to an open rupture with her; and as he was necessary to the influence of the house of Medici, she showed no wish to drive him to it. Both, however, worked quietly—the one to secure the succession for Antonio, and the other to preserve it for himself. It was a game wherein time played for Bianca. To her length of life meant success; was she sure of that? Hardly. She knew that her tenure of existence was uncertain. "I shall not survive my husband many hours," was a remark she often used. Nor were such thoughts peculiar to her. "There will be strange talk when the Grand Duchess dies," said Sixtus V. one day to Ferdinand. We can guess what was meant. Besides, she shared the vices of her husband, was a gourmand and intemperate, and had visibly sapped her constitution by the inordinate use of potions. But her clear intellect and resolute will remained unimpaired. She displayed, indeed, such reach, watchfulness, and skill on all occasions, as to draw the highest praise from a competent judge, Pope Sixtus.

In October, 1578, the Cardinal paid a visit to Florence. He was received with unusual welcome, and carried off to the palace of all the pleasures at Pratolina.

There Francesco died on the 19th, and Bianca within a few hours. Her forecast was realized, as was that of the Pope. We, however, cannot notice the sensational nonsense then, and still, current concerning these events—nonsense among whose contradictory statements even such writers as Sismondi and Daru have allowed themselves to be bewildered. As to the cause of the deaths;—those who choose to rely on the testimony of experts ought to be satisfied, for there is no lack of it. There exist daily bulletins and minute accounts of every occurrence; and there are also extant reports of post-mortem examinations which amply confirm these bulletins. But we have little faith in such things. We do not, indeed, think that Francesco was poisoned; but neither do we think that Bianca died a natural death. That death could not have been more opportune for her antagonist. Her inter-

ment was conducted with such secrecy that the grave could never be discovered. It is our opinion that the body was destroyed, for it was then an article of scientific faith that poison repelled decomposition, and was to be detected after any lapse of time. And we know from Sir Henry Wotton that Ferdinand was deeply learned in toxicology. That prince succeeded his brother without difficulty. His first act was to issue a proclamation withering to the reputation of "la pessima Bianca." And his friends the Venetians, with characteristic meanness, forbade all mourning for "the daughter of the Republic." Ferdinand, however, stultified his proclamation by legalizing Bianca's will, and especially by granting Antonio the name and honors of a prince of his house, which, the bar sinister aside, we consider rightfully his due.

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UNCONSCIOUS CEREBRATION.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY.

BY FRANCES POWER COBBE.

THE old Hebrew necromancers were said to obtain oracles by means of Teraphim. A Teraph was the decapitated head of a child, placed on a pillar and compelled by magic to reply to the questions of the sorcerer. Let us suppose, for the sake of illustration, that the legends of such enchantments rest on some groundwork of facts; and that it might be possible, by galvanism or similar agency, to make a human corpse speak, as a dead sheep may be made to bleat. Further, let us suppose that the Teraph only responded to inquiries regarding facts known to the owner of the head while living, and therefore (it be may imagined) impress in some manner upon the brain to be operated on.

In such a Teraph we should, I conceive, possess a fair representation of the mental part of human nature, as it is understood by a school of thinkers, considerable in all ages, but especially so at present. "The brain itself," according to this doctrine, "the white and gray matter, such as we see and touch it, irrespective of any imaginary entity beside, performs the functions of Thought and

Memory. To go beyond this all-sufficient brain, and assume that our conscious selves are distinct from it, and somewhat else beside the sum-total of its action, is to indulge an hypothesis unsupported by a tittle of scientific evidence. Needless to add, the still further assumption, that the conscious self may possibly survive the dissolution of the brain, is absolutely unwarrantable."

It is my very ambitious hope to show, in the following pages, that, should physiology establish the fact that the brain, by its automatic action, performs all the functions which we have been wont to attribute to "Mind," that great discovery will stand alone, and will not determine, as supposed, the further steps of the argument; namely, that our conscious selves are nothing more than the sum of the action of our brains during life, and that there is no room to hope that they may survive their dissolution.

I hope to show, not only that these conclusions do not necessarily flow from the premises, but that, accepting the premises, we may logically arrive at opposite conclusions. I hope to deduce,

from the study of one class of cerebral phenomena, a presumption of the *separability* of the conscious Self from the thinking brain; and thus, while admitting that "Thought may be a function of Matter," demonstrate that the Self in each of us is not identifiable with that which, for want of a better word, we call "Matter." The immeasurable difference between such a remembering lip-moving Teraph as we have supposed and a conscious Man indicates, as I conceive, the gulf leaped over by those who conclude that, *if* the brain can be proved to think, the case is closed against believers in the spirituality and immortality of our race.

In brief, it is my aim to draw from such an easy and every-day psychological study as may be verified by every reader for himself, an argument for belief in the entire *separability* of the conscious self from its thinking organ, the physical brain. Whether we choose still to call the one "Spirit" and the other "Matter," or to confess that the definitions which our fathers gave to those terms have ceased to be valid in the light of Modern Science—that "Matter" means only "a form of Force," and that "Spirit" is merely "an unmeaning term for an unknown thing"—this verbal controversy will not in any way affect the drift of our argument. What we *need* to know is this: Can we face the real or supposed tendency of science to prove that "Thought is a function of Matter," and yet logically retain faith in personal Immortality? I maintain that we may accept that doctrine and draw from it an indirect presumption of immortality, afforded by the proof that the conscious self is not identifiable with that Matter which performs the function of Thought, and of whose dissolution alone we have cognizance.

My first task must be to describe the psychological facts from which our conclusions are to be drawn, and which seem in themselves sufficiently curious and interesting to deserve more study on their own account than they have yet received. Secondly, I shall simply quote Dr. Carpenter's physiological explanation of these facts. Lastly, I shall, as shortly as possible, endeavor to deduce from them that which appears to me to be their logical inference.

The phenomena with which we are

concerned, have been often referred to by metaphysicians,—Leibnitz and Sir W. Hamilton amongst others,—under the names of "Latent Thought," and "Pre-conscious Activity of the Soul." Dr. Carpenter, who has discovered the physiological explanation of them, and reduced them to harmony with other phenomena of the nervous system, has given to them the title of "Unconscious Cerebration;" and to this name, as following in his steps, I shall in these pages adhere. It will probably serve our purpose best, in a popular paper like the present, to begin, not with any large generalizations of the subject, but with a few familiar and unmistakable instances of mental work performed unconsciously.

For example; it is an every-day occurrence to most of us to forget a particular word, or a line of poetry, and to remember it some hours later, when we have ceased consciously to seek for it. We try, perhaps anxiously, at first to recover it, well aware that it lies somewhere hidden in our memory, but unable to seize it. As the saying is, we "ransack our brains for it," but failing to find it, we at last turn our attention to other matters. By and by when, so far as consciousness goes, our whole minds are absorbed in a different topic, we exclaim, "Eureka! The word, or verse, is—So and so." So familiar is this phenomenon that we are accustomed in similar straits to say, "Never mind; I shall think of the missing word by and by, when I am attending to something else;" and we deliberately turn away, not intending finally to abandon the pursuit, but precisely as if we were possessed of an obedient secretary or librarian, whom we could order to hunt up a missing document, or turn out a word in a dictionary while we amused ourselves with something else. The more this very common phenomenon is studied, the more I think the observer of his own mental processes will be obliged to concede, that, so far as his own conscious Self is concerned, the research is made absolutely without him. He has neither pain nor pleasure, nor sense of labor in the task, any more than if it were performed by somebody else; and his conscious Self is all the time suffering, enjoying, or laboring on totally different grounds.

Another and more important phase of

unconscious cerebration is that wherein we find our mental work of any kind, a calculation, an essay, a tale, a composition of music, painting, or sculpture, arrange itself in order during an interval either of sleep or wakefulness, during which we had not consciously thought of it at all. Probably no one has ever written on a subject a little complicated, or otherwise endeavored to think out a matter any way obscure, without perceiving next day that the thing has somehow taken a new form in his mind since he laid down his pen or his pencil after his first effort. It is as if a "Fairy Order" had come in the night and unravelled the tangled skeins of thought and laid them all neatly out on his table. I have said that this work is done for us either asleep or awake, but it seems to be accomplished most perfectly in the former state, when our unconsciousness of it is most complete. I am not now referring to the facts of somnambulism, of which I must speak by and by, but of the regular "setting to rights" which happens normally to the healthiest brains, and with as much regularity as, in a well-appointed household, the chairs and tables are put in their places before the family come down to breakfast.

Again there is the ordinary but most mysterious faculty possessed by most persons, of setting over-night a mental alarm-clock, and awaking, at will, at any unaccustomed hour out of dreamless sleep. Were we, up and about our usual business all night without seeing or hearing a timepiece, or looking out at the stars or the dawn, few of us could guess within two or three hours of the time. Or again, if we were asleep and dreaming with no intention of rising at a particular time, the lapse of hours would be unknown to us. The count of time in dreams is altogether different from that of our waking life, and we dream in a few seconds what seem to be the events of years. Nevertheless, under the conditions mentioned, of a sleep prefaced by a resolution to waken at a specified hour, we arrive at a knowledge of time unattainable to us either when awake or when sleeping without such prior resolution.

Such are some of the more striking instances of unconscious cerebration. But the same power is obviously at work during at least half our lives in a way which attracts no attention only because

it is so common. If we divide our actions into classes with reference to the Will, we discover that they are of three kinds—the Involuntary (such as the beating of the heart, digestion, &c.), the Voluntary, and the Volitional. The difference between the two latter classes of actions is, that *Voluntary* motions are made by permission of the Will and can be immediately stopped by its exertion, but do not require its conscious activity. *Volitional* motions, on the contrary, require the direct exertion of Will.

Now of these three classes of action it would appear that all Voluntary acts, as we have defined them, are accomplished by Unconscious Cerebration. Let us analyze the act of Walking, for example. We intend to go here or there; and in such matters "he who wills the end wills the means." But we do not deliberately think, "Now I shall move my right foot, now I shall put my left on such a spot." Some unseen guardian of our muscles manages all such details, and we go on our way, serenely unconscious (unless we chance to have the gout, or an ill-fitting boot) that we have any legs at all to be directed in the way they should go. If we chance to be tolerably familiar with the road, we take each turning instinctively, thinking all the time of something else, and carefully avoid puddles or collisions with fellow-passengers, without bestowing a thought on the subject. Similarly, as soon as we have acquired other arts beside walking,—reading, sewing, writing, playing on an instrument,—we soon learn to carry on the mechanical part of our tasks with no conscious exertion. We read aloud, taking in the appearance and proper sound of each word and the punctuation of each sentence, and all the time we are not thinking of these matters, but of the argument of the author; or picturing the scene he describes; or, possibly, following a wholly different train of thought. Similarly, in writing with "the pen of a ready writer," it would almost seem as if the pen itself took the business of forming the letters and dipping itself in the ink at proper intervals, so engrossed are we in the thoughts which we are trying to express.

We unconsciously cerebration,—while we are all the time consciously buried in our subject,—that it will not answer to begin two consecutive sentences in the same

way; that we must introduce a query here or an ejaculation there, and close our paragraphs with a sonorous word and not with a preposition. All this we do not do of *malice prepense*, but because the well-tutored sprite whose business it is to look after our p's and q's settles it for us as a clerk does the formal part of a merchant's correspondence.

Music-playing, however, is of all others the most extraordinary manifestation of the powers of unconscious cerebration. Here we seem not to have one slave, but a dozen. Two different lines of hieroglyphics have to be read at once, and the right hand is to be guided to attend to one of them, the left to another. All the ten fingers have their work assigned as quickly as they can move. The mind (or something which does duty as mind) interprets scores of A sharps and B flats and C naturals, into black ivory keys and white ones, crotchets and quavers and demi-semi-quavers, rests, and all the other mysteries of music. The feet are not idle, but have something to do with the pedals; and, if the instrument be a double-acted harp, a task of pushings and pullings more difficult than that of the hands. And all this time the performer, the *conscious* performer, is in a seventh heaven of artistic rapture at the results of all this tremendous business; or perchance lost in a flirtation with the individual who turns the leaves of the music-book, and is justly persuaded she is giving him the whole of her soul!

Hitherto we have noticed the brain engaged in its more servile tasks of hunting up lost words, waking us at the proper hour, and carrying on the mechanical part of all our acts. But our Familiar is a great deal more than a walking dictionary, a housemaid, a *valet de place*, or a barrel-organ man. He is a novelist who can spin more romances than Dumas, a dramatist who composes more plays than ever did Lope de Vega, a painter who excels equally well in figures, landscapes, cattle, sea-pieces, smiling bits of *genre* and the most terrific conceptions of horror and torture. Of course, like other artists, he can only reproduce, develop, combine what he has actually experienced, or read or heard of. But the enormous versatility and inexhaustible profusion with which he furnishes us with fresh pictures for our galleries, and new stories every night from

his lending library, would be deemed the greatest of miracles, were it not the commonest of facts. A dull clod of a man, without an ounce of fancy in his conscious hours, lies down like a log at night, and lo! he has got before him the village green where he played as a boy, and the apple-tree blossoms in his father's orchard, and his long-dead and half-forgotten mother smiles at him, and he hears her call him "her own little lad," and then he has a vague sense that this is strange, and a whole marvellous story is revealed to him of how his mother has been only supposed to be dead, but has been living in a distant country, and he feels happy and comforted. And then he wakes and wonders how he came to have such a dream! Is he not right to wonder? What is it—*who* is it that wove the tapestry of such thoughts on the walls of his dark soul? Addison says, "There is not a more painful act of the mind than that of invention. Yet in dreams it works with that care and activity that we are not sensible when the faculty is employed" (*Spectator*, 487). Such are the nightly miracles of Unconscious Cerebration.

The laws which govern dreams are still half unexplained, but the most obvious of them singularly illustrate the nature of the processes of the unconscious brain-work which causes them. Much of the labor of our minds, conscious and unconscious, consists in transmuting Sentiments into Ideas. It is not in this little essay that the subject can be developed in its various branches, the ordinary passions of life,—the religious and moral sentiments (wherein our translations are the source of all our myths and half our errors),*—and lastly, insanity, wherein the false sentiment usually creates the intellectual delusion. Suffice it that our conscious brains are forever at work of the kind, "giving to airy nothing" (or at least to what is a merely subjective feeling) "a local habitation and a name." Our unconscious brains accordingly, after their wont, proceed on the same track during sleep. Our sentiments of love, hate, fear, anxiety, are each one of them the

* "E. g. Out of the Sentiment of the justice of God come Ideas of a great Final Assize and Day of Judgment. Out of the Sentiment that He is Author of all things, a definite Idea of six days' world-making," &c., &c. (From a Sermon by Rev. James Martineau.)

fertile source of whole series of illustrative dreams. Our bodily sensations of heat, cold, hunger, and suffocation, supply another series often full of the quaintest suggestions,—such as those of the poor gentleman who slept over a cheesemonger's shop, and dreamt he was shut up in a cheese to be eaten by rats; and that of the lady whose hot bottle scorched her feet, and who imagined she was walking into Vesuvius. In all such dreams we find our brains with infinite play of fancy merely adding illustrations like those of M. Doré to the page of life which we have turned the day before, or to that which lies upon our beds as we sleep.

Again, the small share occupied by the Moral Law in the dream world is a significant fact. So far as I have been able to learn, it is the rarest thing possible for any check of conscience to be felt in a dream, even by persons whose waking hours are profoundly imbued with moral feeling. We commit in dreams acts for which we should weep tears of blood were they real, and yet never feel the slightest remorse. On the most trifling provocation we cram an offending urchin into a lion's cage (if we happen to have recently visited the Zoological Gardens), or we set fire to a house merely to warm ourselves with the blaze, and all the time feel no pang of compunction. The familiar check of waking hours, "I must not do it, because it would be unjust or unkind," never once seems to arrest us in the satisfaction of any whim which may blow about our wayward fancies in sleep. Nay, I think that if ever we do feel a sentiment like Repentance in dreams, it is not the legitimate sequel to the crime we have previously imagined, but a wave of feeling rolled on from the real sentiment experienced in former hours of consciousness. Our dream-selves, like the Undines of German folk-lore, have no Souls, no Responsibility, and no Hereafter. Of course this observation does not touch the fact that a person who in his conscious life has committed a great crime may be haunted with its hideous shadow in his sleep, and that Lady Macbeth may in vain try and wash the stain from her "little hand." It is the imaginary acts of sleeping fancy which are devoid of moral character. But this immoral character of unconscious cerebration precisely tallies with the Kantian doctrine, that the moral will is the true *Homo Nou-*

menon, the Self of man. This conscious Self being dormant in dreams, it is obvious that the true phenomena of Conscience cannot be developed in them. Plutarch says that Zeno ordered his followers to regard dreams as a test of virtue, and to note it as a dangerous sign if they did not recoil, even in their sleep, from vice; and Sir Thomas Browne talks solemnly of "Sinful Dreams," which ecclesiastical history abundantly shows have proved terrible stumbling-blocks to the saints. But the doctrine of Unconscious Cerebration explains clearly enough how, in the absence of the controlling Will, the animal elements of our nature assert themselves—generally in the ratio of their unnatural suppression at other times—and abstinence is made up for by hungry Fancy spreading a glutton's feast. The want of sense of sin in such dreams is, I think, the most natural and most healthful symptom about them.

But if moral Repentance rarely or never follow the imaginary transgressions of dreams, another sense, the Saxon sense of Dissatisfaction in unfinished work, is not only often present, but sometimes exceedingly harassing. The late eminent physician, Professor John Thomson of Edinburgh, quitted his father's cottage in early manhood, leaving half-woven a web of cloth on which he had been engaged as a weaver's apprentice. Half a century afterwards, the then wealthy and celebrated gentleman still found his slumbers disturbed by the apparition of his old loom and the sense of the imperative duty of finishing the never-completed web. The tale is like a parable of what all this life's neglected duties may be to us, perchance in an absolved and glorified Hereafter, wherein, nevertheless, *that* web which we have left undone will have passed from our hands forever! Of course, as it is the proper task of the unconscious brain to direct voluntary labors started by the will, it is easily explicable why it should be tormented by the sense of their incompleteness.

But leaving the vast half-studied subject of dreams (a whole mine as it is of psychological discovery), we must turn to consider the surprising phenomena of Unconscious Cerebration, developed under conditions of abnormal excitement. Among these I class those mysterious Voices, issuing we know not whence, in

which some strong fear, doubt, or hope finds utterance. The part played by these Voices in the history both of religion and of fanaticism it is needless to describe. So far as I can judge, they are of two kinds. One is a sort of lightning-burst suddenly giving intensely vivid expression to a whole set of feelings or ideas which have been lying latent in the brain, and which are in opposition to the feelings and ideas of our conscious selves at the moment. Thus the man ready to commit a crime hears a voice appealing to him to stop; while the man praying ardently for faith hears another voice say, "There is no God." Of course the first suggestion is credited to heaven, and the second to the powers of the Pit; but the source of both is, I apprehend, the same. The second class of Voices are the result, not of unconscious Reasoning, but of unconscious Memory. Under some special excitement, and perhaps inexplicably remote association of ideas, some words which once made a violent impression on us are remembered from the inner depths. Chance may make these either awfully solemn, or as ludicrous as that of a gentleman shipwrecked off South America, who, as he was sinking and almost drowning, distinctly heard his mother's voice say, "Tom! did you take Jane's cake?" The portentous inquiry had been addressed to him forty years previously, and (as might have been expected) had been wholly forgotten. In fever, in a similar way, ideas and words long consigned to oblivion are constantly reproduced; nay, what is most curious of all, long trains of phrases which the individual had indeed heard, but which could hardly have become a possession of the memory in its natural state, are then brought out in entire unconsciousness. My readers will recall the often-quoted and well-authenticated story of the peasant girl in the Hotel Dieu in Paris, who in her delirium frequently "spouted" Hebrew. After much inquiry it was found she had been cook to a learned priest who had been in the habit of reading aloud his Hebrew books in the room adjoining her kitchen. A similar anecdote is told of another servant-girl who in abnormal sleep imitated some beautiful violin-playing which she had heard many years previously.

From Sounds to Sight the transition is obvious. An Apparition is to the optical

sense what such a Voice as we have spoken of above is to the hearing. At a certain point of intensity the latent idea in the unconscious brain reveals itself and produces an impression on the sensory; sometimes affecting one sense, sometimes another, sometimes perhaps two senses at a time.

Hibbert's ingenious explanation of the philosophy of apparitions is this. We are, he says, in our waking hours, fully aware that what we really see and hear are actual sights and sounds; and what we only conjure up by fancy are delusions. In our sleeping hours this sense is not only lost, but the opposite conviction fully possesses us; namely, that what we conjure up by fancy in our dreams is true, while the real sights and sounds around us are unperceived. These two states are exchanged for each other at least twice in every twenty-four hours of our lives, and generally much oftener, in fact every time we doze or take a nap. Very often such slumbers begin and end before we have become aware of them, or have lost consciousness of the room and its furniture surrounding us. If at such times a peculiarly vivid dream takes the form of an apparition of a dead friend, there is nothing to rectify the delusion that what we have fancied is real; nay, even a background of positive truth is apparently supplied by the bedstead, curtains, &c., &c., of whose presence we have not lost consciousness for more than the fraction of time needful for a dream.

It would, I think, be easy to apply this reasoning with great advantage, taking into view the phenomena of Unconscious Cerebration. The intersection of the states wherein consciousness yields to unconsciousness, and *vice versa*, is obviously always difficult of sharp appreciation, and leaves wide margin for self-deception; and a ghost is of all creations of fancy the one which bears most unmistakable internal evidence of being *home-made*. The poor unconscious brain goes on upon the track of the lost friend, on which the conscious soul, ere it fell asleep, had started it. But with all its wealth of fancy it never succeeds in picturing a *new* ghost, a fresh idea of the departed, whom yet by every principle of reason we know is *not* (whatever else he or she may have become), a white-faced figure in coat and trousers, or in a silk dress and gold ornaments. All

the familiar arguments proving the purely subjective nature of apparitions of the dead, or of supernatural beings, point exactly to Unconscious Cerebration as the teeming source wherein they have been engendered. In some instances, as in the famous ones quoted by Abercrombie, the brain was sufficiently distempered to call up such phantoms even while the conscious self was in full activity. "Mrs. A." saw all her visions calmly, and knew that they were visions; thus bringing the conscious and unconscious workings of her brain into an awful sort of face-to-face recognition, like the sight of a *doppel-gänger*. But such experience is the exceptional one. The ordinary case is, when the unconscious cerebration supplies the apparition, and the conscious self accepts it *de bonne foi*, having no means of distinguishing it from the impressions derived from the real objects of sense.

The famous story, in my own family, of the Beresford ghost, is, I think, an excellent illustration of the relation of unconscious cerebration to dreams of apparitions. Lady Beresford, as I conjecture, in her sleep hit her wrist violently against some part of her bedstead so as to hurt it severely. According to a well-known law of dreams, already referred to, her unconscious brain set about accounting for the pain, transmitting the Sensation into an Idea. An instant's sensation (as Mr. Babbage, Sir Benjamin Brodie, and Lord Brougham have all illustrated) is enough to call up a long vision. Lady Beresford fancied accordingly that her dead cousin, Lord Tyrone, had come to fulfil his promise of revisiting her from the tomb. He twisted her curtains and left a mark on her wardrobe (probably an old stain she had remarked on the wood), and then touched her wrist with his terrible finger. The dreamer awoke with a black and blue wrist; and the story took its place in the annals of ghost-craft forever.

Somnambulism is an unmistakable form of unconscious cerebration. Here, while consciousness is wholly dormant, the brain performs occasionally the most brilliant operations. Coleridge's poem of Kubla Khan, composed in opiate sleep, is an instance of its achievements in the realm of pure imagination. Many cases are recorded of students rising at night, seeking their desks, and there writing down whole columns of algebraic calcula-

tions; solutions of geometric problems, and opinions on difficult cases of law. Cabanis says that Condillac brought continually to a conclusion at night in his sleep the reasonings of the day. In all such cases the work done asleep seems better than that done in waking hours; nay, there is no lack of anecdotes which would point to the possibility of persons in an unconscious state accomplishing things beyond their ordinary powers altogether. The muscular strength of men in somnambulism and delirium, their power of balancing themselves on roofs, of finding their way in the dark, are physical advantages reserved for such conditions. Abnormal acuteness of hearing is also a well-known accompaniment of them, and in this relation we must, I conclude, understand the marvellous story vouched for by the late Sir Edward Coderington. The captain in command of a man-of-war was one night sleeping in his cabin, with a sentinel as usual posted at his door. In the middle of the night the captain rang his bell, called suddenly to the sentinel, and sharply desired him to tell the lieutenant of the watch to alter the ship's course by so many points. Next morning the officer, on greeting the captain, observed that it was most fortunate he had been aware of their position and had given such an order, as there had been a mistake in the reckoning, and the ship was in shoal water, on the point of striking a reef. "I!" said the astonished captain, "I gave no order; I slept soundly all night." The sentinel was summoned, and of course testified that the experienced commander had in some unknown way learned the peril of his ship, and saved it, even while in a state of absolute unconsciousness.

Whatever residue of truth may be found hereafter in the crucible wherein shall have been tried the marvels of spirit-rapping, mesmerism, and hypnotism; whatever revelation of forgotten facts or successful hits at secrets, is, I believe, unquestionably due to the action of Unconscious Cerebration. The person reduced to a state of coma is liable to receive suggestions from without, and these suggestions and queries are answered by his unconscious brain out of whatever stores of memory it may retain. What a man *never* knew, *that* no magic has ever yet enabled him to tell; but what he has once known,

and in his conscious hours has forgotten, *that* on the contrary is often recalled by the suggestive queries of the operator when he is in a state of hypnotism. A natural dream sometimes does as much, as witness all the discoveries of hidden treasures, corpses, &c., made through dreams, generally with the aid of the obvious machinery of a ghost. General Sleeman mentions that, being in pursuit of Thugs up the country, his wife one morning urgently entreated him to move their tents from the spot—a lovely opening in a jungle—where they had been pitched the previous evening. She said she had been haunted all night by the sight of dead men. Information received during the day induced the General to order digging under the ground whereon they had camped; and beneath Mrs. Sleeman's tent were found fourteen corpses, victims of the Thugs. It is easily conceivable that the foul odor of death suggested to the lady, in the unconscious cerebration of her dream, her horrible vision. Had she been in a state of mesmeric trance, the same occurrence would have formed a splendid instance of supernatural revelation.

Drunkenness is a condition in which the conscious self is more or less completely obfuscated, but in which unconscious cerebration goes on for a long time. The proverbial impunity with which drunken men fall without hurting themselves can only be attributed to the fact that the conscious will does not interfere with the unconscious instinct of falling on the parts of the body least liable to injury. The same impunity is enjoyed by persons not intoxicated, who at the moment of an accident do not exert any volition in determining which way they shall strike the ground. All the ludicrous stories of the absence of mind of tipsy men may obviously be explained by supposing that their unconscious cerebration is blindly fumbling to perform tasks needing conscious direction. And be it remembered that the proverb "*in vino veritas*" is here in exact harmony with our theory. The drunken man unconsciously blurts out the truth, his muddled brain being unequal to the task of inventing a plausible falsehood. The delicious fun of Sheridan, found under a tree and telling the policeman that he was "Wil-Wil-Wilberforce," reveals at once that the wag, if a little exalted, was

by no means really drunk. Such a joke could hardly have occurred to an unconscious brain, even one so well accustomed to the production of humor. As in dreams, intoxication never brings new elements of nature into play, but only abnormally excites latent ones. It is only a Porson who, when drunk, solemnly curses the "aggravating properties of inanimate matter," or, when he cannot fit his latch-key, is heard muttering, "D—the *nature of things!*" A noble miser of the last century revealed his true character, and also the state of his purse, whenever he was fuddled, by murmuring softly to himself, "I'm very rich! I'm very rich!" In sober moments he complained continually of his limited means. In the same way it is the brutal laborer who in his besotted state thrashes his horse and kicks his wife. A drunken woman, on the contrary, unless an habitual virago, rarely strikes anybody. The accustomed vehicle for her emotions—her tongue—is the organ of whose services her unconscious cerebration avails itself.

Finally, the condition of perfect anæsthesia appears to be one in which unconscious cerebration is perfectly exemplified. The conscious Self is then so absolutely dormant that it is not only unaware of the most frightful lacerations of the nerves, but has no conception of the interval of time in which an operation takes place; usually waking to inquire, "When do the surgeons intend to begin?" Meanwhile unconscious cerebration has been busy composing a pretty little picture of green fields and skipping lambs, or something equally remote from the terrible reality.

There are many other obscure mental phenomena which I believe might be explained by the theory of unconscious cerebration, even if the grand mystery of insanity does not receive (as I apprehend it must do) some elucidation from it. Presentiments and dreams of the individual's own death may certainly be explicable as the dumb revelations of the diseased frame to its own nervous centre. The strange and painful, but very common, sense of having seen and heard at some previous time what is passing at the moment, appears to arise from some abnormal irritation of the memory (if I may so express it), evidently connected with the unconscious action of the brain. Still more "uncan-

ny" and mysterious is the impression (to me almost amounting at times to torture) that we have never for years quitted the spot to which we have only that instant returned after a long interval. Under this hateful spell we say to ourselves that we have been weeks, months, ages, studying the ornaments of the cornice opposite our seat in church, or following the outline of the gnarled old trees, black against the evening sky. This delusion, I think, only arises when we have undergone strong mental tension at the haunted spot. While our conscious selves have been absorbed in speculative thought or strong emotion, our unconscious cerebration has photographed the scene on our optic nerves *pour passer le temps*!

The limitations and failures of unconscious cerebration would supply us with as large a study as its marvellous powers and achievements. It is obvious at first sight, that, though in the unconscious state mental work is sometimes *better* done than in the conscious (*e.g.* the finding missing names awake, or performing abstruse calculations in somnambulism), yet that the unconscious work is never more than the *continuation* of something which has been begun in the conscious condition. We recall the name which we have known and forgotten, but we do not discover what we never knew. The man who does not understand algebra never performs algebraic calculations in his sleep. No problem in Euclid has been solved in dreams except by students who have studied Euclid awake. The merely voluntary and unconscious movements of our legs in walking, and our hands in writing and playing music, were at first in infancy, or when we began to learn each art, actions purely volitional, which often require a strong effort of the conscious will for their accomplishment.

Again, the failures of unconscious cerebration are as easily traced as its limitations. The most familiar of them may be observed in the phenomenon which we call Absence of Mind, and which seems to consist in a disturbance of the proper balance between conscious and unconscious cerebration, leaving the latter to perform tasks of which it is incapable. An absent man walks, as we say, in a dream. All men indeed, as before remarked, perform the mechanical act of

walking merely voluntarily and not volitionally; but their consciousness is not so far off but that it can be recalled at a moment's notice. The porter at the door of the senses can summons the master of the house the instant he is wanted about business. But the absent man does not answer such calls. A friend addresses him, and his unconscious brain instead of his conscious self answers the question *à tort et à travers*. He boils his watch for breakfast and puts his egg in his pocket, his unconscious brain merely concerning itself that something is to be boiled and something else put in the pocket. He searches up and down for the spectacles which are on his nose; he forgets to eat his dinner and wonders why he feels hungry. His social existence is poisoned by his unconquerable propensity to say the wrong thing to the wrong person. Meeting Mrs. Bombazine in deep widow's weeds, he cheerfully inquires, "Well, and what is Mr. Bombazine doing now?" albeit he has received formal notice that Mr. Bombazine departed a month ago to that world of whose doings no information is received. He tells Mr. Parvenu, whose father is strongly suspected of having been a shoemaker, that "for his part he does not like new-made men at the head of affairs, and holds to the good old motto, 'Ne sutor ultra crepidam';" and this brilliant observation he delivers with a pleasant laugh, giving it all possible point and pungency. If he have an acquaintance whose brother was hanged or drowned, or scraped to death with oyster-shells, then to a moral certainty the subjects of capital punishment, the perils of the deep, and the proper season for eating oysters will be the topics selected by him for conversation during the awkward ten minutes before dinner. Of course the injured friend believes he is intentionally insulted; but he is quite mistaken. The absent man had merely a vague recollection of his trouble, which unfortunately proved a stumbling-block against which his unconscious cerebration was certain to bring him into collision.

As a general rule, the unconscious brain, like an *enfant terrible*, is extremely veracious. The "Palace of Truth" is nothing but a house full of absent-minded people who unconsciously say what they think of each other, when they consciously intend to be extremely flattering.

But it also sometimes happens that falsehood has so far become second nature that a man's very interjections, unconscious answers, and soliloquies may all be lies. Nothing can be more false to nature than the dramas and novels wherein profound scoundrels, in the privacy of an evening walk beside a hedge, unveil their secret plots in an address to Fate or the Moon; or fall into a well-timed brain fever, and babble out exactly the truth which the reader needs to be told. Your real villain never tells truth even to himself, much less to Fate or the Moon; and it is to be doubted whether, even in delirium, his unconscious cerebration would not run on the accustomed ruts of fable rather than the unwonted paths of veracity.

Another failure of unconscious cerebration is seen in the continuance of habitual actions when the motive for them has ceased. A change in attire, altering the position of our pockets, never fails to cause us a dozen fruitless struggles to find our handkerchief, or replace our purse. In returning to an old abode we are sure sooner or later to blunder into our former sleeping-room, and to be much startled to find in it another occupant. It happened to me once, after an interval of eight years, to find myself again in the chamber, at the table, and seated on the chair where my little studies had gone on for half a lifetime. I had business to occupy my thoughts, and was soon (so far as consciousness went) buried in my task of writing. But all the time while I wrote my feet moved restlessly in a most unaccustomed way under the table. "What is the matter with me?" I paused at last to ask myself, and then remembered that when I had written at this table in long past days, I had had a stool under it. It was that particular stool my unconscious cerebration was seeking. During all the interval I had perhaps not once used a similar support, but the moment I sat in the same spot, the trifling habit vindicated itself afresh; the brain acted on its old impression.

Of course it is as easy as it is common to dismiss all such fantastic tricks with the single word "Habit." But the word "Habit," like the word "Law," has no positive sense as if it were itself an originating cause. It implies a persistent mode of action, but affords no clew to the force which initiates and maintains that

action. All that we can say, in the case of the phenomena of unconscious cerebration, is, that when volitional actions have been often repeated, they sink into the class of voluntary ones, and are performed unconsciously. We may define the moment when a Habit is established as that wherein the Volitional act becomes Voluntary.

It will be observed by the reader that all the phenomena of Unconscious Cerebration now indicated, belong to different orders as related to the Conscious Self. In one order (*e.g.*, that of Delirium, Somnambulism, and Anæsthesia) the Conscious Self has no appreciable concern whatever. The action of the brain has not been originated or controlled by the will; there is no sense of it either painful or pleasurable, while it proceeds; and no memory of it when it is over.

In the second order (*e.g.*, that of rediscovered words, and waking at a given hour), the Conscious Self has so far a concern that it originally *set the task* to the brain. This done, it remains in entire ignorance of how the brain performs it, nor does Memory afterwards retain the faintest trace of the labors, however arduous, of word-seeking and time-marking.

Lastly, in the third class (*e.g.*, that of natural dreams), the share of the Conscious Self is the reverse of that which it takes in the case of word-seeking and time-marking. In dreams we do not, and cannot with our utmost effort, direct our unconscious brains into the trains of thought and fancy wherein we desire them to go. Obedient as they are in the former case, where work was to be done, here, in the land of fancy, they seem to mock our futile attempts to guide them. Nevertheless, strange to say, the Conscious Self—which knew nothing of what was going on while its leg was being amputated under chloroform, and nothing of what its brain was doing, while finding out what o'clock it was with shut eyes in the dark—is here cognizant of all the proceedings, and able in great measure to recall them afterwards. We receive intense pain or pleasure from our dreams, though we have actually less to do in concocting them than in dozens of mental processes which go on wholly unperceived in our brains.*

* Reid boasted he had learned to control his

Thus it would seem that neither Memory nor Volition have any constant relation to unconscious cerebration. We sometimes remember, and sometimes wholly forget its action; and sometimes it fulfils our wishes, and sometimes wholly disregards them. The one constant fact is, that *while the actions are being performed*, the Conscious Self is either wholly uncognizant of them or unable to control them. It is either in a state of high activity about other and irrelevant matters; or it is entirely passive. In every case the line between the Conscious Self and the unconsciously working brain is clearly defined.

Having now faintly traced the outline of the psychological facts illustrative of unconscious cerebration, it is time to turn to the brilliant physiological explanation of them afforded by Dr. Carpenter. We have seen what our brains can do without our consciousness. The way they do it is on this wise (I quote, slightly abridged, from Dr. Carpenter).

All parts of the nervous system appear to possess certain powers of automatic action. The *Spinal cord* has for primary functions the performance of the motions of respiration and swallowing. The automatic action of the *Sensory ganglia* seems to be connected with movements of protection—such as the closing of the eyes to a flash of light—and their secondary use enables a man to shrink from dangers of collisions, &c., before he has time for conscious escape. Finally we arrive at the automatic action of the *Cerebrum*; and here Dr. Carpenter reminds us that instead of being (as formerly supposed) the centre of the whole system, in direct connection with the organs of sense and the muscular apparatus, the *Cerebrum* is, according to modern physiology—

“A superadded organ, the development of which seems to bear a pretty constant relation to the degree in which intelligence supersedes instinct as a spring of action. The ganglionic matter which is spread out upon the surface of the hemispheres, and in which their potentiality resides, is connected with the Sensory Tract at their base (which is the real centre of conveyance for the sensory nerves of the whole body) by commissural

fibres, long since termed by Reid, with sagacious foresight, ‘nerves of the internal senses,’ and its anatomical relation to the sensorium is thus precisely the same as that of the Retina, which is a ganglionic expansion connected with the Sensorium by the optic nerve. Hence it may be fairly surmised—1. That, as we only become conscious of visual impressions on the retina when their influence has been transmitted to the central sensorium, so we only become conscious of ideational changes in the cerebral hemispheres when their influence has been transmitted to the same centre; 2. That as visual changes may take place in the retina of which we are unconscious, either through temporary inactivity of the Sensorium (as in sleep), or through the entire occupation of the attention in some other direction, so may ideational changes take place in the Cerebrum, of which we may be unconscious for want of receptivity on the part of the Sensorium, but of which the results may present themselves to the consciousness as ideas elaborated by an automatic process of which we have no cognizance.”*

Lastly, we come to the conclusions to be deduced from the above investigations. We have credited to the Unconscious Brain the following powers and faculties:

1. It not only *remembers* as much as the Conscious Self can recall, but often much more. It is even doubtful whether it may not be capable, under certain conditions, of reproducing every impression ever made upon the senses during life.
2. It can *understand* what words or things are sought to be remembered, and hunt them up through some recondite process known only to itself, till it discovers and pounces on them.
3. It can *fancy* the most beautiful pictures and also the most terrible ones, and weave ten thousand fables with inexhaustible invention.
4. It can perform the exceedingly difficult task of mental arrangement and logical division of subjects.
5. It can transact all the mechanical business of walking, reading, writing, sewing, playing, &c., &c.
6. It can tell the hour in the middle of the night without a timepiece.

Let us be content with these ordinary and unmistakable exercises of unconscious cerebration, and leave aside all rare or questionable wonders of somnam-

dreams, and there is a story of a man who always guided his own fancy in sleep. Such dreams, however, would hardly deserve the name.

* Report of Meeting of Royal Institution. Dr. Carpenter's Lecture, March 1, 1868, pp. 4, 5.

bulism and cognate states. We have got Memory, Fancy, Understanding, at all events, as faculties exercised in full by the Unconscious Brain. Now it is obvious that it would be an unusual definition of the word "Thought" which should debar us from applying it to the above phenomena; or compel us to say that we can remember, fancy, and understand without "thinking" of the things remembered, fancied, or understood. But Who, or What, then, is it that accomplishes these confessedly mental functions? Two answers are given to the query, each of them, as I venture to think, erroneous. Büchner and his followers say, "It is our physical Brains, and these Brains are ourselves."* And non-materialists say, "It is our conscious Selves, which merely use our brains as their instruments." We must go into this matter somewhat carefully.

In a certain loose and popular way of speaking, our brains are "ourselves." So also in the same way of speaking are our hearts, our limbs, and the hairs of our head. But in more accurate language the use of the pronoun "I" applied to any part of our bodies is obviously incorrect, and even inadmissible. We say, indeed, commonly, "I struck with my hand," when our hand has obeyed our volition. It is, then, in fact, the will of the Self which we are describing. But if our hand has been forcibly compelled to strike by another man seizing it, or if it have shaken by palsy, we only say, "My hand was forced," or "was shaken." The limb's action is not *ours*, unless it has been done by our will. In the case of the heart, the very centre of physical life, we never dream of using such a phrase as "I am beating slowly," or "I am palpitating fast." And why do we not say so? Because, the action of our hearts being involuntary, we are sensible that the conscious "I" is not the agent in question, albeit the mortal life of that "I" is hanging on every pulsation. Now the problem which concerns us is this: Can we, or can we *not*, properly speak of our brains

as we do of our hearts? Is it more proper to say, "I invent my dreams" than it is to say, "I am beating slowly"? I venture to think the cases are precisely parallel. When our brains perform acts of unconscious cerebration (such as dreams), they act just as our hearts do, *i.e.* involuntarily; and we ought to speak of them as we always do of our hearts, as of organs of our frame, but not our Selves. When our brains obey our wills, then they act as our hands do when we voluntarily strike a blow; and then we do right to speak as if "we" performed the act accomplished by their means.

Now to return to our point. Are the anti-Materialists right to say that the agent in unconscious cerebration is "We, ourselves, who merely use our brains as their instruments;" or are the Materialists right who say, "It is our physical brains alone, and these brains are ourselves"? With regard to the first reply, I think that all the foregoing study has gone to show that "we" are *not* remembering, *not* fancying, *not* understanding what is being at the moment remembered, fancied, or understood. To say, then, that in such acts "we" are "using our brains as our instruments," appears nothing but servile and unmeaning adherence to the foregone conclusion that our brains are nothing else than the organs of our will. It is absurd to call them so when we are concerned with phenomena whose speciality is that the will has nothing to do with them. So far, then, as this part of the argument is concerned, I think the answer of the anti-Materialists must be pronounced to be erroneous. The balance of evidence inclines to the Materialists' doctrine that the brain itself performs the mental processes in question, and, to use Vogt's expression, "secretes Thought" automatically and spontaneously.

But if this presumption be accepted provisionally, and the possibility admitted of its future physiological demonstration, have we, with it, accepted also the Materialist's ordinary conclusion that *we* and our automatically thinking brains are one and indivisible? If the brain can work by itself, have we any reason to believe it ever works *also* under the guidance of something external to itself, which we may describe as the Conscious Self? It seems to me that this is precisely what the preceding facts have likewise gone to

* Büchner's precise doctrine is, "The brain is only the carrier and the source, or rather the *sole cause* of the spirit or thought; but not the organ which secretes it. It produces something which is not materially permanent, but which consumes itself in the moment of its production."—*Kraft und Stoff*, chap. xiii.

prove—namely, that there are two kinds of action of the brain, the one automatic, and the other subject to the will of the Conscious Self; just as the actions of a horse are some of them spontaneous and some done under the compulsion of his rider. The first order of actions tend to indicate that the brain “secretes thought;” the second order (strongly contrasting with the first) show that, beside that automatically working brain, there is another agency in the field, under whose control the brain performs a wholly different class of labors. Everywhere in the preceding pages we have traced the extraordinary *separation* which continually takes place between our Conscious Selves and the automatic action of the organ, which serves as our medium of communication with the outward world. We have seen, in a word, that we are not Centaurs, steed and rider in one, but horsemen, astride on roadsters which can trot very well a little way when we drop the reins, and which at other times play and canter off without our permission.

When we place the phenomena of Unconscious Thought on one side, and over against them our conscious personality, we obtain, I think, a new and vivid sense of the separation, not to say the antithesis, which exists between the two; close as is their mutual interdependence. Not to talk about the distinction between object and subject, or dwell on the absurdity (as it seems to us) of the proposition that we ourselves are only the sum-total of a series of cerebrations—the recognition of the fact that *our brains sometimes think without us*, seems to enable us to view our connection with them in quite a new light. So long as all our attention was given to Conscious Thought, and philosophers eagerly argued the question, whether the

Soul did or did not ever sleep or cease to think, it was easy to confound the organ of thought with the Conscious Self who was supposed alone to set it in action. But the moment we mass together for review the long array of the phenomena of Unconscious Cerebration, the case is altered; the severance becomes not only cogitable, but manifest.

Let us then accept cheerfully the possibility, perhaps the probability, that science ere long will proclaim the dogma, “Matter can think.” Having humbly bowed to the decree, we shall find ourselves none the worse. Admitting that our brains accomplish much without our conscious guidance, will help us to realize that our relation to them is of a variable—an intermittent—and (we may venture to hope) of a *terminable* kind.

That such a conclusion, if reached, will have afforded us any *direct* argument for human immortality, cannot be pretended. Though we may succeed in proving “that the Brain can think without the Conscious Man,” the great converse theorem, “that the Conscious Man can think without a Brain,” has as yet received no jot of direct evidence; nor ever will do so, I hold, while we walk by faith and not by sight, and Heaven remains “a part of our religion, and not a branch of our geography”!

But it is something, nay it is surely much, if, by groping among the obscurer facts of consciousness, we may attain the certainty that whatever be the final conclusions of science regarding our mental nature, the one which we have most dreaded, if reached at last, will militate not at all against the hope, written on the heart of the nations, by that Hand which writes no falsehoods—that “when the dust returns to the dust whence it was taken, the Spirit—the Conscious Self of Man—shall return to God who gave it.”

Fraser's Magazine.

THE FIJI ISLANDS IN 1868, 1869, AND 1870.

I HAD long wished to see Fiji. All or most of the islands in the South Pacific had been trodden by my foot, but the opportunity to visit this group never presented itself, until one morning, I being then in New South Wales, the columns of the *Sydney Morning Herald* set apart for advertising shipping contained the an-

nouncement that the fine and powerful steamship *Albion*, of 1,000 tons register, would leave Port Jackson on May 12, calling at the islands *en route* to Japan.

On the day named, joined by a friend, we went on board and found the *Albion* an exceedingly comfortable and well-ap-

pointed ship: there was much bustle and excitement, and the vessel's decks were a good deal crowded. The owners, enterprising men, were taking cattle, sheep, dogs, as a speculation to Japan, and, to crown all, an omnibus, which had seen considerable service near Wynyard Square in Sydney, and was now intended to run between Yokohama and some outlying Japanese suburb.

Although the *Albion* was too deep at starting, we made pretty fine weather, and in two days sighted Lord Howe's Island and the pinnacle of Ball's Pyramid, passing between them.

In the next few days we had time to make the acquaintance of our fellow-passengers, of whom there were fifty-two in the saloon. We found the greater number from New Zealand, attracted by the glowing accounts from Japan, determined on trying their luck in that part of the world; several for the islands from which they had heard such famous reports of cotton growing, and the ladies, of whom there were ten, were pleased to follow where their protectors led.

From the increased speed of the ship as she got lighter we made nine knots against a steady northeast trade wind. On the ninth day of our being out we were told by the captain that we should pass between the Islands of Kantavu and Benga at night-time. Few retired early to rest, all anxious to get even a glimpse, though an obscured one, of this famous group of islands. We were rewarded for our efforts, for about twelve o'clock we were abreast of Mount Washington, the most westerly point of the southern Island of Kantavu, towering into the sky some 4,000 feet. All night as we steamed along could be distinguished the torches of the natives as they fished on the reefs, and having made such an excellent land-fall we could tell to an hour the time of our arrival at Levuka.

The morning sun rose on a scene of indescribable grandeur; we were sailing along the reefs of Viti Levu and had islands on either hand. The high land of the large island running up into mountains 5,000 feet high, with the level fringe at their base, the groves of cocoanut trees at the water's edge, the glistening of the sun on the reefs, with the mirror-like smoothness of the belt of water between the reefs and the shore, all went to make up a pic-

ture such as is not to be surpassed in any part of the world.

We steam on rapidly and open out the port of destination, the land of adoption for several of our passengers, who, peering into the nooks and little valleys of the island of Ovalau, exclaim, What a Paradise! Arrived off the port of Levuka, the captain "eased her," but no boat with a pilot making her appearance, he stood on and entered between reefs with the sea surging and boiling on them, into the most placid and beautiful harbor a captain could possibly wish to put his ship in.

We dropped anchor at eleven o'clock on the morning of the 21st, having completed the distance from Sydney, 1,738 miles, under half-steam in nine days. The mail steamers will do the same distance in six days. Soon several little boats pushed off from shore, and the well-filled mail-bag having been handed to the clerk of H. B. M. Consul, we also prepared for a walk on the beach. The shore was hard and stony, and the walk circumscribed, as Levuka is hemmed in on both sides by high rocks and precipitous hills, so that there is barely building room for any more houses unless the ground behind be terraced out, and the plateau on the top made use of to make an upper and lower town. It did not take long to run through the settlement, but what we saw convinced us the elements of civilization abound. We saw the new reading-room and the Protestant church, and at the extreme end of the village the Catholic place of worship. The French priests with their assistants were hard at work building a fine little schooner, which was intended to cruise to other islands of the group where the mission had stations. Having heard that King Thakombau (or, as he was better known at the islands, the Vuni Valu, "Root of War") was on board the *Albion*, we hastened off to get a glimpse of his sable Majesty. We found he was accompanied by his sons Ratu Timothy and Joseph, some of his chiefs, and two of the Wesleyan missionaries. An introduction having taken place, the King rose and paced up and down before the mirrors. He was dressed (and so were all his chiefs) in a "round-about" tapa of native cloth and calico, a light island costume. Whichever way his Majesty turned he found himself reflected. He had already been introduced to several

of the ladies, and standing before one of the mirrors he smoothed his eyebrows, stroked his eyelashes, and when asked why he was Adonising, his Majesty calmly replied that he wished to make himself comely in the eyes of the ladies. The King was shown all over the ship, but what pleased him most was the working of the steam winch.

He had arrived in the morning early from his little Island of Bau (the Westminster of the group) distant about thirty-five miles from Levuka. It appears the evening previous he had spent with the Wesleyan missionary, when the conversation turned on the probability of making iron swim; the King instanced the American axe that had fallen from his double canoe and sunk; he told one of his men to dive for it, and the water being pretty deep, it gave some little trouble to get up. "Well," the missionary replied, "some day you will perhaps see an iron ship." At which the old gentleman gave an incredulous smile and said, "When I see I shall believe." The day following his wish was gratified; our steamer came into the port, and on coming alongside he was told to try and cut the vessel with his knife, and found with great astonishment that it was really of iron.

Business of importance having to be transacted the following day, with the King on board the vessel, in connection with the payment of a certain debt he owed the American Government, and to arrange which delegates had come down from the colonies, it was determined after the business was settled to give him and his chiefs a banquet. This was served up in unexceptionable style, his sons and chiefs, dressed as on the previous day, sitting side by side with the ladies. Ratu Timothy had on his right a young lady who wore her hair in the new style of "friz," which attracted his attention in a manner that amused all who were at the table, as he had only been in the habit of seeing the sedate and plainly apparelled wives of the missionaries, so that this new innovation to him was one of great novelty and delight. At table the King and chiefs behaved as men of rank are expected to do, and even when the olives were introduced they were eaten by them without a grimace. The party remained on board till late, and the following morning left for their island-home.

The *Albion* after landing passengers and

their merchandise sailed for Japan, where she has since been doing good service for the government of that country in conveying troops to the disturbed districts.

No vessel coming in to take us to the colonies, we availed ourselves of the delay to visit the large island of Viti Levu and the district of the Rewa.

Having engaged a native crew and whale-boat, we started on the Rewa expedition. The distance we had to go the first day was about forty miles, which, with the help of a nice breeze, good tide, and strong arms, we accomplished by sundown. Arrived at the hotel and the evening meal passed, we prepared to rest, but the mosquitoes in spite of the curtains kept us wide awake, and it was only when the crowing of the roosters told us morning was making that we managed to doze off. It seemed as if all the mosquitoes in Fiji had assembled at this point and were having a parliament, and we the unfortunate reporter to make note of the proceedings. A dip in the Rewa and an excellent breakfast of fish, fowl, and flesh fitted us for the trip up the river. We chartered two Fijians to paddle us, a comfortable canoe having been kindly lent by one of the settlers. The arrangement we made was, they were to remain with us until we had been as high up the river as we wished, to return us whence we started, and to be paid the magnificent sum of one shilling each. This contract they carried out to the letter, and were rewarded with something extra for their fidelity. The Rewa for a considerable distance is tidal, and for fifty miles from its mouth is nearly as wide as the Thames at London Bridge. Planters line its banks, and the cleared cultivated ground planted with cotton, tobacco, maize, coffee, and large patches of sugar-cane, shows the indomitable energy and perseverance of the Anglo-Saxon race wherever they settle down. We hauled on shore at a planter's house to whom we had letters of introduction, and who made us feel at once at home. A bountiful meal was soon provided by his native boys, and before the sun went to rest we strolled over the cotton and coffee plantation. The men, however, previous to this had done their allotted work, and as we passed their houses we heard them singing and dancing as if they were happy and contented with their lot, and we believe they were, for a fatter and better

conditioned race we never saw, and their work, which consisted principally of weeding, and in the season gathering the cotton, was of a description that women could easily have done.

The arrangement made by them and the planters was, they were to be paid 4*l.* per annum and fed, and after their term of service (if they so desired it) they were to be returned to their own islands. But few avail themselves of the condition, and most prefer entering upon another contract on the same terms with their old employers. The labor question is one of some difficulty, and no doubt has been made the means of gross wrong to many of the poor creatures smuggled away to New Caledonia, Fiji, and Queensland. I believe, however, that were the enterprise put on a proper basis, and if responsible super-cargoes were sent with each vessel to collect natives, there would be no difficulty in getting all the labor necessary, assisted by the Fijians, to carry on the work of planting all through the group. Let large and well-ventilated vessels be chartered, with humane captains, and all concerned impressed with a due sense of their responsibilities, thousands of islanders would prefer Fiji to their own wretched islets, where nothing can be got but fish, cocoa-nuts, and brackish water; while, on the other hand, they come to a country where Christian instruction is imparted, with abundant food, pure water to drink, and where they can wash their bodies in the running streams after their day's work, so that what is now, under bad management, a curse can be made a blessing.

Early next morning we continued our up-river journey: the weather had changed, and as we got higher it rained heavily; the waterfalls, of which there were several on our right and left, increased in volume, and added considerably to swell the river, which we found difficult to ascend except by keeping close in to the bank, out of the strong current.

At every turn we came upon plantations, and Fiji hospitality was carried out to the letter, for the settler, having been apprised by the natives of our approach, invited us to land and stay two or three days or longer if we so desired. Our time, however, being limited, we had to pass many a friendly hail with simply the usual recognition of "Good day! What news?"

A few more hours' paddling brought us

to the extent of our journey, eighty-five miles from Rewa's mouth, and landing we walked across a beautiful plantation of cotton, the property of Messrs. Luke and Redesdale. Here we found the tree in all its stages, from the little plant of a few days old to the more sturdy root and branches laden with cotton ready for picking. All the labor on this plantation was performed by Fijians, with whom as field hands the proprietors were much pleased. We gathered from the planters that the Rewa was not in the best locality to grow cotton in, from the large rainfall through the year; but for sugar-cane it was unsurpassed, as the saccharine plant can absorb any reasonable quantity of moisture. Hence it is the Rewa planters are prepared at any moment to change their crop, and will hail with pleasure the arrival among them of a sugar plant on a large scale. Markets for all they can make are close to them in New Zealand and the Australias, and this in a large measure would put a stop to importation from the Mauritius and Manilla, whence the colonies at present draw their supplies.

An enterprising settler told us that he had made from one acre of cane 1,200 gallons of molasses, and another gentleman, a Swede, said that he was quite sure an acre of Fiji soil would carry 25,000 canes. A good opening, surely, for the sugar-maker, supported as he would be by all the settlers on both sides of the river growing cane to supply his mill.

We spent several days visiting the plantations, and obtained much valuable information from the residents with whom we were brought in contact.

The Fiji Islands are about two hundred in number; the largest of them, Viti Levu, is about the size of Corsica and contains 50,000 inhabitants. It has several splendid harbors: the finest, Suva, which the Atlantic and Pacific Steam Navigation Company will make their calling-place, is a town already of some importance, and must ultimately become the *entrepot* for the rest of the group.

Fiji is 1,738 miles from New South Wales, 1,000 miles from New Zealand, and about 600 from New Caledonia. There are other fine groups of islands, such as the Friendly, and Samoan, but all must yield the palm to Fiji in importance.

The population of Fiji numbers nearly

150,000, 2,000 of whom are whites and half-castes.

The exports of cotton last year reached 4,000 bales, the largest portion Sea Island, of an average of 300 lbs. each bale. The quantity of cocoa-nut oil exported reached 500 tons, the larger portion of which was the produce of Fiji, assisted by contributions from the neighboring small islands.

Besides cotton and cocoa-nut oil, they have coffee, oranges, maize, the latter yielding 150 to 200 bushels per acre, and, with the oranges, finding a ready sale in the New Zealand market. Then, again, the biche de mer, or trepang of commerce, is gathered in considerable quantity and sent to China, where the mandarins and nobles use it in soup. This article is expected to supersede by and by the use of cod liver oil in cases of consumption.

On some of the islands are valuable beds of the mother-o'-pearl oyster. The Fijians are only ordinary divers, but natives from the Dangerous Archipelago (Pannotu group), to the eastward of Tahiti, are men for this work. We have seen one of them go down in twenty fathoms of water to reach an anchor that had been "slipt" by the captain, and which was regained by this man's "veering" a small line through the ring, to which line was attached a stout warp. For this work he was paid double the price asked, receiving for his labor forty fathoms of calico instead of twenty, a payment that would make him comfortable for the rest of the year.

The fruits in Fiji are not numerous, but excellent in quality: banana, pine-apple, the vii or Brazilian plum, custard apple, guava, and oranges are the principal. In vegetables they have the sweet potato, taro, yam; and all English seeds, such as lettuce, radish, turnip, &c., grow very well. From experiments just being made, it is expected the Assam tea will find a habitat.

The Fijis lie in latitude 15° to 20° South Pacific, and longitude 177° E. to 177° W. The climate nine months of the year can not be surpassed, the thermometer ranging from 75° to 80° at mid-day, falling at night to 55° and 60°.

From December to March it is hotter, and may be termed disagreeable; a great deal of rain falls, and the thermometer runs up to 95° and 100° in the shade. At this season also high winds or hurricanes may be expected—although not nearly so

violent as those in the West Indies or Mauritius, yet sufficiently strong to blow down native houses and damage the cotton crop.

The government of the country is difficult to describe: King Thakombau and his chiefs hold the principal authority, and this is being strengthened by delegates representing the interests of the whites being sent to Parliament to help him and his people to frame laws for the good of the group. In this way his power is being consolidated.

It is now seventeen years since the King embraced Christianity through the efforts of the Wesleyan missionaries; his example and influence have done much throughout Fiji, as is evidenced by the large numbers attending Christian instruction. It is said 110,000 attend the churches on Sunday besides a considerable number on week days. Of the agencies employed to work out this scheme there are twelve Wesleyan missionaries and a host of native teachers; ere long all Fiji or nearly so will become nominally Christian. The French Roman Catholic priests work away, but not with much sign of progress; they have been in Fiji now for the past twenty-six years, and scarcely can they collect 2,000 converts. Communication is frequent between the colonies, New Zealand, and the islands, by small vessels, but a new Steam Packet Company about being floated will revolutionize this; they engage to land passengers in Fiji by sea and railway on the thirty-fifth day from leaving England and on the fortieth in New South Wales.

We would not advise any one to settle in Fiji without being possessed of 500*l.*; with this sum he can purchase his land and properly establish himself by getting in his seed; after that the crop he raises will do the rest. He must not be afraid of putting forth his strength; the soil will respond to his efforts; where good seed is planted it never fails to produce. He must make up his mind to live a life of solitude for some years, but if his heart be in the work he will scarcely find time to be dull.

The cession of the islands has twice been offered the British Government, and declined. They are a group that would at once pay all the expense of their government, and year by year have a larger revenue. The policy of Great Britain is in

strong contrast in this respect to that of other European Governments.

The French have in the Pacific the Marquesas, the Society group, of which Tahiti is the principal island, nominally Wallis and Futana, positively New Caledonia; and the New Hebrides and the Loyalties are gradually being included, and will ere long have the tricolor flying over them. Prussia has made a small advance and purchased the famous island of Juan Fer-

nandez from the Chili Government, and is looking about for more. America is annexing several islands in the West Indies, and we should not be surprised to see her extending her power in the Pacific. Fiji is a tempting morsel, and the little complications arising there between the American Government and the natives point to a time not far distant when the Republican flag will wave over the whole group.

Chambers's Journal.

AUTUMN TIME.

I SING the mellowed autumn time ;
The russet pears, the scarlet haws, the yellow sheaves of autumn time.

The fading, falling autumn time ;
The rustling leaves, the saddened winds, the pallid mists of autumn time.

The scented, fragrant autumn time ;
The clover balls, the moorland heath, the fresh-ploughed earth of autumn time.

The sober, tranquil autumn time ;
The chastened noons, the steadfast stars, the purple glooms of autumn time.

The sweet, soft sounds of autumn time ;
The twittering birds, the bleating flocks, the plaining streams of autumn time.

The resting, patient autumn time ;
The close-reaped fields, the dew-drenched grass, the low-streaked skies of autumn time.

The grand prophetic autumn time ;
For ripened hearts and sweetened souls called home to God at autumn time.

London Society.

SKETCHES OF THE WAR.

GEN TROCHU, MARSHAL BAZAINE, OTHER FRENCH NOTABLES.

THAT great campaign in which France so long resisted the invasion of the Allies in 1814, though unsuccessful, was probably, beyond the first fields in Italy and the great day of Austerlitz, the highest achievement of Napoleon, and is the campaign which, for its lessons and its parallels, has been most studied at the present time. That defensive campaign had two plans. Napoleon's first plan was to oppose a double line of invasion with a single line of defence, to hold the passages of the Seine, Aube, and Marne, and moving right and

left, make up for the paucity of his army by the vigor and rapidity of his blows. In that belt of frontier fortresses which has interposed such a prolonged and effective resistance to the Germans, the emperor had a large army, lying almost absolutely useless, and which might possibly have saved Paris from the invader. Napoleon's second plan in the campaign of '14, was to fling himself back upon this belt of fortresses in Alsace and Lorraine, and make them the base of offensive operations in the rear of the invading force. It

is utterly impossible to exaggerate the importance of these fortresses, a series of positions which almost command the very heart of Europe. Many years ago the Archduke Charles, who possessed a military genius perhaps only inferior to Napoleon's, used to say that the military superiority of France arose from the chain of fortresses with which it was surrounded, whereby it was enabled, with equal facility, to throw delays in the way of an invasion of its own, and to find a solid base for an irruption into its neighbor's territories; and that the want of such a barrier on the right bank of the Rhine was the principal defect in the system of German defence. Count Bismarck has rightly pointed out how invasion upon invasion has been the result of the possession of these positions. And we cannot from any point of view blame his rigid determination that these great advantages shall be transferred to Germany. It is assuredly also for the peace and advantage of the world that a pacific nation, rather than a warlike and marauding nation, should hold these keys of Western Europe.

In those days this series of fortresses was the leading strategical feature in France, either for attack or defence. Within the last generation the fortifications of Paris have become of the highest strategical importance; at the time when we write, of the highest importance of all. When Napoleon set out on his great offensive campaign, Paris only possessed an *octroi*, which the emperor directed should be strengthened with palisades and artillery. The fortifications were the work of M. Thiers. M. Thiers is justly entitled to a premier place among the leaders of Republican France. The fact is nothing to us that he is not on the Committee of Safety. Though he declined a place on that committee he has done it what service he could by his unavailing mission to the great courts of Europe. In London alone he seems to have been of use in promoting the meeting between M. Favre and Von Bismarck. Any government at Paris, or at Tours, or at Toulouse, is the most provisional of all provisional governments. The people will only yield it a random and intermittent obedience. We are glancing at the actual rulers of France, so far as the unhappy disorganized land has any real rulers of men. We cannot assign any degree of permanence to the

present extemporized government while the strongest army in France is under Bazaine, and while the Red flag is waving at Lyons. We shall first speak of the great statesman who devised the fortifications, and of the illustrious soldier who now defends them. It probably will be found, however, in the issue, that Strasburg has exhibited the best defence of fortified places, and that Von Urich is the exemplar soldier of France.

When M. Thiers brought forth his original proposition it was opposed on grounds which now possess a painfully intense significance. While Talleyrand opposed the project on political grounds, Soult said openly that to make a fortified city of Paris was to expose it in the event of war to bombardment and capture. The *causa causans* of their erection strongly illustrates that point in which M. Thiers so strongly illustrates the peculiar temperament of his race. The proposal was made in a moment of rage and groundless panic. M. Thiers had refused, on the part of his government, to have anything to do with arresting the march of the Viceroy of Egypt on Constantinople. England forthwith, in concert with Austria, Russia, and Prussia, after long delays, became joint signatories to a treaty for the protection of the Porte. Lord Palmerston's bold movement in the Mediterranean came like a thunder-clap on the French premier, who nourished the Napoleonic idea that the Mediterranean might be a French lake. M. Guizot in London, M. Thiers in Paris, thought it an unpardonable affront to France that this great treaty should be made without her co-operation. It is even said that M. Thiers suggested that the French should seize on Malta by a *coup de main*. Louis Philippe was too cautious. He knew that he should be offending the sympathies of the Treaty Powers. He substituted M. Guizot as his premier in place of M. Thiers, while, as some sort of answer to England's diplomatic victory, he so far met M. Thiers and the popular feeling, that a vote of four millions sterling was obtained for encircling Paris with fortifications, and putting it in a state of defence. It cannot be doubted but M. Thiers has most materially favored that war-spirit which has so long been the bane of France by the nature of his writings. He it is who has told of the Napoleonic war, not in the sober, truth-

loving spirit of the true historian, but in that romantic, false way in which Victor Hugo told of the battle of Waterloo in "Les Misérables," and with that brilliant bravado with which Alfred de Musset responded to Becker's Rhine-song. The French people appear stricken with a kind of color-blindness; they appear to have lost the faculty of discerning truth, the most prominent sign of that corruption and demoralization which have eaten as a canker into French life and society.

If there had been any unsparing critic of the French military system, any one whose stern denunciation of that system has almost risen to prophecy, that man is General Trochu. When he brought out his remarkable book, "L'Armée Française en 1867," it ran through sixteen editions in three weeks. The same year produced the Duc d'Aumale's "Institutions militaires de la France." General Trochu made various confidential appeals to the war department at Paris, pointing out the imperfections and abuses of the French military system. His prophecies, like those of Cassandra, were disbelieved, and then he resolved to publish, declaring that no other remedy was left him but publicity. With a resolution that has been justly called heroic, with a frankness that spared no man's feelings, he laid bare every weakness and every sore, reckless what degree of unpopularity or hatred his uncompromising truthfulness might procure for him. Trochu foreshadowed in his book the results of the present most disastrous campaign. The best hopes would have been for France if she had listened to the words, wise, true, and bold, of her frank soldier, and had learned wisdom from his teaching. General Trochu, we need hardly say, is a strong Orleanist, and it is believed that the government of Paris was with great hesitation and reluctance committed to his charge. But he was one of the best French officers, had never ceased to be on active service, and his character stood extremely high in general estimation. He had come, we need hardly say, from St. Cyr and the Staff School, and served several years in Algeria under Marshal Bugeaud. He had much of that blunt wisdom and keen sense for which Bugeaud was so remarkable. He gives Bugeaud's most favorable reminiscences of the English infantry in the Peninsula, with the famous remark that it

was the best infantry in the world, but fortunately *there was very little of it*. Trochu was one of Marshal St. Arnaud's *aides de camp* in the Crimea in 1854, and after the Marshal's death he was made a general, and commanded a brigade of Infantry until the end of the Russian war. Like Bugeaud, he confessed to a great admiration of the English. He contrasted their order and discipline with the destructive and marauding habits of the French soldiers. When he was asked how he hoped to improve his troops, he answered "*En les faisant vertueux*." In the Italian campaign of Solferino he commanded a division, in which he showed a respect for non-combatants in a manner quite new in the methods of French warfare. It is said that he began by degrading an officer to the ranks for insulting a peasant woman, and wherever he marched his track was distinguishable by the uninjured dwelling-houses and the unharmed mulberry trees still clothed with vines.

The general unsparingly pointed out the gigantic sham presented by the French army. He asserted that that army did not really exceed *one-fourth of her nominal effective strength*. He denied that this army, such as it was, was in any degree duly trained and fitted for war. He declared that the fundamental principle of every army lay in its *motive* force and its *mechanical* power, and in both respects he has some severe criticisms on his countrymen. What he says of French insubordination—how a French soldier unwillingly pays even the customary signs of external respect to his officers—has been signally verified in the present campaign. Even at Strasbourg this has been mournfully exemplified. He condemns the French commissariat, and does not hesitate to say, in defiance of all traditions of all armies, that recourse must be had to civil mercantile contractors. He condemns as absolutely worthless for military success, that kind of popular enthusiasm which a few months ago prompted the cry *à Berlin!* He thinks that cavalry will have an increased importance in war—as has been illustrated by the Prussian Uhlans—and points out how the French cavalry have been overladen. He considered that Prussia possessed a much higher degree of the moral elements of military success. The General points out that the first thing for an army is to

raise the moral and intellectual standard, in which the French have been so deplorably wanting. He severely criticises some of Napoleon III.'s pet plans. He says that it is quite a mistake to encourage, as the Emperor encouraged, old soldiers to re-enlist. An old soldier, he says, is not an old man, but a trained recruit, who has learned his business. Again, he declared that the Emperor made quite a mistake by forming picked bodies of troops. The army at large is weakened and demoralized by the subtraction of the best men. We need hardly point out what singular force of truth belongs to these criticisms, which have all the character of vaticinations. It is popularly said that General Trochu is the best military strategist that France possesses, as well as one of inflexible firmness. It has, however, been answered that he is best as a military critic and theorist, and that his work as a subordinate has not properly tested his powers. In singular contrast with his present position is his Breton home, where the Trochu family first prosperously carried out the innovations of modern agriculture, and covered the sterile, heathery, rocky land near Vauban's fortifications of Belle Isle, with woods, pasture lands, and rich meadows.

On that memorable Sunday when the Republic was *proclamé* a provisional government was *acclamé*, placarded in the streets of Paris as a government of national defence. Foremost among them were *les trois Jules*, Jules Favre, Jules Ferry, and Jules Simon, and the names of Emmanuel Arago, Cremieux, Gambetta, Garnier-Pagès, Glais-Bizon, Pelletan, Picard, and Rochefort. M. Arago, be it observed, is not the Prefect, but the Mayor of Paris. Some of these men possess conspicuous ability. Probably, at any time, M. Picard would be a good Minister of Finance, and M. Gambetta a good Minister of the Interior. M. Cremieux, a barrister of high repute, was in 1848, as he is now, Minister of Justice at the Second Revolution. His energetic action at Tours, when he strongly argued before a republican meeting against displacing all functionaries of all grades nominated under the Empire, gives a conspicuous proof of moderation. He is, we believe, of Jewish extraction. On M. Gambetta has devolved the whole of the domestic government of France, and his work has

been exceedingly difficult. He has had to appoint anew prefects in every department, tried men who would act for the best and act for themselves as soon as the investment of Paris should put a dead stop to centralization. It was sad that a minister who has never governed should be obliged to appoint prefects who had never governed. The docile, imperialistic character of the old prefects rendered their removal an absolute necessity in order to satisfy republican feelings. M. Gambetta was absolutely unknown till the epoch of the Baudin Monument two years ago; but the remarkable attitude which he took up in the Chamber, the clear courage with which he opposed the Empire from the very commencement of the war, brought him at once to the front. The most remarkable prefect whom he has appointed is M. Esquiros at Lyons. M. Esquiros knows England as well as poor Prevost-Paradol did. He studied Holland well, but he studied England still more minutely, as he showed by his work on "Religious Thought in England" and his monograph on Cornwall.

The two principal members of the National Committee of Defence appear to us to be Jules Favre and Garnier-Pagès. They have many points of the closest contact and similarity. They are both old men. M. Garnier-Pagès only wants a few years of seventy. M. Favre, or, to give him his full name, Mons. Jules Claude Gabriel Favre, was born in 1809. Both came from the fiery south, Favre being born at Lyons and Pagès at Marseilles. Both of them may be said to have been nursed and reared in revolutions. Both of them were actively concerned in the revolution of 1830. In the three glorious days of July Garnier-Pagès distinguished himself during the disturbances at the barricades. Favre had been a law student at Paris, and afterwards practised as a barrister at Lyons. Even in that republican city, where the Red flag now waves, he was known for the ultra-republicanism of his opinions. He vehemently espoused the cause of the ouvrier class, among whom he gained a boundless popularity. He came to the Paris bar in 1835. When called upon to plead in a great cause, the Press, he commenced a famous speech by the words "Je suis républicain." It heightened the impression entertained of his vigor and courage to know that

that great speech, which lasted four hours, was made when he was suffering from dangerous illness. M. Favre was a great advocate, and has taken part in some of the most conspicuous *causes célèbres* of the French bar. He is essentially a man who comes to the front in a period of revolution. In 1848, in the revolution of February, he was appointed Secretary-General of the ministry of the Interior. He later took a prominent part in the prosecution of Louis Blanc and Caussidière for the attempted insurrection of the 15th of May. It remains to be seen how far he is capable of a sincere reconciliation with M. Louis Blanc. M. Jules Favre refused to join in the vote of thanks to General Cavaignac. It is hardly necessary to say that he has always been a most persistent opponent of Louis Napoleon. The presidency was an abomination to him. Though he acquiesced in the Italian revolution he objected to the direction it was taking, and demanded that the president and ministry should be proceeded against. On the coup d'état of the "Man of December" he refused to take the oath, and for six years retired from all political life. In 1858 he was chosen one of the deputies for the Corps Législatif. He conducted the defence of Orsini and his fellow-conspirators with all his wonted energy and courage. In the election for 1869 he was rejected at Lyons, but was chosen, in opposition to Rochefort, for the seventh circonscription of Paris.

It is hardly necessary to say that M. Favre has done duty as a journalist and a pamphleteer. The journal "L'Electeur" was his. M. Garnier-Pagès, on the other hand, has written books—his work on the revolution of '48, completed by his "Histoire de la Commission Exécutive," is a well-known work, and has given much attention to commercial subjects; but he has always been strenuously attached to the doctrines of the Extreme Left, which he supported as deputy for Verneuil. He took a great part in the reform agitation of 1847, which so shook the government of M. Guizot, and the famous banquets which next year were the immediate cause of the displacement of the Orleans dynasty. In 1848 he was elected mayor of Paris. He became a member of the provisional government, and subsequently Minister of Finance. He showed himself

a very good financial minister, and among other reforms he brought in the system of dock-warrants and bonded warehouses. He was always radically opposed to Baron Hausmann's system, and has exhibited quite a vindictive desire to punish him for his profuse expenditure on the demolitions and edifices of new Paris.

Other names connected with French leadership, hardly command an equal degree of respect, transferred from a jail to a seat in the executive commission. M. Henri Rochefort has been employing himself in the construction of barricades. It is said—if we can believe the report—that they are of a portable kind, and are armed with a weapon a trifle deadlier than the mitrailleuse. M. Fourchicon, in the spirit of the patriots who devoted all their energies to knocking down the N's over the shops, has been taking away the imperial names of ships and giving them others better to his liking. He may have some influence over the *sans-culottes*, who are the natural enemies of the *bourgeois*, and who dread more than the Parisians the revolutionary government of Red Republicans. If the Reds had power for twelve hours they might do more mischief than could be retrieved in twelve years. Among the real leaders of France at this crisis are Ledru-Rollin, Louis Blanc, and Victor Hugo. Their influence on French thought has been immense, but at the present time political influence is remote and indirect. On the whole, it may be said that the Provisional Government has done its work well. The demand came with terrific stress upon new and untried men, and it may be said for them upon the whole that they have been not unequal to the occasion. There are very few bright spots on the French horizon, but it is possible that even in her government we may have the first elements of national regeneration.

But, as we have indicated, the real rulers of France at such a crisis as this must be the military rather than the political leaders. Bazaine's career has been exceedingly remarkable. Failing to pass his examination at the Polytechnique, he enlisted in the line, and carried the proverbial marshal's bâton in the knapsack of the private soldier. He won the Cross of the Legion in Africa, and after four years' service in Navarre and Biscay in the French force that helped the Christinos

against the Carlists. In the Crimean war he was made Governor of Sebastopol after the fall of the fortress. In the Italian war he distinguished himself by taking the cemetery at Solferino. In the Mexican war he became commander-in-chief, defeating the Juarists and more than once compelling Juarez to take refuge in the United States. He has, however, been greatly attacked by the Count de Kératry, the new Prefect of Police. The Emperor was very willing to throw the whole blame of the Mexican campaign upon Bazaine, who in his turn proposed to publish his correspondence with the French Emperor, with Maximilian, and with certain members of the Imperial Government. This, however, was not done, and Bazaine received the command of the Third Army corps, the Grand Cross, and the marshal's bâton. It will be remembered how, when either wing of the French army had been rolled up at Worth and Forbach, public opinion insisted that the Emperor should cede the real command to Bazaine. Both M'Mahon and Canrobert were willing to serve under his orders. The battles before Metz under his eye have been the most closely and valorously contested in the whole war. It is said that with a far-sighted prescience he perceived the possibility of being invested in Metz, and astonished the authorities by insisting that larger and still larger supplies should continually be sent into the place. Probably Bazaine is the Emperor's best card and has a great future before him.

M'Mahon is the soldiers' favorite. It is sad to hear how the brave man wept and raved when the battle of Worth went against him. I trust he is now convalescent at pleasant Wiesbaden. When some one spoke to him about his wound, "That," he answered, "is the least important matter." And yet that wound was of the most terrific kind that can be caused by an explosive shell without destroying life. We have read a most affecting letter from a Sister of Mercy describing the patience and serenity of the marshal under his grievous sufferings. He is every inch a soldier. His wild heroism was conspicuous when he ordered his staff to remain behind and advanced himself at the head of the last charge. It was this gallant and dashing nature which converted into a victory what was very nearly a defeat at Magenta. When Sebastopol

was assaulted the perilous honor of assaulting the Malakoff was assigned to M'Mahon. He entered it at the head of the storming party, and resolved to retain the position dead or alive, and did retain it. Although not supposed to be a favorite with the Emperor, he was made Duke of Magenta for his services in the Italian war. It became his lot—how vivid are the points of contact and of contrast!—splendidly to represent France at the court of Berlin on the occasion of the coronation of King William. In 1862 he commanded the camp at Chalons, when he is thus described: "The Marshal is popular in the camp, and possesses all the qualities of a great general. He is indefatigable in his military duties. He is about every morning by five o'clock in the midst of the men, and the greater part of the day is occupied by his military avocations. He sets apart a couple of hours each day for reading, and military tactics are his favorite study." He has a fine forehead, acute gray eyes, and a severe contour of chin. He was Governor-General of Algeria until he was recalled to take part in the present war.

One or two other generals ought here to be mentioned. We dismiss those whom France has dismissed, such as Lebœuf and Palikao. General Vinoy is quite a soldier of Trochu's own order. He was too honest to be a favorite under the Empire. Sir Colin Campbell knew and loved him well in the Crimea. He used to speak of him as a fine fellow and a perfect soldier and gentleman. Dr. Russell describes him as having "a queer voice, strong convictions, strong speech, and broad manners, but loyal, frank, brave, and clever." But the soldier in whom popular interest very strongly, very deservedly centres just now, is the heroic Von Urich, the gallant defender of Strasbourg. This aged soldier is a true son of Alsace, born at Phalsburg, which is now repeating once again the events so graphically described in the novels of MM. Chatrian-Ermann. He is himself, we believe, of German extraction, and is an example how thoroughly Gallicized the German element has become. His wife is a native of Friburg, in the Black Forest. He had retired from active service some years ago, but when this miserable war broke out he sought and obtained the command of Strasbourg. That panic after

Worth, which ruined so many reputations, strengthened and adorned his. We are not certain that his martial inflexibility has not done him some injustice. The evidence seems to be that General Uhrich acted with extreme kindness when he could show kindness. When the Swiss delegates proposed to take charge of all persons who, with the leave of Werder, he might send out of the city, he most willingly received the proposition. "The work you have undertaken, gentlemen," he said, "is so honorable that it insures for you the eternal gratitude of the whole population of this city. I cannot find words to express my appreciation of your noble and generous initiative." General Uhrich himself accompanied the party to some distance beyond the gates. It was necessary to pull down a barricade which the Prussians had erected, and General Uhrich was asked whether he would give till twelve o'clock—it was then eleven—to build it up again. "Certainly," said General Uhrich. "I promise that they shall not be interfered with before one." It is quite a mistake to suppose that he refused to give the soldiers notice of the bombardment. On the 10th of August he announced, in replies to summons about a surrender, that Strasburg had four hundred cannon and eleven thousand men, besides the Garde Nationale Sédentaire, and would hold out as long as a soldier, a biscuit, or a cartridge remained. On the very next day he gave notice how to quench fire in the case of a bombardment. The day afterwards the bombardment commenced. The Swiss delegates reported that he took little interest in events outside the city, and his despatches soon indicated his feeling of the hopelessness of resistance. The fire was more severe than the *feu d'enfer* at Sebastopol. He has also been on good terms with the citizens. At their request he supported the mayor, whom the Provisional Government sought to displace, in his tenure of office. The Municipal Council, which met daily, did not trouble General Uhrich with complaints, which would only be like foam on granite, but co-operated with him on measures for the preservation of the city. It suffered greatly, but it suffered as every great city is liable to suffer when with inhumanity and ill policy it is converted into a fortress.

The siege of Strasburg has been a regu-

lar siege in a way in which no battle of the campaign has been a regular battle. It is just 189 years ago, even to the selfsame day, between the time when Strasburg was seized by Louis Quatorze in defiance of every principle of international law, and its recovery by the Germans. When England harried Scotland and fought bloody fields that a marriage should unite the two crowns, it was said in Scotland that they disliked not the match but they disliked the manner of wooing. The German element at Strasburg must have disliked a brotherly reconciliation with Germany by the fraternal method of a bombardment. King William did not stop that bombardment one whit too soon. The church, with its world-known library, has been utterly destroyed, but, thank God, the cathedral still survives. Perhaps the greatest deed of retributive and poetic justice which this age has seen has been brought to pass by the restoration of Strasburg to Germany. 'This need not blind us to the heroic character of Uhrich's defence. He defended the city to the last point to which it could be defended, and at this point he paused. When the breach was effected he yielded. The siege did not pass to that extremity which the old world knew of in Platea and Saguntum, and the modern world in Badajos and San Sebastian. General Uhrich would probably have persevered to the last soldier, cartridge, and biscuit. But the troops were utterly demoralized—the remnant of Worth—in many respects the very scum of the service, as their dastardly conduct after the surrender showed. It will probably be considered that the crowning merit of General Uhrich was that he was able to compel such soldiers to perform such services for many weeks of an investment by a vastly superior force. At the last it was evident that they would not man the ramparts or face an assault. Such conduct amply vindicates the severest criticisms of Trochu. Yet we cannot regret that by their misconduct a useless massacre has been prevented and that the German city has been preserved for Germany. Enough had been done for glory and enough for France. Enough of chaplets had been rained upon the statue of Strasburg. An imperishable glory belongs to the brave veteran who defended her, and who was not afraid of yielding at the right time, and who retires

for the space of his remaining years amid the admiration of Europe. It was well that his valiant opponent in arms should publicly embrace him. It was well that a grateful government should publicly thank

him at the headquarters of the nation. Such events shed a mild radiance, mitigating the lurid light of battle, and relieve the monotony of murder with gleams of generosity and chivalry.

Chambers's Journal.

PINS.

THE pin, unpoetical trifle as it is, points the climax of one of Shakspeare's finest and most pathetic speeches :—

Within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps Death his court; and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchize, be feared, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit—
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable; and humored thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and—farewell king!

Curiously enough, the poet's mouth-piece is that melancholy specimen of English kings, the Second Richard, whose queen, besides teaching English ladies how to ride in a seemly unmanly fashion, introduced pins to their toilet-tables. "Queen Anne," says Miss Strickland, "made some atonement for importing this hideous fashion (horned caps), by introducing the use of pins, such as are used at our present toilets. Our chroniclers declare that, previously to her arrival in England, the English fair fastened their robes with skewers—a great misrepresentation, for even as early as the Roman Empire the use of pins was known; and British barrows have been opened wherein were found numbers of very neat and efficient little ivory pins, which had been used in arranging the grave-clothes of the dead; and can these irreverent chroniclers suppose that English ladies used worse fastenings for their robes in the fourteenth century?" Our lady historian is righteously indignant. Pins of some sort must have been in vogue long before the days of Anne of Bohemia, or pin-makers could scarcely have been in existence; and we find that two "pynners" were elected to the Common Council of the City of London in the fiftieth year of Edward III.'s reign. The ordinances of the Pinners appear too in the civic compilation called the *White Book*, but unfor-

tunately we cannot gather any information from them regarding the wares in which the Pinners dealt: they were probably pins of ivory, bone, and wood, for we should suppose the gold and silver pins ornamented with precious stones used by great folks and the higher ecclesiastics were rather the productions of the jewellers and goldsmiths.

Among the privy expenses of Elizabeth of York, afterwards married to Henry VII., we find, under date of 1502 :—

Paid John Belly for 300 pins for the queen's letter at 4d. the 100.....	12d.
Item for Pin Powder.....	12d.

The brass wire pins are generally said to have been imported from France, but from the fact that sundry complaints were made from time to time against divers Flemish merchants for bringing in pins from the Netherlands, we are inclined to believe that the pin, like the thimble, was a Dutch invention. Be this as it may, the English Pinners soon took to the manufacture, and upon their engaging to keep the public well supplied at reasonable prices, an act of Parliament was passed in 1542, forbidding the sale of any sort of pins, excepting "onlie suche as shalbe double-headed, and have the heades sodered faste to the shanke of the pyne well smethed, the shanke well shaven, the pointe well and rounde fyled, canted, and sharped." The English pinmakers, however, proved unable or unwilling to keep their part of the bargain, and complaints were so loudly made that His Majesty's lieges were not competently served, nor were likely to be, that in 1545 the act was declared "frustrate and nichillated, and to be repealed forever."

By this time they were in such common use that

If she were never so foul a dowdy, with her kelles
and her pins,
The shrew herself could shroud both her chekye
and her chins,

while they were cheap enough to be accepted as representative of infinitesimal value. Hamlet declares he does not set his life at a pin's fee; Lucio, urging on the pleading Isabella, says :—

If you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it ;
and that much troubled lady, reproaching her unworthy brother, tells him :—

O, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Old Tusser rhymes :—

His fetch is to flatter, to get what he can ;
His purpose once gotten, a pin for thee then.

And the phrase, "I don't care a pin," is at least as old as Spenser :—

Soon after comes the cruel Saracen,
And sternly looks at him, who not a pin
Does care for look of living creature's eye.

Pins and poking-sticks figure among the wares of the merry rogue Autolycus ; and the lover in the old ballad says :—

One time I gave thee a paper of pins,
Another time a tawdry lace ;
And if thou wilt not grant me love,
In truth I'll die before thy face ;

showing that a present of pins had come down from being an acceptable New-year's offering to noble dames, to be the ordinary fairing of a country lover to his low-born lass.

Pearl-headed pins were fashionable at the beginning of the seventeenth century, and among the goods and chattels of Lettice, Countess of Leicester, were inventoried silver pins, blue pins, and "many thousand pins."

In 1614, the London pinmakers, desiring to obtain a charter of incorporation, promised Sir Ralph Winwood four thousand pounds, or a moiety of the profits on the commerce in pins, if he would use his influence in their behalf ; and two years later, they got their charter confirmed, securing the sole pre-emption of foreign pins, which were forbidden to be landed at any port but that of London. At this time they were associated with the Wiremakers and Girdlers (makers of girdles or belts), but in 1631 were, at their own desire, separated from them. In 1635, upon the renewal of their privileges by Charles I., the Pinners cove-

nanted to pay His Majesty five hundred pounds a year forever ; which Charles disposed of by giving it as a pension to his queen. Charles II. confirmed this charter upon regaining the throne, and subsequently entered into a curious contract with the Pinners, by which he bound himself to raise twenty thousand pounds to provide a stock of wire, and to take all the pins they made at prices fixed by the Lord Treasurer ; the Pinners, on their part, undertaking to deliver seventy thousand pounds' weight of ordnance half-yearly to the Master of the Ordnance (receiving ten thousand pounds at expiration of the contract), and to pay five hundred a year to Sir Edward Butter, and a fifth of that amount to Sir William Killigrew—that couple of gentlemen making a nice thing out of what Killigrew called "the pin business."

From the custom of husbands, in the days when pins were precious things, allowing their wives so much money for their purchase, sprang the term "pin-money," afterwards applied to the income settled upon a woman on her marriage for her own proper use. Addison did not approve of pin-money. He says : "In proportion as a woman is more or less beautiful, and her husband advanced in years, she stands in need of a greater or less number of pins, and upon a treaty of marriage, rises and falls in her demands accordingly ;" and then goes on to ask, what would a foreigner think of a lover giving up his mistress because he was unwilling to keep her in pins ? "But what would he think if he were informed that she asked five or six hundred pounds a year for this use ? What a prodigal consumption of pins he would suppose takes place in this island." After expressing the wish that the allowance had been called needle-money, so as to have implied "something of good housewifery, and not have given the malicious world occasion to think that dress and trifles have always the uppermost place in a woman's thoughts," he declares that she is penny wise and pound foolish who will trust her person to one upon whom she would not rely for the common necessities of life, and finishes up with the suggestion, that every owner of an estate should mark out so many acres of it to be devoted to his wife's use, and called "The Pins."

We have modern poetical authority that once,

Upon Saint Agnes' Eve
Young virgins might have visions of delight,
And soft adorings from their loves receive
Upon the honeyed middle of the night,
If ceremonies due they did aright ;

one of these ceremonies being the taking of a row of pins, and pulling them out one by one while repeating a paternoster. Then, by sticking a pin in his or her sleeve, the prying, love-sick damsel or youth might insure sweet dreams of a dear companion for life. Near most Cornish wells, says Mr. Haslam, pins may be collected by handfuls ; but these pin-wells into which passers-by drop a pin as they go, in order to propitiate the fairy of the waters, are not confined to the county of Tre, Pol, and Pen, but are found in several parts of England. At a holy well in Wales, dedicated of old time to the Virgin Mary, and supposed to be under her especial guardianship, it is customary to throw in a crooked pin, in the belief that if the dropper possesses faith, all the other pins within the well may be seen rising from the depth profound to greet and welcome the new-comer.

Kitty Hudson of Nottingham, who was employed when very young in cleaning the aisles and pews of the church, used to store all the pins she picked up in her mouth—a fellow-servant giving her some sweet stuff whenever she brought her a mouthful of pins. She got so used to having her mouth full of them, that at length she could neither eat, drink, nor sleep without them ; and before her friends became aware of Kitty's extraordinary mania, her double teeth had granulated away almost to the gums. At last sleep refused to be bribed by any number of pins, her limbs became numb, and the pin-swallower was taken into Nottingham Hospital, where she had to undergo a series of operations, even to the cutting away of her breasts, resulting in the extraction of a great number of pins and needles from various parts of her body. While in hospital, Kitty contrived to make the acquaintance of a male patient, and when she was discharged, married him, and lived to bear seventeen children.

Birmingham, into which the trade was introduced about a hundred years ago, is now the headquarters of the pin-manufac-

ture. Then a single pin passed through fourteen pairs of hands in the operations of straightening the wire, pointing, cutting into pin lengths, twisting wire for heads, cutting heads, annealing heads, stamping heads, cleaning pins, whitening, washing, drying and polishing, winnowing, paper-pricking, and finally papering up. Adam Smith, arguing on the advantages of the division of labor, can find no better illustration than that afforded in the making of a pin. "Not only the whole work is a peculiar trade, but it is divided into a number of branches, of which the greater part are likewise peculiar trades. One man draws out the wire, another straightens it, a third cuts it, a fourth points it, a fifth grinds it at the top for receiving the head ; to make the head requires two or three distinct operations ; to put it on is a peculiar business, to whiten the pin is another ; it is even a trade by itself to put them into the papers ; and the important business of making a pin is, in this manner, divided into about eighteen distinct operations, which in some manufactories are all performed by distinct hands, though in others the same man will sometimes perform two or three of them. I have seen a small manufactory of this kind, where ten men only were employed, and where some of them consequently performed two or three distinct operations. But though they were poor, and therefore but indifferently accommodated with the necessary machinery, they could, when they exerted themselves, make among them about twelve pounds of pins in a day. There are in a pound upwards of four thousand of a middling size. Those ten persons, therefore, could make among them upwards of forty-eight thousand pins in a day."

Adam Smith would now have to seek elsewhere for illustrations of the benefit of division of labor, thanks to the American Wright, who brought out, in 1824, a machine producing a perfect pin during the revolution of a single wheel. This machine, improved in many ways, is that employed at the largest pin-factory in Birmingham at the present day.

Pin papers are generally marked by means of a moulded piece of wood, the moulds corresponding to those portions representing the small folds through which the pins are passed and held. The paperer, usually a girl, gathers two of the

folds of the paper together, and places them—a small portion projecting—between the jaws of a vice, having grooves channelled in them, to serve as a guide for the placing of the pins. When filled, the paper is released, and held so that the light strikes upon it, when the eye at once

detects every defective pin, and the ready hand removes it. One house consumes three tons of brass wire per week in producing these ever-wasted utilities, the consumption of which in England alone is calculated at fifteen millions per day.

Temple Bar.

ALFRED DE MUSSET.

"DURING the wars of the Empire, while their husbands were in Germany, the anxious wives brought into the world a generation ardent, pale, and nervous. . . . From time to time their blood-stained fathers appeared, pressed them to breasts bedizened with gold, then placed them down, and once more mounted their horses. . . .

"After the fall of the Emperor, these men, who had gone through so many battles, embraced their wives, grown thin with anxiety, and spoke of their youthful love. They looked at themselves in the fountains of their native town, and when they saw how old they were, how battered by the wars, they asked for their sons to close their eyes. The boys came back from school, and in their turn asked for their fathers, seeing no sabres, no cuirasses, no infantry, no cavalry. They were told that the war was over, that Cæsar was dead, that in the antechambers of the consulates were hung up the portraits of Wellington and Blücher, with the words, *Salvatoribus mundi* !

"Then on a world in ruins sat down a youth full of thought.

"For fifteen years they had dreamed of the Moscow snows and the suns of Egypt. . . . They looked abroad upon the earth—the sky, the streets, the roads—but all was empty, and in the distance sounded only the bells of the parish church.

"On his throne was the King of France, looking here and there to see if a single bee was left in the tapestry: some held out their hats to him, and he gave them money; others showed him a crucifix, which he kissed . . . ; others pointed to their old mantles, from which the bees were carefully taken out, and he gave them new ones.

"The children looked on all this, thinking always to see the shade of Cæsar disembark at Cannes; but silence continued,

and nothing floated in the sky but the paleness of the lilies.

"When the boys spoke of glory, they said: 'Make yourselves priests.' When they spoke of ambition: 'Make yourselves priests.' When of hope, of love, of strength, of life: 'Make yourselves priests.' . . .

"Three elements then divided the life which offered itself to the young: behind them, a past forever destroyed, still moving on its ruins, with all the fossils of the ages of absolutism; before them, the aurora of an immense horizon, the first bright rays of the future; and between these two . . . something similar to the ocean which divides the Old Continent from the Young America—a surging sea, full of shipwrecks, traversed from time to time by a distant sail . . . the present age, indeed, which separates the past from the future, which is neither one nor the other, but resembles both, and where one does not know, at each step, whether one is stepping on a seed of the future or a ruin of the past.

"Remained the present, the spirit of the age, and of the twilight which is neither day nor night: they found it seated on a bag of lime full of bones, wrapped in the mantle of selfishness, and shivering with mortal cold.

"This is what the soul said:

"'Alas! religion disappears: the clouds of the sky dissolve in rain: we have no longer any hope in any arm—not even two pieces of black wood for a cross at which to pray. The star of the future is hardly yet rising—it cannot leave the horizon; like the winter sun, its disk appears with a stain of blood, which it has kept since '93. There is no longer any glory; there is no longer any love. Heavy is the darkness on the earth.

And before the day dawns, we shall be dead!"

"And then the body spoke:

"Man is born to make use of his senses: he has certain pieces, more or less, of yellow metal, by means of which he gains more or less respect. To eat, to drink, to sleep, is life. As for the ties which exist between men, friendship consists in lending money—it is rare to have a friend for whom one can go so far; and kinship is useful for inheritance; love is an exercise of the body: the only intellectual enjoyment is vanity!"

"The rich said: 'There is nothing real but money; let us enjoy and die!' Those of moderate fortune said: 'There is nothing true but forgetfulness; all the rest is a dream. Let us forget and die!' And the poor said: 'There is nothing real but misfortune: all the rest is a dream. Let us blaspheme and die!'

"All the misery of the present century comes from two causes: the people who have passed through '93 and '14, bear two wounds in their hearts. All which was, is no more: all which will be, is not yet!"

Under these influences, detailed, it is true, with a poet's vehemence and exaggeration, grew up Alfred de Musset, the writer of the words above. It is the story of his own youth. There can be no doubt that he presents a faithful picture, though highly colored, of the profound impression produced in his generation by the crash of the Empire. After glory had been the dream of France for a quarter of a century, they were taught that it was an unreal and a foolish dream; as they arrived at the age when ambition, love, and honor spur on the soul to noble aims, they found a cold system of repression, with the hated Jesuits barring every avenue. In their homes they learned the story of the Empire; in the papers of the day they saw what France was. They fell back, disheartened, upon themselves; infidelity, of the most pronounced type, became the fashion. "In the Colleges," says De Musset, "were heard conversations among the boys which would have startled Voltaire. Nothing sacred was spared, not even the holy Mystery of the Eucharist." Pleasure became the only good; money to purchase pleasure, the only object.

With the Revolution of 1830, however, came a new lease of life and hope, and France, after fifteen years of sullen silence, awoke again.

Alfred de Musset, the son of the well-known writer (Musset Pathay), and the brother of another, Paul de Musset, was born in 1810. He distinguished himself at the Collège de Charlemagne by distancing his competitors; but on leaving the college he found himself irresistibly drawn to literature, to which he gave himself up with an ardor which never left him. Whatever else he was in his life, he was always an artist. He belonged, at first, to a small set of poets called, blasphemously enough, the *Cénacle* (*Cenaculum*). Among them he wrote his *Contes d'Espagne et d'Italie*, which was published before he was twenty. No one has ever disputed the poetic merits of this volume; but it contains the gravest faults both of style and morality. Nothing is worthy of respect—nothing of admiration; there are no bounds to passion; no laws of self-restraint; none of religion.

The influence of Byron is very clearly marked in these earlier poems, which have a kind of tumultuous splendor about them; they record stories of man's passion and woman's infidelity; they are written, says Sainte-Beuve, "with more than man's audacity, and with the effrontery of a page. It is Cherubin at a *bal masqué*, playing at Don Juan." In point of fact, the experience of the young poet was far below his command of verse; he uses language more than adequate to the deepest and strongest passions of manhood to express the calf-love of a boy. Among the pieces, however, is the quaint ballad to the Moon, which alone was sufficient to attract attention. And when the volume was published, Alfred de Musset could be nothing but a poet. His career was settled. He was one more added to the list of marvellous boys from whom the world expects so much.

There are few incidents in his life; but his character, and the kind of life he led, may be well made out from his writings. Thus, the *Confession d'un Enfant du Siècle*, from which the first long extract was made, gives us the story of a young man of genius and fortune, of keen and artistic susceptibilities, who, born under the influences we have described, leads at first a life of mere thoughtless pleasures.

In his mistress he thinks he possesses an angel. Filled with this belief, he lets the days go by in a kind of Fool's Paradise of delight, which is rudely disturbed by the discovery of her infidelity. His idol shattered, his dream dispelled, there seems at first nothing left to live for, and he sinks into mere despair. From this he is rescued by his friend Desgenais, a cynic of the coldest kind, who lectures him on the folly of looking for any virtue, or any honor, and persuades him to seek forgetfulness in dissipation and debauchery. The death of his father forces him to go into the country. Here he forms the acquaintance of a Madame Brigitte Pierson, living the life of a sister of charity in the village. He becomes intimate with her: he relates all his history, concealing nothing. She, religious as she is, seems to find little to reprehend in his confession, and comforts him with hope. Presently, after a book of the most tender pastoral beauty, filled with the charm which only St. Pierre had ever known before how to pour over his writings—a sort of atmosphere of calm and peace, in which love, like a flower, easily grows and gradually unfolds its leaves—the expected result arrives, and in the arms of Madame Pierson the *Enfant du Siècle* seeks again the jewel he has thrown away—the freshness and sweetness of pure love. With a cynicism which one hardly expects, the writer makes Brigitte a *rosière*—the maiden who has won the rose of virtue. And here the book should, artistically, have ended.

As there can be no doubt that in writing the introduction to this book, De Musset attempted to describe the influences of his own childhood, so there can be none that in the scenes of Parisian life, so minutely drawn, so true that they must have been copied, not imagined, he described his own life during the first two or three years of his early manhood. In the part that follows—the *liaison* with Madame Pierson—we have an account written from his own point of view—an honorable and chivalrous one—in which he takes to himself all the blame of his celebrated relations with George Sand.

It is impossible to speak of Alfred de Musset without dwelling upon this connection, which would, were it not for its influence not only on his life but on his works, properly belong to the *Chronique Scandaleuse*. It was of short duration, not

lasting more than a twelvemonth in all. Their acquaintance began in 1832. In the winter of 1833–34 they went together to Italy; here, after six months of travel, Alfred had a violent attack of cerebral fever, which nearly lost him his life. His companion nursed him through his illness, and then, immediately after his recovery, they parted, and Alfred came back to France alone. Rumor was of course busy with inventing reasons why they quarrelled, but for a time neither spoke. In the same year, however, there appeared in the *Lettres d'un Voyageur* of George Sand, published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, a highly-colored and imaginative portrait, to which we shall presently recur, of the poet. Two years later came out De Musset's *Confession d'un Enfant du Siècle*, which, under feigned names and other situations, gave an account, most generous and even noble, of the wrongs inflicted by the poet himself. Thirteen years later, when he was dead, George Sand published her celebrated romance of *Elle et Lui*, and this was followed, almost immediately, by Paul de Musset's *Lui et Elle*. Never was an *amour* treated with so much detail, and discussed from so many points of view. The two actors having had their say, a third person gives an account, as he says, from authentic sources, and the result is an insight into the character of both Alfred de Musset and George Sand which is extremely valuable. It is because the portrait of the poet can be drawn from these papers, and because the affair made so profound and lasting an impression on him, that we must notice an episode, in itself, judged from an English point of view, discreditable, which yet was the only time in his life when the influence of a mind as high as, or even higher than, his own, was brought to bear upon him. In the *Confession*, Brigitte Pierson comes upon the poet's life like a ministering angel. She brings him consolation and hope; she soothes a spirit troubled with turbid memories; she draws out a genius which else might have slumbered; she bears with the poet's wayward fancies; she follows his humors; she endures his petulance; she forgives his faults. Not only this: when she discovers that pity, more than love, is actuating her, she resolves to sacrifice her life to him, and, while she loves another, never to desist from her patient sufferance

of all that he makes her endure while life remains. In that part of the work where their early friendship grows, she is the poet's dream of what a woman may be; in the latter part, she represents the image left on the poet's heart of what George Sand *was* to him. And, in discussing his own conduct, he spares himself in nothing: he shows how suspicion and jealousy clouded his brain; in the tenderest moments of their love, there rises between him and his mistress the spectral remembrance of those love-mockeries of Paris. He hates himself for the past, because it spoils his present; he despises himself for the present, because in his selfish passion he makes its object suffer. Finally, when he resolves to go, when he tears away the chains that have become part of his own flesh, and sees Brigitte depart, with her real love, he thanks God that of three beings who have suffered through his faults only one remains unhappy.

Elle et Lui is written entirely from the woman's point of view. There is none of that chivalrous self-sacrifice which made Alfred take to himself the whole blame; she deliberately makes him the guilty one, the first to break the bonds; he is represented, as doubtless he was, irritable, full of fancies, wayward, capricious; one day he would rage at her like a hurricane, and the next, forgetful of the things he had said, would overwhelm her with caresses. He would stay away for days and nights, and return moody, silent, and peevish; he took umbrage at a word, a gesture, a look; he interpreted everything according to his present mood; he was more changeable than an April day, more unstable than the ocean. Only, even while the writer is as it were exculpating herself by pouring reproach on her poor dead lover, we catch glimpses of her own character, which would seem almost to justify the savage attack made upon her by Paul de Musset. She, too, is jealous; she, too, takes umbrage at a look or a gesture; she, as well as her lover, is capricious; she, almost at a word from him, transfers her affections to another; and when she first parts from Alfred, it is to marry her American. The truth appears to be that these two sensitive natures, both seeking what neither could give—repose for the soul—acted as a constant irritant one upon the other; the few months they spent together was a time of perpetual torment, allayed by an

ever renewed hope that, some day, would dawn the hour of rest and perfect confidence. Two artists, they studied each other, and it irritated both to be made the object of study. George Sand became Brigitte Pierson in her lover's book. He became Laurent de Fauvel in hers. The man's generosity is superior to the woman's. Laurent is a contemptible, melodramatic self-tormentor; he stamps, and raves, and shouts, without any cause at all; while his mistress is intended to be a saint, but is in reality the most odious of creatures. Brigitte Pierson, on the other hand, is a perfectly human, and sometimes lovable creature, and had Alfred met with her, their tour in Italy would certainly have been prolonged.

Paul de Musset's book, *Lui et Elle*, is simply an attack on George Sand. It paints her throughout in colors too strong to be reproduced here. The curious in the matter may read it. Doubtless, many of the incidents are true; but it only proves what might have been gathered from the other two books, that the *ménage* of Mr. and Mrs. Naggleton would be a heaven of peace and comfort, compared with that of this ill-assorted pair.

There are points of singular resemblance between the *Confessions* and *Elle et Lui*, which are yet not due to the resemblance of the story so much, as to the similarity of the impression produced by their union on two acutely sensitive minds. We have not space here to pick out these. One only may be mentioned, the curious night scene in the forest. The lovers wander and lose their way, in both books. They resolve to pass the night where they find themselves. But the man, in telling the story, remembers only his mistress's words of consolation and love, and how, with tears, they prayed together at a stone, under the calm light of the stars. "Dieu merci," he says, "depuis cette soirée, nous ne sommes jamais retournés à cette roche; c'est un autel qui est resté pur; c'est un des seuls spectres de ma vie qui soit encore vêtu de blanc lorsqu'il passe devant mes yeux." But the inexorable George tells a different story. In her we read how her love left her to wander alone, a prey to evil thoughts: how he was found, almost mad with fear and horror, because he had seen the Spectre of a man bent down with vices, staggering with drunkenness, pass out of the wood and come to

wards him, and how he looked in his face and saw—himself; and how the rest of the long night she followed him, with aching limbs, while he rushed from path to path, to escape the memory of what he had seen. Surely the former is the kindlier story, and were the latter true, which one does not believe, it would better have become the writer to hide a thing which she alone knew of. But Alfred's story is the true one: witness his sweet and touching lines, written on revisiting the forest. Could these have been penned had his memory of the night been the ghastly scene depicted by his mistress?

I thought to suffer, but I hoped to weep,
Daring once more this sacred wood to see:
For here a buried memory lies asleep—
O tomb most dear to me!

Let him pour forth regret, and sigh, and tear,
Who kneels and prays beside a dead friend's
tomb:
Within this forest all is life; and here
No graveyard flowers bloom.

Behold through yonder glade the gleaming moon:
Trembles, fair Queen of Night, thy first faint
ray:

Yet see, how from the darkness rising soon,
She drives the clouds away.

And now the earth, still wet with recent rain,
To meet thee forth her freshest perfumes shakes:
So deep within my softened heart again,
Calm—pure—my old love wakes.

Where are they then—life's sad and troubled
dreams?

All that has made me old seems past and o'er,
And, only gazing on this vale, it seems
I am a child once more.

Oh! Time—oh! lightly flowing years—you bear
Our load of fallen hopes and shattered powers:
Yet moved with touch of pity, still you spare
Our dead and faded flowers.

Or see what George Sand wrote of him herself, but one year after their separation (*Lettres d'un Voyageur; Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1834), and compare it with his portrait in *Elle et Lui*. It is written in that vague exaltation of style which is so common with the author:—

The power of your soul was wearisome: your thoughts were too vast: your desires too boundless: your weak shoulders bent under the weight of your genius. You sought in the unsatisfying pleasures of the world forgetfulness of those dreams not to be realized, of which you had glimpses from afar. But when fatigue had crushed the body, the

soul awakened again more active, with a thirst more ardent. You left the arms of your mistresses to sigh before the virgins of Raphael.

In vain you abjured the cult of virtue: you, who would have been the fairest of her young Levites; who would have ministered at her altars, singing her most holy chants on a golden lyre; and her white robe of modesty would have clothed your frail body with a sweeter grace than the cap and bells of folly.

You forgot your own greatness . . . you threw *pêle-mêle* into the abyss all the gems of the crown that God had placed on your brow, the strength, the beauty, the genius, and even the innocence of your age.

Meanwhile you pursued your own songs, sublime and *bizarre*, now cynical and fiery, like an ode of antiquity, now chaste and sweet, like the prayer of a child. Lying on roses of the earth, you dreamed of those roses of Eden which never wither, and while breathing the ephemeral perfume of pleasure, you spoke of that eternal incense which the angels offer at the steps of the throne of God. You had breathed it, this incense? You had gathered them, these eternal roses? Had you, then, preserved from the land of the poets vague and delicious memories which prevented you from being satisfied with the vain pleasures of this world?

The literary life of Alfred de Musset is divided in two by this episode. It severed him from his old style; it gave birth to his new. Risen from those low levels, where, as George Sand says, he lay on earthly roses and dreamed of heavenly ones, he abandoned forever the lurid splendors which had once lit up his poetry and showed the depths of his moral degradation. Two poems, of his earlier style, stand out pre-eminent, not only from the rest of his works, but also from the literature of the day. In sweetness of expression, and in power, *Rolla* and *Namouna*, especially the former, stand unrivalled. *Rolla* is a tale which may be read, but can hardly be told. The hero gives himself three years of life; three years, that is, which his money will last him. At the end of that time he will commit suicide. The last night comes—the last morning. He tells his companion that he has to kill himself—because there is no more money. And then Marie—poor, lost Marie!—Marie of only fifteen years, who is not guilty because innocence was impossible for her,

whom the poet paints in verse as charming as anything in Byron—this rosebud growing on a dunghill—offers—but read the lines themselves:—

“Ruiné? ruiné? vous n’avez pas de mère?
Pas d’amis? de parents? personne sur la terre?
Vous voulez-vous tuer? pourquoi vous tuez-vous?”
Elle se retourna sur le bord de sa couche.
Jamais son doux regard n’avait été si doux.
Deux ou trois questions flottèrent dans sa bouche:
Mais, n’osant pas les faire, elle s’en vint poser
Sa tête sur la sienne et lui prit un baiser.
“Je voudrais pourtant vous à faire une demande,”
Murmura-t-elle enfin; “moi, je n’ai pas d’argent.
Et sitôt que j’en ai ma mère me le prend,
Mais j’ai mon collier d’or, veux-tu que je le vende?
Tu prendras ce qu’il vaut, et tu l’iras jouer.”
Rolla lui répondit par un léger sourire,
Il prit un flacon noir qu’il vida sans rien dire.
Puis se penchant sur elle, il baisa son collier.
Quand elle souleva sa tête appesantie,
Ce n’était déjà plus qu’un être inanimé.
Dans ce chaste baiser son ami était partie,
Et pendant un moment, tous deux avaient aimé.

Love comes in death—but what a love!
And the last thoughts of the ruined libertine
are softened by a girl’s self-sacrifice.

Alfred de Musset, like his own Don Juan of Namouna, sought at first an ideal love which could not be found. He wandered—

Asking the forest, ocean, lake, and plain;
The morning breezes always—everywhere—
The mistress of his soul: his hope: his prayer.
Taking for bride a dream, unreal and vain,
Searching a human hecatomb to gain
His God, if only he might find it there.

George Sand taught him what human love might be, if not what it was. The knowledge saddened, but sobered him. Henceforth his verse is grave and subdued, and the early extravagances disappear. George Sand, too, gave him a certain elevation of thought, which was wanting in him at first, and the four pieces entitled *La Nuit de Mai*,—*d’Août*,—*d’Octobre*,—*de Décembre*, show his genius at the highest point it ever reached. They represent his soul at rest; they are sad, but resigned; open, almost as much as Wordsworth, to the influences of Nature; he fills these poems with the air of the season, while he sits in the night and listens to the voice of his Muse.

She reproaches him with his apathy (*La Nuit d’Août*). Why is her poet silent?
To which he makes reply:—

To night, as through the fields I passed,
I saw a hedge-flower on the way;
A wild brier blossom fading fast,
And soon to fall; beside it lay

A young bud trembling on the bough—
I watched the petals bursting through,
The young flower is the fairer now,
So man is; new, and ever new.

“Alas!” says his muse; “always a man: I always tears: always struggles. . . My beloved, thou art no more a poet. Life is wasted in an inconstant dream, and woman’s love changes and dissipates into tears the treasures of thy soul.”

Returns the poet:—

Down in the valley as I stood,
I marked how, high above her nest,
A bird was singing, but her brood
Lay dead in an eternal rest.
And yet she sang to greet the morn.
Then weep no more, my muse; for so
God still remains, all else forlorn,
Our God above—our hope below.

It is next to impossible, without giving the whole poem, to convey any adequate idea either of its thought or of its beauty. There is the double source of inspiration: the poet, on the one hand, saddened with his memories; his muse, on the other, filling him with new impulses, opening his heart to the influences of Nature, and urging him to fresh effort. The contest is between the certain past and the possible future: one-half of his soul speaks to the other half: the voice of hope remonstrates with the voice of sorrow; and while we read the lines the air is resonant with the music of his thought. There is a certain defect in all this retrospective verse, that the effect sometimes produced by it is as of an unreality, a theatrical *pose*. This is, perhaps, partly caused by the foolish illustrations in bad editions, where we always see a youth with clenched fist and hand clasped to his brow, urged on by an excessively plain female in white, who seems to suggest an elopement through the clouds. Such verse as De Musset’s should remain entirely in the imagination: every effort—even the best—to personify, to embody a mood of thought, is fatal to the poem; it becomes at once unreal, exaggerated, *banale*.

In the four “Nights” Alfred de Musset, then only twenty six, reached his highest point. He was a flower that blossomed early. The poet of youth, his verse has no manhood, and after the production of these pieces he never reached quite the same level. At thirty years of age Heine said of him that he was a young man “d’un

bien beau passé," a cruel *mot*, which yet was true. He was only thirty when he wrote to a friend :—

J'ai perdu ma force et ma vie
Et mes amis et ma gaieté :
J'ai perdu jusqu'à la fierté,
Qui faisait croire à mon génie.

He did not desire, he said, to live beyond the age of Raphael and Mozart. Death, however, does not always come to those who pray for it. Alfred de Musset lived till the year 1857, when he died suddenly of heart disease at forty-seven years old. There is nothing to say about his life but what has been said. He lived: he loved: he wrote: he grew prematurely old: he died. This is his history. He was received into the French Academy in 1852, and he held for many years, interrupted by the Revolution of 1848, the post of librarian to the Minister of the Interior. His portraits show a face of singular beauty: the features cold and clear cut, the forehead high, narrow, and rather receding—the forehead which belongs rather to the imaginative than to the reflective faculty—the forehead of feeling rather than of strength.

His name has been lately a good deal in men's mouths in consequence of the revival of his *Rhin Allemand*. This little piece, of course quite fugitive, written in half an hour, in questionable taste, and as an impromptu answer to Becker's poem, is not to be considered as at all illustrating De Musset's style, which has, at least, nothing of bravado or braggadocio.

But he has other claims upon us. He was not only a poet: he was also a novelist and a dramatic author. His novels, over the most important of which we have already lingered long enough, have obtained some admirers. For our own part, we can only find one, the *Confession d'un Enfant du Siècle*, worthy of special admiration.

The others, which are not without grace, but which appear to us to have been greatly overrated, are chiefly of Parisian life, of grisettes, of young students, of passing *amourettes*, and the like, skimming lightly enough over the surface of things, but all containing passages of that refinement peculiar to French novelists, and especially to De Musset, in which, by a single touch, he seems to convey what would take us a page of explanation and illustration. Is it that the Frenchman trusts more to

the intelligence of *his* readers, and that we believe in the stupidity of ours? Very marked, too, in De Musset's heroes is a kind of *selfishness* quite unlike the British type, which comes possibly from his desire, common to all his countrymen, to represent his characters as strong and self-reliant. France, like a woman, loves a strong man. The ideal Frenchman is he who stands in the centre of the universe with folded arms, against whom the tempests beat in vain, but for whom the showers fall and the sun shines. And free from religion as was De Musset, he was yet filled with that simple faith which we, children of Puritans, can hardly understand, that the heart may be at any time cleansed with prayer, and that an act of worship such as he and his mistress performed at the rock in the forest—spontaneous, simple, tearful—is worth more than many church services.

It is with real relief that we turn to say just two words on his charming plays. These are, indeed, perfect in their way. Everywhere, except in the theatre, De Musset is theatrical. Everywhere, except on the stage, he poses. Here alone he is simple, unaffected, natural. His stage is the *salon*, and he keeps those grand passions that rend his bosom for his study, as a gentleman should. The *salon* is sacred to society, and De Musset's plays are plays of society. In some of them there is not any plot at all. Thus, in *Il faut qu'une porte soit ouverte ou fermée*, the *dramatis personæ* are two—the Count and the Marquise. There is nothing in the piece, but it is pleasant and amusing. There is hardly a single *point* from beginning to end, but all the talk is good; it is like the pleasant chat of a running call between friends. Here is some of it :—

Count. I don't know when I shall cure myself of my awkwardness. I always forget that your day is Tuesday. Every day that I want to see you it seems Tuesday.

Marg. Have you anything to say?

Count. No . . . but if I had it would be no use, for I suppose you will have your usual swarm of callers in a few minutes. I am horribly out of temper to-day. It is so cold. . . . (*A bell rings.*) There is the first caller. I must go. (*Opens the door.*) It is only a little girl—a *blanchisseuse*, I suppose, or something—

Marg. Something, indeed? It is my bonnet that you call *only* something. Well, then, shut the door. There is a horrible draught.

Count. They say that you are thinking of marrying again . . . and that M. Camus comes here very often—

Marq. Shall I tell you what they say of you? . . . Unfortunately it is too true.

Count. What is it then? You want to frighten me. . . . Explain, madam.

Marq. Not at all—it is your own business.

Count. (Sitting down again.) I entreat you, madam. You are the only person in the world whose opinion has any weight with me.

Marq. One of the persons, you mean, I suppose.

Count. No, madam, I said *the* person.

Marq. Ah! *ciel*. You are going to make a phrase.

Count. Not at all—you laugh at everything; but, sincerely, could it be possible that after knowing you for a year, seeing you every day, made as you are, with your *esprit*, your grace, your beauty—

Marq. But you are making a declaration—

Count. If it were a declaration?

Marq. Well, I am going to a ball this evening, where, I dare say, I shall hear more; but my health does not permit me to hear these things twice a day. *(A ring at the door—Count rises.)*

Count. Another ring. I must run away—*(goes to window)*. No; it is only another little girl. Another bonnet, I suppose.

Marq. Do shut the door. You are freezing me. *(Count sits down again.)*

There is not much in this kind of commonplace, but the piece consists of nothing else. The Count goes on opening the door to go away, and coming back. He renews his declaration; there is a little coquetry; and he gets accepted. Not a single incident of any kind: no comic business—nothing but a morning call, prolonged by bad weather outside, and a middle-aged gentleman's declaration of love to a widow. It is all as real as one of Mr. Trollope's novels.

De Musset's plays are all good. The *Caprice*—a perfectly delicious little play, with three actors, turning on the faintest cloud of conjugal jealousy, delicate, and perfectly *well-bred*—the *Chandelier*, and *On ne badine pas avec l'Amour*—are perhaps the best. The second of these has passages of great power. Falling short of

the highest excellence, to which the poor poet could never reach, they are perfect as examples where delicacy of expression and thought are better than strength of situation.

We English read French poetry so little, give so little heed to the intellectual history of our neighbors, that we hardly know of the ambitions and aims of De Musset and his contemporaries. Nor is there room here to talk of them. They were the successors of the great leaders in the Romantic school. Their revolt against the classical canons, headed by Chateaubriand, by Lamartine, by Victor Hugo, was successful, inasmuch as it poured warmth and life into the cold marble image to which the French had transformed their Muse for more than two hundred years; but, like all else in France, except material prosperity, the progress of this literary movement has been stopped of late years. Alfred de Musset has plenty of imitators, but he has no disciples. He was one of those who would build a house without counting the cost, and he could not carry out his plans when he had laid his foundations. His ideas were greater than his powers: and these were sapped by excesses. Hence an unsatisfied feeling remains after reading him. In youth he is of such magnificent promise; in manhood of such small performance. Rolla, Namouna, Don Paez, form a portico which should have led to a vast and splendid temple; but they stand before a little shrine on which the poet has laid a single, simple offering—the volume of his four “Night” pieces, and half a dozen others. Let those who read him, catch first the charm of the former, and then, remembering what are the key-notes to the history of his life, on which, perhaps, we have dwelt too long, read his novels and his earlier poems. The world, which hoped too much from him, has been disappointed. But there are poems written by him as good as the “Meditations” of Lamartine, and better perhaps than the best things of Victor Hugo.

Intellectual Observer.

TYNDALL ON IMAGINATION IN SCIENCE.

ONE great use of the British Association of Science arises from the opportunities it affords to a few eminent men to ventilate questions that would otherwise find their way very slowly into the mental atmosphere of society. Great thinkers, in all ages and in all countries, have had many ideas in common, but the world has known little about them, either neglecting their opinions, or first misrepresenting and then denouncing them as heretical. A few years ago there was a marked discrepancy between the thoughts freely exhibited in the common intercourse of scientific men in the Metropolis and those which it was prudent to divulge in any social gathering of the ordinary kind; and even now there are circles pretty numerous in great towns, and abundantly traceable in rural districts, where no one would be safe from social persecution who should venture to express a belief in the antiquity of the globe, or the existence of man upon it, before the date which Archbishop Usher and his followers assigned to the creation of Adam, upon what they deemed scriptural grounds. "Society" attempts to decide what its members may think and feel, as well as what they may do, and finds it much more difficult to change the fashion of its mental clothing than to alter the cut of the outward habiliments it wears. Amongst the most daring invaders of old-established quietudes, are Professors Huxley and Tyndall; the one combative by nature, and the other apparently so under compulsion, because he finds prejudice obstinately blockading truth.

At the late gathering of the British Association at Liverpool, Professor Huxley gave his audience a moderately good, or moderately bad, sketch of the spontaneous generation controversy and matters pertaining thereto, arriving at the conclusion, so frequently stated in our pages, that the balance of evidence leads to the belief that all the life we can trace descends from previous life that stood towards it in parental relation. Professor Tyndall tried a more difficult subject; and, if his lecture on "the Scientific Use of the Imagination" will not in all respects bear strict criticism, it is sure to prove highly valuable in the twofold way of stimulating

many to think, and many, who have thought, to communicate their results. An old chieftain, when told by a priest where he was to go if he did not believe as he was commanded, and assured that all his forefathers had gone there before him, replied that he would rather go anywhere with his noble and valiant ancestors than to the best possible place with a parcel of priests and beggars. In fact, under all circumstances, there are men who desire to be in good company, and many will feel able to bear the assaults of bigotry and ignorance in company with Huxley and Tyndall, who might shrink from the ordeal if they had to stand alone.

Professor Tyndall might have treated his subject with a wider grasp and better illustration, both historical and metaphysical; but we must remember his "discourse" took the position of an after-dinner speech, and he had to deal with a subject that could scarcely be considered to promote digestion, and which might seriously disagree with the mental stomachs of many to whom the new (old) truth was offered in the place of wine and dessert. We do not see much wit in describing Goethe's "Theory of Color"—"Farbenlehre" as the Professor, following the original, prefers to call it—and Mr. Bain's "Logic" as "two volumes of poetry;" nor do we imagine that he read much of either during his Alpine tour. He was, however, much struck with Mr. Bain's saying, "The uncertainty where to look for the next opening of discovery brings the pain of conflict and the debility of indecision;" and also with the statement—commonplace enough—that "present knowledge must forge the links of connection between what has been already achieved and what is now required." This last passage describes a process with which imagination has very little to do, and if "organic germs," "molecules," "light," "heat," "comets," and "skies" have to be united by some band of philosophy, the function of scientific imagination differs widely from that step-by-step process by which actual knowledge forges a link from what it knows towards that which it would add to its store. Shakespeare, in a well-known passage, makes "imagination body forth

the forms of things unknown," and tells us how

"The poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothings
A local habitation and a name."

In this passage Theseus, in whose mouth it is put, describes "the lunatic, the lover, and the poet" as "of imagination all compact;" but he discriminates between the operation of the faculty in each one, and it is the poet's variety of the quality and power that is most akin to that which exists in the philosopher, and which the Professor intended to describe. How and why great men of science have imagined connections between things too apparently remote for step-by-step logic to trace any chain between them, is an inquiry in which the difficulty is commensurate with the interest; but the tendency of the philosopher to bind vast multitudes of facts into symmetrical masses of broad generalization, and the striving of the poet after universal truth, are mental operations closely analogous, if not similar, in kind. We doubt, however, if Professor Tyndall is right in saying that, without imagination, "causal relations would disappear," as immediate or proximate causation can be traced without its aid. As to dislodging the "Soul of Force from the Universe," which he describes as another calamity that would result from loss of the imaginative faculty, we are inclined to think that Imagination may be somewhat sleepy when she bestows upon Force the soul of which he speaks. The faculty of abstraction is no doubt assisted by the imagination when it conceives of force as a distinct entity, and it is often extremely convenient to speak of "forces" without at any particular time being obliged to conjoin to the idea some notion of matter or substance as its substratum or its essence. Some philosophers imagine *force* to be the only real entity and matter phenomenal; others regard the matter as real and the force as its property, resulting from some kind of motion. Scarcely any imagination, and but little more than the power to perceive proximate analogy, is necessary for some of the processes which the Professor has selected as his illustrations. Any one who sees a wave produced by throwing a stone in a pond, can conceive that there may be an air-wave as well as a water-wave produced by a shock

at a particular point, and, when once wave forces are understood, a very small quantity of imagination will imagine a fluid rare enough for those of light.

It may be, and probably is the fact, that all space through which light passes does contain matter in a form so light and so elastic as to allow wave-force to be propagated through it as sound is propagated through air; but when imagination is exercised upon this subject, its function seems to be that of enabling us to conceive some of the (probable) conditions of the process. Are the ether particles in contact, or what is between them? Does the wave force leap from particle to particle across a microscopical gulf, or does matter possess such expansive powers that there are no gulfs, and all interspaces are filled up? Professor Tyndall thinks modern chemists deficient in imagination because they hesitate to believe in the "atoms" of Dalton. He says "Their caution leads them to stop short of the clear, sharp, mechanically intelligible atomic theory enunciated by Dalton, or any form of that theory, and to make the doctrines of multiple proportions their intellectual bourne;" and he goes on to observe that imagination is not satisfied with "a vibratory multiple proportion, or a numerical ratio in a state of oscillation." After reading these passages we must ask, does the Professor understand the matter on which he speaks with such comforting self-assurance? Are all difficulties of chemical or molecular science disposed of by imaginary "atoms," and then taking care to imagine no more? The question of the divisibility of matter is certainly not yet solved, and perhaps never will be solved by mortal minds. The "atom" which many modern chemists do not pin their faith to is explained, so far as relates to its supposed physical characters, with his accustomed clearness, by Dr. Arnott, in his "Elements of Physics," where he tells us "The visible universe is built up of very minute indestructible atoms, called matter, which, by mutual attraction, cohere or cling together in masses of various form and magnitude. The atoms are more or less approximated, according to the repulsion of the quantity of heat amongst them," etc., etc. Professor Tyndall has written admirably and eloquently upon heat as a "mode of motion," and he tells us that where there

is motion something is moved. If he accepts Dr. Arnott's atoms, which are the orthodox article, either they must touch, or there must be space between them. Dr. Arnott fills these spaces with heat; Dr. Tyndall would, we suppose, put ether into them, and this ether, again, will either have atoms or be atomless: if the former, what lies between them; if the latter, are atoms of the indestructible character described by Dr. Arnott? Modern chemists have reasons for doubting the existence of these atoms, belonging to their special science, and we believe their only defender of eminence is Dr. Williamson, whose ideas seem sufficiently obfuscated by fog atoms not to be worth much as relates to this particular subject. It may require what is called a stretch of imagination, or want of the faculty, to be as satisfied with "atoms" as Professor Tyndall professes to be; but other philosophers employing their imagination, cannot stop at particles of matter so hard or so peculiar that they admit of no division or change.

Professor Tyndall makes an amusing appeal to our imagination when he conjectures that the particles which form the sky might all be packed into a snuff-box, or, at least, in a portmanteau, but when he quotes Huxley as an authority for the assertion that precipitated particles of mastic which give an imitation of sky colors in water, could not be $\frac{1}{100,000}$ of an inch in diameter, he relies upon what, to say the least of it, is a very imperfect investigation. What is the difference between solution and the suspension of infinitesimal particles, and what proof is there that not one atom—we use the word in its common sense—of the gum is dissolved. Dropping very dilute mastic varnish into water, in the way he describes, does not produce anything fairly called *turbid*. Turbid water is water disturbed by something which makes it muddy—particles which remain in suspension, and give it a tinge of color, cannot be said to occasion turbidity.

Passing to matters on which we can agree with the learned Professor, we have pleasure in citing his remarks on the distinction between the microscope and the molecular limit, though he has not stated it quite fully. He says, "When, for example, the contents of a cell are described as perfectly homogeneous, as absolutely

structureless, because the microscope fails to distinguish any structure, then I think the microscope begins to play a mischievous part. A little consideration will make it plain to all of you that the microscope can have no place in the real question of germ structure. Distilled water is more perfectly homogeneous than the contents of any possible organic germ. What causes the liquid to cease contracting at 39° Fahr., and to grow bigger until it freezes? It is a structural process of which the microscope can take no note, nor is it likely to do so by any conceivable extension of its powers." As a mere microscope, we apprehend, this is true, though possibly, in conjunction with some other apparatus, it may ultimately give us some account of molecular change.

The defence of Darwin's Pangenesis theory is honest and useful. People do need to be reminded that Nature transcends their expectations, and that when they get amongst them a great mind like Darwin's, "which can never sin wittingly against fact or law, they should respectfully heed what he says, unless they are perfectly sure he is overstepping the bounds of reason." In his case, as Professor Tyndall remarks, "observation, imagination, and reason combined, have run back with wonderful sagacity and success over a certain length of the line of biological succession."

The goal of Professor Tyndall's discourse, which he was aiming at all through, is reached when he gives us his views of the origin of life; and starting with our earth or system in a nebulous form, he says: "Two views then offer themselves to us—life was present potentially in matter when in the nebulous form, and was unfolded from it by way of natural development; or it is a principle inserted into another at a later date. . . . The gist of our present inquiry regarding the introduction of life is this: Does it belong to what we call matter, or is it an independent principle, inserted into matter at some sensible epoch—say when the physical conditions became such as to permit of the development of life? . . . Did creative energy pause until the nebulous matter had been condensed, until the earth had become detached, until the solar fire had so far withdrawn from the earth's vicinity as to permit a crust to gather round the planet? Did it wait until the air was

isolated, until the seas were formed, until evaporation, condensation, and the descent of rain had begun; until the rending forces of the atmosphere had weathered and decomposed the molten rocks so as to form soils; until the sun's rays had become so tempered by distance and waste, as to be chemically fit for the decompositions necessary to vegetable life? Having waited through those *Æons* until the proper conditions had set in, did it send the fiat forth, 'Let life be'?"

A little imagination will suffice to show that this is not a fair in the sense of a full statement of the question. First, the Professor describes a series of processes, conducted by secondary causation, and then he asks, "Did life arise from these causes, or did a special interposition take place for its introduction under the form of a fiat, 'Let it be'?" Scientific evidence is all through in favor of an appeal to secondary causation, not excluding a primary cause, but rather presupposing it; only expecting that the primary cause will be found throughout the system of nature to work in and through what men call *means*.

Science at present gives us no clue whatever to a reply to the questions, what *is* life, and how did it begin, nor does it show us any beginning of matter or force. If the Professor's imagination leads him

to conjecture that thought and emotion, intellect and will, are forces correlative with light, heat, and electricity, ours does not act in that way. We see as yet no symptom of *physical* connection between the two sets of phenomena as relates to their essence or their action. We see that there is *some* connection between nerve-force and mental phenomena, but so long as Science cannot explain it, or even give a probable guess concerning it, we prefer a frank confession of ignorance to a depth of insight, which is a mere pretence.

The questions propounded by the Professor go beyond physical science. Before we can advance a step towards their solution we want a clear definition of what life is, what matter is, if it is, and how the forces we call material stand towards those which defy all our physical investigation.

The introduction of life at a given period may be the admission of a new force, or it may not. In either case we think an unchangeable order of nature was most likely observed, but whether Plato and Shakespeare had potential existence in a nebulous particle a long while ago, we are content in the present state of our ignorance to leave to such imaginations as Professor Tyndall may think worth cultivation. Our imagination inclines to view Intelligent Will as the ultimate and only real, as distinguished from phenomenal force.

Chambers's Journal.

DYNAMITE.

THE assertion that the more destructive war is made, the greater the tendency to shorten its duration, is perhaps not far from the truth. Nevertheless, one recognizes with something of a feeling of horror that many of the terrible means in vogue for the slaughter of the human race have their origin in investigations undertaken by scientific men with the view of increasing the knowledge or ameliorating the condition of mankind in general. This is essentially the case with the substance whose name heads this article. Invented originally for the purpose of assisting the peaceful labors of the miner and the engineer, it is now employed as the explosive agent of the torpedoes which defend the rivers and harbors of Germany against the aggressions of the French fleet.

Every one knows what glycerine is—a clear, syrupy liquid, sweet to the taste, and somewhat greasy to the touch. Its scope of employment ranges from the surgeon's dispensary to the lady's boudoir. Chemists term it a triatomic alcohol, and it may be derived from fat or tallow by the action of lime and sulphuric acid. Its properties are many and various, but as they have no bearing upon the present subject, we shall abstain from noticing them. If a quantity of nitric acid, be added to twice its weight of sulphuric acid, and glycerine be poured into this, and carefully stirred—the whole being surrounded by a freezing mixture—we obtain that wonderful substance known as nitro-glycerine, which has more than ten times the explosive force of gunpowder. It forms on the surface as an

oily-looking liquid of a pale yellow color, is perfectly inodorous, and has a sweet aromatic taste. It is poisonous, whether taken internally or absorbed through the skin, and small doses of it produce distressing headaches. Although practically insoluble in water, it dissolves readily in ether, alcohol, or wood-spirit.

Nitro-glycerine was discovered in the year 1847, by an Italian, named Asconge Sobero; but its practical application is entirely due to the researches of Alfred Nobel, a Swedish mining engineer. It does not explode when brought into contact with fire, and remains unchanged even when raised to the temperature of boiling water; but at about forty degrees Fahrenheit, it becomes converted into an icy mass, which merely requires friction to develop all its explosive qualities. This peculiarity had been the cause of many lamentable accidents, when M. Nobel commenced a series of experiments with the view of rendering its employment comparatively safe. After some time, he found that mixing it with about ten per cent. of wood-spirit rendered it practically harmless, and this method is now generally adopted. When required for use, the wood-spirit can be removed, and all the properties of the nitro-glycerine restored by the simple addition of water, which, mixing with the spirit, sets free, as it were, the nitro-glycerine. The only drawback to this plan is, that when the nitro-glycerine is reconverted into its original state, it is of course quite as dangerous as ever.

To obviate this, M. Nobel has invented a new mixture, which he terms "dynamite." It consists of seventy-five per cent. of nitro-glycerine, and twenty-five per cent. of very fine sand, and is a brownish-looking powder, something like sawdust, only greasy to the touch. It burns without explosion when placed in a fire, or brought into contact with a lighted match. If struck with a hammer on an anvil, the portion struck takes fire without inflaming the dynamite around it. As a proof of the perfect security with which it may be handled, we may mention that M. Nobel has placed a case containing about eight pounds of it (equal to nearly eighty pounds of ordinary powder) on a brisk fire, and that the dynamite

was consumed without noise or shock; while a similar case was flung from a height of sixty-five feet on to a hard rock without producing the slightest explosion. A weight of over two hundred pounds was then let fall from a height of twenty feet upon a box of dynamite; the box was smashed, but again there was no explosion.

The usual method of firing dynamite is by means of a copper capsule containing fulminate of silver—the latter being inflamed either by the ordinary slow-match, or by the electric spark. The employment of this capsule and detonating composition is absolutely essential for the explosion of dynamite. In order to give some idea of the force developed by such an explosion, it may be mentioned that a spoonful of it placed upon a block of quartz, covered with bricks, and fired, caused the quartz to be broken up into pieces about the size of a pea, and reduced the bricks to powder. Like nitro-glycerine, dynamite congeals at a comparatively high temperature; but to restore it to its proper condition, it is only necessary to put it in a warm place, or, if it is contained in closed cartridges, to plunge it into warm water.

In mining operations, dynamite possesses many advantages over nitro-glycerine, besides those already mentioned. It has been usual, for instance, to pour the nitro-glycerine in a liquid state into the holes bored in the rock for its reception; and running from these into some unknown crevice, it has frequently, when fired, produced an explosion under the very feet of the miners, causing, of course, a disastrous loss of life. To obviate this, it has been necessary to employ cartridges which do not completely fill up the bore-holes, so that a portion of the explosive force is wasted. Dynamite, on the other hand, being of a pasty consistence, yields to the least pressure, and completely fills up the holes, so that a given weight of this substance is almost as effective as a given weight of nitro-glycerine, while at the same time it is safer even than gun-powder.

It remains to be seen whether the anticipated advantages will be derived from its employment as a munition of war.

London Society.

MY FRIEND LEWIS.

I NEVER liked Lewis—never. We were boys together. Our good mothers were delighted to see us playing marbles together; but he could always knuckle down better than I could. We played at turnpike-gate with our hoops; and somehow he always trundled his between the pebbles which constituted, to our young imaginations, the pike, man in apron, toll-bar, and all—while I scattered them and lost the game. When we first came together we were both schoolboys on the same form. His lessons were my lessons day after day; but, then, if there was an advantage in the progress it was generally on my side. Somehow he got all the credit.

Lewis was born under extraordinary circumstances. His family were a wild, ambitious, and, I have often heard my mother say, unscrupulous set. At the period of his birth they were in the height of their splendor. It was impossible to approach them in those days. They had the biggest house in their neighborhood by far. Their horses and stables were the envy of everybody. They gave parties that blocked up the place with the equipages of the guests. The greatest people in the land went to see them; and even people of distinction from abroad on arriving in the country would take the earliest opportunity of paying their respects to the Lewises. Mr. Lewis himself was a gloomy, morose, unpopular man; but his wife, when she was young, was one of the loveliest women, as my father often declared, to my mother's mortification, upon whom the sun ever shone. It seems that she was as brilliant in mind and as courageous in spirit as she was in person lovely. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis were called, among the local tradesmen, the beauty and the beast. While he never had a gracious word or look, she was always wreathed in smiles. She had a kind word and a ready hand for the poor. If she disliked her lord, she loved her children, and they were always with her in the carriage. Two boys that were the envy of all other boys who saw them; who wore the loveliest feathers in their hats; trundled hoops with padded sticks; played with marbles every one of which was an agate;

and spun tops of satin-wood with silken cords, were the idols of their beautiful parent, and were very seldom permitted to range beyond her sight. There was an uncle in the family—who had married, I believe, the mother of Mrs. Lewis, after her father's death, and whom Mrs. Lewis loved as well as the most devoted daughter can adore the most indulgent of parents. He was her Mentor, her guide in all things. His word was her law; and she was never tired of telling her friends about his wisdom and the great position he held in the world. Gossips said that the only fact which made the married life of Mrs. Lewis bearable was, that her husband was related closely to her step-father.

It was very natural in Mrs. Lewis to make much of her step-father. He was the personage to whom she looked for the advancement of her darling boys in life. His influence appeared to be boundless—and he knew it, as my mother, who often saw him frowning out of his chariot window on his way to see his beautiful step-daughter, would tell me in after years.

The elder boy was sickly, and was kept at home; but the second was sent to school; and, as I have said, it was at school I first met him.

The new boy made a sensation. It was whispered along the forms that his name was Lewis, and that he had come in a barouche with a servant in livery to carry his books. We crowded round him in the playground, and found that his pockets were full of money; that he had a knife with one blade more than that of the cock of the school; and that a most imposing coat of arms was engraved on the heaviest of silver spoons and forks, which were brought for his use at table. The master fawned on him, and gave him easy lessons, and put him at the desk nearest to the stove. We hated him for this—boys are only little men.

Out of school, Lewis, I must say, gave himself no airs. His plentiful pocket-money was lavishly scattered when the apple-woman came into the playground. He would buy a shilling's worth of Bonaparte's ribs, and give every boy in the

school one. He would propose a scramble for apples, or a whole quart of Spanish-nuts. I have known him come with half a dozen cocoa-nuts, and give one each to the fellows who had played at horses with him. Playing at horses was his passion. A boy must be a great favorite, or be able to dispense favors, who wants to drive a team in the playground. Lewis was amiable enough, we thought, then, and was ready to give everything he had—provided we would be his nags. We made him pay—and he drove us. He was a ready fellow with his fists, I admit. He would give—but he would have no takings. I got on very well with him, and was often his off-sider, because I made my bargain openly, and he liked that. I carried off heaps of things, till my mother at home was quite alarmed. "Where did you get that splendid top, Bob?" said mother. "Lewis," was my answer. "That kite must have cost five shillings, Bob." "Lewis," I replied. "Your father's knife is not worth that," my maternal parent observed. "Lewis," was my response. But I never liked him.

We played truant together, and he got me off the punishment, and the school cheered him in the playground for it. I thought they made much of it—but I must say Lewis himself didn't; and he behaved well in asking me home to his mother's great house to dine and spend a Saturday afternoon with him. Mrs. Lewis's step-father was there, and everything gave way to him. He pinched my ear playfully, and tipped me when I went off to school in the evening—loaded with fruit and cakes for the boys of our form, which Mrs. Lewis packed up with her own white hands, while her step-father stood by looking at her, and joking very affably for so great a man.

When the holidays came—being an orphan, and my guardians being resident in Florence—Lewis persuaded his mother to invite me for a fortnight or so to their country house. It was here I saw the Lewises and their mighty friends in all their glory. The house, or castle, was an ancient one, which her step-father had given to Mrs. Lewis as a marriage present, and which he helped her to beautify, superintending the cultivation of the fruits and flowers, the felling of the timber, the planting out of the shrubberies,

and the repairs and adornments of the house himself. They were a picture together—when he was shuffling about in his gray dressing-gown, and she was in her white morning-robe, with her abundant hair floating about her—so long that she could throw it round Lewis, and almost smother him with it—which made him look very foolish, I thought. She petted Lewis in the most ridiculous style, and made him dress like a page in a burlesque. To me she was almost as affectionate as to her own son; and when I told her how I was left an orphan in my fourth year, and how I had not a relation in the world, a big, hot tear from her brimmed eyes fell upon my hand, which she was holding while she talked to me. She said I must let her be a mother to me; and she called up Lewis and told him, in her serious impetuous way, that he was to look upon me as a brother, and be always kind to me.

Mrs. Lewis was an indulgent mother; but she was strict too, as her step-father directed her to be, and his word was, to her, law in everything. Lewis went to bed at nine, and so did I while I was at the castle. We begged half an hour's grace sometimes; but she would never yield—even when she was in the middle of a song. She sang divinely, and Lewis loved to hear his mother. Sometimes he would keep me awake for a whole hour after we were in bed, listening to Mrs. Lewis's voice in the drawing-room. I was obliged to keep awake, being his guest; but this shows how inconsiderate he could be.

He had begged Mrs. Lewis to allow him to give me one of his Shetland ponies on my birthday; and he had surprised me with it, with bran new saddle and bridle—which was very good, I am quite free to own; but he might have remembered that I liked fishing much better than riding, and that I should have been more pleased with a handsome rod and tackle.

One day Mrs. Lewis's step-father seeing me on the terrace alone called me to him, and began to question me on the life that my guardians had projected for me. When I told him that I had not heard from them for a year, and that I had not the least idea of their intentions in regard to me, he pulled my ear, and muttered, "Poor lad! poor lad!—this is

the way the world is managed." And so the subject dropped, and Lewis and I, at the end of the holidays, returned to school.

Misfortunes overtook me when I was on the point of entering at the Middle Temple. My guardians died, and to my horror and amazement I was informed that their affairs were involved, to my utter ruin. They had speculated with my money, and out of a good fortune which my parents had left me I had something less than three hundred pounds left. I communicated my distress to Lewis; and he sympathized with me. He would have been a stone had he done less, seeing how intimate we had been from our early boyhood. Mrs. Lewis had been for some time in bad health. Her great step-father had died overwhelmed with ruin in a great lawsuit; and she had the castle no longer; and young Lewis could keep only one horse now, and was obliged to give himself fewer airs. The wreck was more than respectable; but it was a wreck. I was among those who did not desert them, and did not disdain to ride in the modest brougham to which poor Mrs. Lewis was reduced, and with but one man servant to wait at table. Lewis never forgot my birthday; and Mrs. Lewis was good enough to insist, when she heard of my misfortunes, that I should let her pay my Temple fees, and that I should accept a couple of rooms in her house, to be with Lewis. She saw, I expect, that I exercised a very salutary influence over him. How could I look churlish and refuse—especially when Lewis joined his entreaties to those of his mother? It wanted no little moral courage, however, to keep with the Lewises, although they loaded me with attentions, because people talked about them in the neighborhood; and the tradesmen sneered and jeered when the plain little brougham rolled past their doors, or I and Lewis walked home to dinner. I had no other home, however, and hardly a farthing in my pocket. As I have said, I was without a relation in the world. But I do take a little credit to myself for my pluck in holding to the wreck; for—I can make no secret of it—I never liked Lewis.

Mrs. Lewis paid all my expenses while she lived, just as she paid those of her own child. I could hardly see anything

in which she made a difference between us; and when there was any slight advantage in Lewis's share he made it up to me, for I was shrewd enough to see that he could not do without me. He was full of dreams. He was forever talking about his uncle and the grand days, and whether he could not redeem the fortunes of the family. I laughed at him, I confess, and advised him, with the small fortune that remained, to put himself in some good business in the city. He shrugged his shoulders and would not hear of it, but went dreaming on; and I believe his mother encouraged him. He pinched himself to employ lawyers, who were to reopen the old horrible lawsuit, and win back the tens of thousands of pounds and the old castle. We were to walk on the old terrace once more, and smoke our cigars again in the familiar vineries. It was sad to see the infatuation which possessed Lewis like his blood, not to say the vanity. He was not unmindful of me, I must say, in all his dreams. I was to have my share of the glory—when he got it. The cause came again and again before the courts. I had been called to the bar meantime; and Lewis had insisted that I should be employed, and that my brief should be handsomely marked. It was business to me, and *any* business to a young barrister is welcome. So I appeared. It was really an effort of friendship on my part; for the bar was laughing outright at young Lewis, as a fool who was throwing good money after bad. There was no hope for him. The judges tittered when I rose; the public smiled when Lewis took his seat among the attorneys. When we failed, my Temple friends would come round me and ask, "Well, has Young Infatuation had enough of it now?"

Lewis's brother died when he was about nineteen; and Mrs. Lewis followed soon after. I thought Lewis would have gone mad. He was certainly an affectionate son; but who would not have been affectionate with such a mother? Had it not been for his precious lawsuit he would have followed Mrs. Lewis in a month or two; but, as the difficulties increased, and the chances became less and less, he only grew firmer in his resolve—to spend his last farthing and the last hour of his life in the fight. He spared me all I asked from him—which was not much; and

he contrived that we should continue to live together, so that I might carry on my profession. I intended, you may be sure, to refund him to the utmost penny, some day; but who can tell what the morrow may bring forth? I don't think he expected to be repaid. He never said so—and there were times, I know, when I had money and he had none. Nay, there were two or three occasions on which he was locked up. He actually carried on his plans in the sponging-house, and when he was let out walked straight away to his lawyers. He would meet me with that strange, sad smile on his face, and his first question would be, How was I getting on? Did I want anything? In a few months all troubles would be over, and we should be in clover. For I must do him this justice,—one leaf of every trefail he might gather was to be for your humble servant. Yet I never liked him.

To tell how, on a sudden, fortune came upon us would be to make a long story. The tenacity of Lewis's character carried him through. He looked sickly; but in the weak, weak casket was the mother's heart. He had the art of waiting. When he was in Cursitor Street one day overtures were made to him, by the acceptance of which he would have secured to himself a handsome income for life. But he disclaimed it, and went quietly up to bed, on a November night, in the shabby sponging-house, with the observation that he was in no hurry. So that when an extraordinary turn in the lawsuit took every lawyer by surprise, and the legal world stood aghast, amazed, dumbfounded at a decision that put him in possession of the entire wealth of that remarkable uncle of his who used to pinch my ears, he alone was cool. I can see him now, fastening the elastic band about his umbrella as he walked out of the court, as calm as the cabman whom he hailed. On the morrow morning, when he had read the report of the case in the papers, he turned to me and said, "I was right, my friend; you see that I was right. And now tell me which are the rooms in the castle you would prefer? Drop in at Coutts's, and see the liberty I have ventured to take with your balance. Tell me if you like your brougham: it is at the door. Now see whether you cannot become Lord Chancellor."

In sober truth, my brougham was at the
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door; my account was a princely one; and I had the pick of the castle apartments. The scene was a glorious one when the sun of Lewis's fortunes was in its noontide splendor. The beautiful, the brilliant, the gifted, the illustrious, crowded to his halls, thronged his drawing-rooms, peopled his park, and tasted of all the sweets of his refined and liberal hospitality. He alone remained calm and easy, I might say, unconcerned. Misfortune had hit him hard, and had not stirred a muscle of his face: fortune was now his generous friend, and she could barely extort a smile from him. I was, I think, more grateful. I blessed and thanked—the Fates. For, while any care as to my means of living was removed far away from me, I neglected no opportunity of promoting my own advancement in my own way. I worked at my profession, and Lewis was able to introduce me to first-rate business. I had at times more than I could well manage. When I was at the castle I would retire from the scene of the festivities to my own apartment, and there turn out my brief bag upon the table, and read into the small hours. Very few men, I flatter myself, would have done that, with the advantages that I had within my reach. But I was determined not to be dependent on Lewis. I was resolved to draw the line somewhere; for, as I think I have remarked before, I never really liked him.

I grew rich—I do not deny it; and it was Lewis's money that enabled me to make a figure in the world, which is half the battle in the professions. But he wanted me; I was necessary to him; and therefore it was for himself that he was open-handed with me. I am not the first orphan who has been adopted; nor the first school chum who has been befriended in after-life; nor the first man who has owed his stepping-stones to fortune, to accident. I don't see why I should be pestered about it, as though there were something so very extraordinary in my case. I make my acknowledgments once for all; and I fail to see why I should be perpetually uttering thanks. It has been said that gratitude is a lively sense of favors to come: I am sure that I expect nothing more from Lewis. The brougham in which I ride was his, granted; my house was part of his estate, granted.

The case in which I pocketed nearly three thousand pounds was of his introduction; have I ever denied it? My wife's brilliants were a present made to her by Lewis when we married. Does not this happen every day in the week? Am I bound to like a man because *he* finds pleasure in *my* society and profit in *my* advice? Let me tell my story in my own way to the end. We were at the castle. My wife and children had been staying there for months, and I had been in the habit of running down in the intervals of my arduous professional duties. Lewis had stood godfather to our eldest boy, and had settled a sum of money on the engaging young fellow that insured him a good position in life; so that we felt bound to humor the godfather's desire to have the boy as much with him as possible. Lewis was very fond of children; and they, I am bound to add, were very fond of him.

Well, on a certain autumn morning—the first on which a fire had been deemed necessary in the breakfast-room—Lewis asked me to give him half an hour in the library. I had business of my own in hand; but I was always a good-natured fellow, I believe, and I followed my old schoolfellow. He began quietly, as when he put the band round his umbrella when he had gained his cause—

"The vicissitudes of my life are not ended yet. My dear old schoolfellow, learn that once again I haven't a penny in the world."

At this point I begged him to excuse me for a moment; and I ran to my wife's boudoir, and told her to have everything ready for the mid-day train. Above all, she was not to forget her diamonds. She was the most obedient of consorts, and I will do her the justice to say that she did not forget a thing—even to the baby's socks. I returned to the library, and taking Lewis by the hand, expressed my regret. He continued—

"Not a penny in the world! I am beggared, my dear friend, by the men whom I have helped to affluence. My own people have turned upon me. My own stewards have destroyed me. The people and places I found poor and bare, and that are now thriving, are the centres of the infamy that has stripped me. You heard one of my bailiffs this morning give me notice. This rascal is rat number

twenty, and carries off a handsome competence with him. But some are not at the trouble of masking their ingratitude. There is no creature upon two legs, nor upon four, half so ungrateful as a bad servant whom you have petted, and can pet no longer. See that fellow crossing the park with a loaded cart. He came to me shirtless: rat number twenty-one."

"But how has this come to pass, my dear Lewis?" I asked; "and is it altogether irremediable?"

"It has come to pass as I have told you. Every man on whose honor I have relied has betrayed me. My model cottagers, I am told, laugh at me for a fool. I have trebled the trade in my county town, and the townsfolk haven't a good word for me, although they had plenty yesterday. The local paper has turned about with its readers. Last week I was munificent; but in to-day's copy I am a fool: in the next edition I shall be a rogue. I should advise you to clear the sinking ship while there's a boat—that is, a coach—at hand."

"Leave you, Lewis, at such a moment!" I exclaimed; for I was hurt at his suggestion, which was not a very delicate one under the circumstances. "Leave you now! I would not think of such a thing; nor should anything less than the case—the tremendous case—of Thunder v. Butter, drag me from your side to-morrow."

A smile passed over the placid face of Lewis while I spoke. It was a smile I had seen before, and at which a less amiable man than, I can say without vanity, I am, might have taken offence.

"You leave to-morrow, then?" Lewis asked.

"I must."

"Well, we shall tide over the week, I dare say; but there will be elbow-room in the castle before then, I can see."

I did not like Lewis's style. Of course I made every allowance for him under the circumstances; and when I had seen my wife to the station with the children, the maids, the jewel and dressing-cases, and my despatch-box, in which my deeds were safely under lock and key, I made a second attempt to be kind and sympathetic. I asked whether there was anything I could do for him in London.

"Yes," he said, raising his cold blue

eyes, and cutting his words with his glittering teeth. "Yes; remain in it!"

This was too much; and I left him. Now all my impressions as to his character were confirmed; and I could understand thoroughly why I never liked him.

At the railway-station—for I left that very evening—I found more than half the castle servants. The station-master was compelled to put on three or four extra luggage-vans; and I kept the train quite five minutes, getting my boy's pony (Lewis's last present) into a horse-box.

When I reached town I heard more than I care to relate about the immense ruin in which Lewis had involved himself. He had trusted vast sums of money to friends and relatives, right and left; he had listened to any kind of got-up tale of distress; he had been imposed upon in

fifty directions. A splendid man of business; a powerful, clear-headed administrator; he had doubled the value of the enormous property which came to him, after so many years of battling and of poverty, from his uncle. But, you see, he ruined all by putting faith in men who were not trustworthy; and I am told that when he left the castle there was not a man left there to carry his carpet-bag to the railway.

I cannot help feeling a kind of warmth towards the man when my wife comes like a queen into her drawing-room, covered with the marriage *parure* of diamonds; but my conscience is at ease—is as quiet as a babe asleep—for, as I am sure I must have remarked twenty times, even at the height of his prosperity I never liked Lewis—NEVER!

The Spectator.

GERMAN CONSTANCY.

THERE is one quality in this German Army, this marvellous weapon which the Hohenzollerns have forged and reformed for a hundred years till it is to other armies what a Damascus scimitar is to a regulation sword, which has scarcely yet received the admiration it deserves, and that is its constancy. It is a quality other than courage, a quality which supplements and intensifies courage, upon which German leaders rely when, as at Speichen, they order charges by comparatively small forces, because the constant renewal of attack bewilders and daunts the most determined foe. Such tactics in a French army would be ruinous, and with any army except the German they would be full of risk. It would be dangerous with other troops to order, as has been done before Paris, that the men first attacked shall retreat on the main body, or, as before Metz, that a regiment shall hold its position, whatever happens, until supports arrive. Nothing but absolute confidence in the constancy of the men thus devoted, certainty that they will not yield until they are dead, could make it safe, or wise, or even possible to invest Metz or Paris as Von Moltke has had the daring to do—to surround ten men in a clump, as it were, by ten men in a line. Even with such men as the Germans the arrangement shows a trace of contempt for the

enemy, and with soldiers less constant it would be ruinous. We venture to say, in no spirit of boastfulness, that if the men inside Metz or Paris were Englishmen or Americans—men, that is, of the Teutonic merits and demerits; or Irishmen—that is, men who once in action rise out of themselves into higher beings, Von Moltke's daring would yet be condemned by the event. As it was, when at Gravelines the French for once exhibited the old *furia Francese*—the terrible passion for victory which has built up French reputation—the Kummer Brigade had to place their backs to the wall, accept the situation, and die there, to save the besiegers from a great disaster. They did it; and we question if any other troops would, unless clearly aware, and indeed clearly told, that they were fighting as a forlorn hope,—were to die for a great end. The Hohenzollerns seem to have brigades in which each man shows the forlorn-hope spirit, which is in its essence not courage, for the man may be despairing, but constancy in its highest military development. The quality has been still more effectively though less strikingly shown in the entire conduct of the siege of Metz. Rarely in history has there been such a scene as the letters from the besiegers' lines reveal. Whatever intrigues may have been going on in the cloudy regions of diplomacy,

the army encamped round Metz only knew that it was enclosing by a circle of encampments each comparatively weak an army nearly as strong as itself, which at Vionville had fought with determined daring, and which occupied an absolutely impregnable position. It knew that at any hour of any night it might be forced to fight for existence as the Kummer Brigade had done, it had no clear theory as to the duration of the siege, and it was, and knew it was, enduring heavier privations than the enemy. The German plan of camping in the open, without tents, tells heavily on the comfort of the troops. Great numbers were no doubt housed in the villages about, but for the majority the only protection was a hut of straw, pervious, after a time, to the rain, which for a large part of the siege fell in torrents. The food, though it never failed, was never plentiful, and never "luxurious" enough, wine and beer, whether bad or good in themselves, being, next to minute doses of morphia or great doses of quinine, the best preservatives against malaria. The ground was a sea of mud, covered with ordure and rotting carcasses. The Germans either do not understand or despise sanitary arrangements, and at one moment there was fear of an outbreak of cholera. Typhus did break out, but the grand foe of the Army was dysentery, perhaps of all non-infectious diseases the one which most rapidly tends to destroy spirit. So terrific were the ravages of this disease in places where the men were compelled to drink Moselle water, that a single company, 250 men, invalided 80, and the rate of invaliding rose for weeks to 500 a day, and during one week to 800,—a fact we give on the authority of a surgeon and an English Member of Parliament present on the spot. The Germans dread death by disease even more than most men, their intense domesticity increasing the natural depression which every surrounding circumstance tended to deepen. "I must admit," writes to us a correspondent who knows Germans and Germany as few men know them, "my decided impression, on first arrival before Metz, was that I had got into an army in course of destruction by disease; I heard of nothing but dysentery and typhus amongst men,—but rinderpest amongst the countless herds of cattle driven together from the uttermost corners of Europe to give food to this

great German host. A more utterly plague-stricken spectacle it is not within human imagination to conceive than that presented at first sight, with rain pouring down in torrents, by Remilly; its streets one slough of thick chocolate-colored slush reaching over the ankle, one ambulance after the other with sick and wounded being dragged slowly by exhausted horses through the ruts of impassable roads, a dead cow fetid with the exhalations of distemper before the doorstep of your quarters, and the atmosphere redolent with a combined stench of putrid miasma and carbolic acid. The place seemed one cesspool and one pest-house. However, the cow was removed, a fresh expenditure of carbolic acid was made in the den allotted by the Étape Commandant, and I have spent several nights with impunity—I can't say comfort—where at first I shuddered to put a foot; and from here, at my leisure, I have been able to look round myself." At leisure he found that the German surgeons were carefully forwarding every man struck by dysentery to hospitals within the border; but this plan, though it saved the nation from severe loss, tended to reduce the besieging army. Nevertheless, through seventy days of these horrors, discipline, wariness, and even cheerfulness never failed; the officers were always ready, the men snatched what little distraction they could from trifles, from letters, from searching boxes of home gifts, and when the hour of action came turned out, with unwetted rifles, as firm as on parade, ready, if need be, to die rather than move without superior order. The Red Prince, a hard man, but a sound soldier, was everywhere; the officers did their best for their men, venturing even to forbid useless exposure; and it is a moral certainty that had duty required that army to lie there, wasting slowly away, the last battalion would have met the enemy as coolly as the first. It was a very triumph of morale, a far more conclusive proof than any victory of the strength of the weapon Germany now wields. Sedan was a triumph of tactics. In the next war, Von Moltke may be replaced by a Von Wrangel; but if the men are there, of that temper, and in that discipline, to defeat them will overtask the best troops in the world. Beside such constancy, the story told this week of the Bavarian Artillerymen who, when their

ammunition was exhausted, formed in line in front of their guns and sang the "Wacht am Rhein" at the stretch of their lungs, under a hail of shot, reads to us like a piece of puerile bravado. Doubtless daring is the necessity of armies, but men may be daring without possessing that cool Northern endurance against which mere valor shatters itself in vain. Such men to be defeated must be killed.

Precisely the same scene, in a milder form, is being witnessed before Paris. The besieging army strikes all observers as being stretched out in a line dangerously weak. It is acknowledged that if any one corps were attacked in great force, it would be "hours" before the corps to right and left of it could lend it efficient aid; yet Von Moltke is not afraid, he knows to a certainty that the corps attacked will die there before it will yield, and the investment being a necessity, he runs the needful risk. The winter is coming, the communications are long, the Germans are beginning to suffer heavily from sickness, tedium, and homesickness—all German letters refer to this latter evil—but there are no complaints, no shrinkings, none of those "murmurs" which in a camp of Southern soldiers would compel their leaders to a rash attack to "keep up the spirits of their men." They have to

endure, and they endure, with a cool patient constancy, to which the only drawback seems to be that it solidifies sometimes into a callousness which is as near cruelty as the Northern temperament will admit, and though it has not the vileness of cruelty, has many of its effects. There is something almost Scotch in the way in which the German officers seem to regret the waste of gunpowder and shells from the forts, as if it were a "sinful wasting of the maircies" rather than a source of danger to themselves. An army wholly of Lowland Scotchmen would be amazingly like them in everything except the recklessness with which they seem to order executions. No Southern army would ever show this peculiar temper, this quiet endurance of the inevitable, as if, for example, Von Moltke had ordered a supply of hail in furtherance of his plans; and no army of any kind, unless discipline had become at once a conviction and a habit. Whatever the result of this war, one thing, at least, is certain, that the most efficient army which ever yet appeared in the world has been formed by a State in which no officer or soldier under fifty ever saw a shot fired in anger. It is an army of English navvies educated and disciplined into utter self-control.

The Spectator.

MILITARY GENIUS.

MR. HELPS seems inclined, in one of his recent chapters of *Friends in Council*, to indorse the well-known opinion of Macaulay, that there is no such thing as military genius, that any person of ability who would devote himself to the subject might make of himself a very good General. All business, he says, should be conducted much on the same principles, and the only special faculty he will allow to Generals as distinguished from statesmen, or barristers, or other men of capacity, is "apprehensiveness,"—the faculty, as we understand him, of seizing the points of a situation, as strategists are supposed to seize them. It is an exceedingly comfortable doctrine that, if it is only true, for in that case no country need fear that it will ever be without a General. It has only to train a certain number of able men in the science of war, and then, perhaps by com-

petitive examination, discover the ablest, and it is sure either of victory or of honorable defeat. The idea is especially pleasant to a country like England, which can produce any amount of "capacity," but believes that she has throughout her history had exceptional difficulty in finding a General, and has frequently been reduced to discover one by a process of exhaustion, appointing man after man until some one is found who generally wins the game; but we fear the idea is much too pleasant to be true. If history teaches any lesson, it is that great Generals, and even good Generals, are very exceptional persons, and that Generals of the highest class, those who can make armies, and then with those armies accomplish historic enterprises, are excessively rare, as rare as the founders of creeds or poets of the highest order. We question if England can be

certainly affirmed to have produced more than three,—Cromwell, Marlborough, and Clive,—and the Generals of that order of French origin are even fewer, only one of Napoleon's Marshals, Massena, being entitled to a place in the list. No system makes them, and no school. Some of the greatest Generals in history have been Kings, never regularly trained to war; and two, at least, Condé and Clive, won victories before they had seen even imitation "service" in time of peace. Napoleon's Marshals, indeed, seem to us to supply an almost final answer to Macaulay's paradox. They were all in their way able men, they were all trained in a marvellous school for the work they had to do, and, nevertheless, the distance between them and Napoleon himself was almost immeasurable. Something was in him which was not in them, and that something was, we should imagine, what we are accustomed to describe as military genius. An even better example may perhaps be found in the career of William III. Nobody nowadays denies that the great Dutchman was a man of very high ability, quite as high as that of any statesman not heaven-born, higher probably than that of Cromwell, whose intellect had very narrow and hard limitations. William had a severe training in war, and desired acutely to benefit by it; he had very excellent troops, German, Dutch, and English, and he was as well obeyed as any General ever has been. But he lacked that something, the existence of which Mr. Helps doubts, or for the moment appears to doubt, and for want of it his policy was repeatedly scattered to the winds; he was always beaten, and his name lives without any reputation for military skill. Almost all men who are completely exempt from national prejudice are aware that Wellington, though probably a greater commander for the troops he had to lead than any other General would have been, lacked something which has belonged to leaders of the very first order,—would, for example, have accomplished as little with Frenchmen as Von Moltke probably would,—required a previously existing condition of society to give his power its fullest play. He however possessed in its highest degree the power which in war seems nearest to military genius,—though it is not precisely that genius itself—that of devising the movements which of all others his troops were most competent to execute, so that

the national temperament and the work to be accomplished always appeared to be in harmony. Much of the real thought shown in generalship must consist in that, as we English may one day learn in a very unpleasant fashion. If ever an Indian leader heads another mutiny, and has power enough over his followers to make them use the spade effectively, all the white soldiers in India may be expended in the effort to reduce men who, though lacking confidence in the field, will fight like heroes behind any sort of shelter. There is indeed a probability that some mode of warfare would so exactly suit any race not incapable of warfare by nature, that its adoption would make of that race good soldiers—*vide* the whole military history of the Maories—and the instinct which seizes on that mode is, if not military genius, an immense addition to it. It is military statesmanship of the very highest kind.

We should be inclined to question Macaulay's dictum, even if applied only to ordinarily good commanders. They must have, at all events, some incommunicable qualities. Very able men may, and do exist, who are entirely devoid of the topographical faculty, who could no more form a decent opinion as to the best position for a certain description of troops to occupy on a battle-field, than Maories could form an opinion as to the best light for a great picture, and without that faculty no man can be a General. Doubtless it is possessed by men of low intellectual power,—for example, by nearly all professional huntsmen,—but still it is a faculty, and not a knowledge, and absolutely indispensable to success. Napoleon is said to have had it in so transcendent a degree that he could hurry an army across a continent, and keep it throughout its march in a strategic position previously designed; but that power clearly depends upon the other power of so clearly impressing his will upon subordinates as to make doubt or discussion impossible. Many even among great men have not possessed that intensity of volition. Then there have been men, and men of great force, who entirely lack the capacity of rousing capacity in other men; men even whose ability *diminishes* that of those with whom they are brought in contact, and no such man will ever make a considerable General. We have a notion, which we only

put forward as a notion, and not a conviction, that Napoleon III. had this strange negative capacity, that contact with him distinctly diminished the natural ability of his agents, and that this was one reason of his marked failure as a leader of armies. Statesmen in his closet became fools, and Generals imbeciles, till, as Pelissier said, even a telegraph to his private cabinet was a cause of defeat. Almost everybody knows of such men, whom he reckons perhaps, nevertheless, among his ablest acquaintances, and one such man exists probably in the British Cabinet. No amount of force or ability for business would make such a man a General. Nor is it possible to make a leader in the field out of a man, however competent otherwise, whose mind works very slowly, or who fears responsibility, or, we should be inclined to add, whose mind is so deficient in sympathy that he can never reckon up what his enemy is likely to do. After much reading of his history, we should be inclined to point to that as the secret of most, if not all the defeats of William III. And above all, no man is a General whose mind is without a certain loneliness, a capacity of being stronger for the absence of advice, or guidance, or control. The better committee-man a man is, the worse General he will probably make, simply because he will have habituated his mind to rely on aid which in war can hardly be forthcoming, a campaign being, like any other work of art, properly a whole, not to be evolved out of any amount of conjoint deliberation. The General must be a man in whom self-dependence acts as a heating, not as a depressing quality,—the latter being, we may remark, *en passant*, the special difficulty of all really democratic leaders. We suppose we must not speak of the faculty of command,—for although able men are often found who are apparently without it, it is probable that there is no able man in whom it might not be developed; but clearly lead-

ership is a gift often so independent of all other qualities as to seem an unfair accident, and this gift is indispensable to the General.

The truth we take to be, that a General at all above the average "good officer" kind, must be possessed of a combination of capacities which is extremely unusual, while in the great General there must exist something which fuses that combination into a harmonious whole. What that something is it would be as difficult to define as it is to define genius itself, but we believe that mental *coup d'œil* comes very near to a description of it; that a sort of divination as to the relation of means and ends in war, a divination wholly apart from, yet dependent on, a variety of special faculties is the secret of military genius. This is not "apprehensiveness," but something indefinitely larger. Napoleon could tell, as it were, without calculation, by what we have called divination, that the battle depended on possession of that slope, that this corps could take possession, and that from the qualities of the men and the character of his agent in command the probabilities that they would take it were such and such, and this divination was so keen as almost of itself to constitute the will to give it effect. The notion that every chess-player is a political general is either an absurdity or a bit of excusable brag in the worshippers of the game, but the fancy that there is a relation between chess and war has, we imagine, this much of basis. The fusing quality must be there. A man may be a good chess-player and a goose, lacking almost every quality of a good General; but he must have that one, the faculty of divining amidst exceedingly complicated data the course which will reconcile means and ends. That is not, of itself, generalship, but that, we suspect, is the power by which the General utilizes all other and equally indispensable capacities.

LIFE AND TIME.

LIFE is so cheap and yet so dear
 We prize it, but we scorn it too,
 And plod our round from year to year
 With little or to hope or do ;
 Each day brings fretful cares and coil,
 And sorrows come, and joys depart,
 And we grow old with weary toil,
 Or else from listlessness of heart,—
 What matters which? what matters how?
 Time heedeth not our fitful moods,
 But stamps its signet on our brow
 In city life or solitudes ;
 And we grow old ; yet scarcely feel
 The incessant whirling of the wheel,
 Nor heed the traces that declare
 We are not now what once we were ;
 The world has worn us to its ways,
 "Do this," it says, and we obey ;
 There is no freedom in our praise
 And little courage left to pray.

At moments with a sudden pain
 We gasp and cry for youth again,
 And wonder whence the joy has gone,
 Which we were wont to feed upon ;
 When Love with Life walked hand in hand,
 When 'twas a boundless bliss to dare
 The mighty peaks that guard the land
 Where wisdom dwells serenely fair,—
 Dear Heaven ! how strong and rich we were,—
 For joy breeds strength, and hope gives power,
 And knowledge is the young man's dower,
 And youthful dreams are fair domains,
 And happy thoughts are golden gains.

The dreams are gone, the rapture past,
 Each year moves calmly like the last,
 The sea that foamed with deaf'ning roar
 Creeps laggard-like along the shore,—
 We tread the footsteps of our sires
 With petty aims and mean desires,
 And idly act our little part

Like puppets fashioned for a show ;—
 Teach us, O Lord ! how great Thou art,
 That we our greatness, too, may know

JOHN DENNIS.

LITERARY NOTICES.

LITERATURE FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

THE shops of the publishers have already put on their holiday aspect, and the number of saunterers who are beginning to feel interested in gay bindings, tinted paper, and gilt-edged volumes indicate the near approach of the liberal season, when gifts

are in order and the selection of them, for the time, a leading object in life. The editors' tables, of course, partake of the brilliancy of the season ; the sad-colored bindings and flimsy pamphlets which burden them the year round give place to gaudy volumes, in which the art of the printer is brought into emulous rivalry with the art of the

draughtsman and engraver; and the reviewer no longer feels tempted to "cut the leaves and smell the paper-knife," as is popularly supposed to be his method of dealing with the books brought before him.

In this, however, as in almost every other branch of business, the general depression has made itself felt. The publishers seem to have suspected the prospects of the season when even the poorest of us opens his heart and his purse at the same time, and the novelties announced are unprecedentedly few and inexpensive. No really elaborate volume will be issued at all; of the cheaper ones there are only three or four, while some of the publishers who usually enter this field add nothing at all to their list. This is to be explained to some extent by the fact that the rivalry of publishers has rather led to the overdoing of the holiday-book business of recent years; but even as it is, whoever has the good sense to prefer a choice book, which is at the same time a tribute to his own taste and a compliment to the tastes of the recipient, to the ornamental trash which forms the staple usually of "holiday gifts," will find no difficulty in making a satisfactory selection.

To the attention of such a one, for instance, we commend *The Song of the Sower*, by WM. CULLEN BRYANT (New York: D. Appleton & Co.). This is one of the most copiously and beautifully illustrated volumes ever issued in America. The Song itself comprises only ten moderately long stanzas, yet eight artists and forty-two engravings show how extremely picturesque is the text. Almost every line of the poem has suggested some scene to the imaginations of the artists, and every page, from the beginning of the volume to the end, presents one or more pictures. Bryant has been well called "the poet of Nature,"—of woods and fields, of purling brooks and flowery dells, of that calm solitude which is only found with Nature, of all country associations,—and one never realizes it more fully than in turning over the leaves of this volume. Of all the forty-two pictures, there are only two or three which are not illustrations of rural life. Of the artists who furnish these pictures, Mr. Fenn, as usual, carries off the honors. He supplies ten of the forty-two engravings, and one or two of them, such as "shipwrecked men," and the sailor in a storm taking a reef in the top-gallant, are triumphs of the wood engraver's art. Griswold, Hennessy, and Hows also contribute excellent drawings, and, in fact, the whole volume has been edited with such thoroughly good taste that there is scarcely an inferior picture in it.

Songs of Home (New York: Scribner & Co.) is a collection of the most famous songs in our language, bearing upon domestic life. Nearly all of our own poets are represented, and most of the English ones who are best known to us, and among the hundred or more poems which are comprised in the volume will be found nearly all the old favorites, such as Maud Muller and The Gardener's Daughter. *Songs of Home* is the second volume of Scribner's re-issue of the old "Folk Songs," for many years one of the standard collections, and is designed as a companion volume to *Songs of Life*, issued for the holiday season of 1869. The engravings are very numerous, are from the pencils of some of our leading artists, and

many of them are of a superior degree of excellence. The whole volume is exceedingly elegant and tasteful, and would no doubt make a most acceptable holiday gift to any one.

The choicest holiday-book from Boston this year is *Winter Poems* (Fields, Osgood & Co.). It contains "poems new and old by Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, Emerson, and Lowell;" but the volume unfortunately had not been issued when it was necessary to send these pages to press, and we are unable to say which of the old poems have been selected, or how many there are of the new. The volume itself is to be in uniform style with the "Ballads of New England," which was the gem of last year's gift-books, and is embellished with numerous pictures by Fenn, Hennessy, Homer, and other leading artists. Anthony and Linton do the principal part of the engraving for this volume, and also for the *Song of the Sower*.

The Child's Dream of a Star (Fields, Osgood & Co.) might with more propriety perhaps be placed in the category of juvenile literature, but coming from the pen of Dickens, it will doubtless commend itself equally to "children of a larger growth." The story is most tender and winning, and is told in Dickens' most characteristic style. It has been issued before as an illustrated book, but makes its appearance again this season in very handsome shape, with sixteen full-page illustrations.

Almost too late for mention comes *Konewka's Silhouette Illustrations to Goethe's Faust* (Boston: Roberts Bros.). The text is from Bayard Taylor's forthcoming translation of Faust, and the silhouettes are most beautiful, and printed with exquisite delicacy and finish. It would be difficult to find a more novel and unique, and, at the same time, tasteful gift than this volume, or the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, illustrated in the same way.

There are two or three other volumes by various publishers which we have not received, and besides these there are the usual long lists of books which have appeared in previous years.

THE ALMANACS.

Both of the *Almanacs* for 1871 (the *Atlantic* and *Appleton's*) partake less of the character of the English annuals, and have more of the special almanac features than in any previous year. The *Atlantic* especially is quite an *omnium gatherum* of "useful knowledge," and may be consulted for almost everything, from the day of the month up to the latest speculations in astronomy. It gives the day of the year as well as of the month, calendars for Jews and Mohammedans as well as for Christians, postal rates to all parts of the world, the reigning houses of Europe, the members of our government, executive, legislative, and judicial, the solar and lunar eclipses, etc., etc. Besides these it contains the usual amount of literary matter, comprising papers by Charles Dickens, Sir Walter Scott, and Leigh Hunt, which have never before been published, and which would hardly be published now but for the names of the authors. The usual hideous colored plates have been left out this time, but there is still immense room for improvement in the matter of illustration.

Appleton's Almanac contains pretty much the same chronological, meteorological, and other data as the *Atlantic*, and the whole of the literary portion relates to the seasons. It is printed on neatly tinted paper, and its illustrations are very numerous and very good. It presents, too, the usual brilliant and gaudily-colored exterior.

There is an Almanac by Mr. Thomas Nast, the well-known cartoon-draughtsman; and *Josh Billings' Farmers' Almanac* makes its appearance for 1871. It is declared by its compiler to contain more "ov the milck of human kindness" than any other almanac issued—which nobody can deny.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

The enormous growth of children's literature in late years must appal one who reflects upon the amount of school-drilling and other cramming to which the young are subjected in our day. Almost every leading publisher adds at least one "book for the young" to his list every month, while some houses do an immense publishing business with this branch of literature alone. But as the holidays approach the simple rule of numeration breaks down, and the reviewer can do no more than record the title of such (comparatively few) volumes as find their way to his table. Two really choice books, *Evening Amusements*, by the author of "Letters Everywhere," and *Puck's Nightly Pranks*, from the German of Ludwig Bund, come to us from Boston (Roberts Bros.). They are illustrated, the first with twenty and the latter with twelve silhouettes by Konewka. These silhouettes are much more attractive and amusing for children than the ordinary woodcut; and in making them Konewka is without a rival. The same house has *John Whopper the Newsboy*, *Tony and Puss*, *The Miller's Children*, and several other books which the young folks will find entertaining enough even for Christmas. Harper & Bros. issue another of PAUL DU CHAILLU's books of adventure called *My Apingi Kingdom; with Life in the Great Sahara, and Sketches of the Chase of the Ostrich, Hyena, &c.*, copiously illustrated; Dodd & Mead (New York) issue the two last volumes of Abbott's *Juno Stories*, of which we spoke favorably several months ago; and, *Geoffrey the Lollard*, by FRANCES EASTWOOD; and Lee & Shepard (Boston) and Loring (Boston) have a long series of volumes which we have not space even to enumerate. Altogether, if as lavish preparation has been made to meet the young folks' wants in other things as has been made in the way of literature, it would seem superfluous to wish them a "Merry Christmas."

[It may prove a convenience to some of our readers to know that all the books mentioned in this notice, and all other new and standard publications can be obtained at the store of Messrs. Oakley & Mason, Nos. 142 & 144 Grand street, New York].

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The Publisher will send any book reviewed in the *ECLECTIC*, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of price.]

Adrift with a Vengeance. A Tale of Love and Adventure. By KINAHAN CORNWALLIS.

New York: G. W. Carleton. 16mo, cloth, pp. 319.

With Fate Against Him. By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS. New York: Sheldon & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 370.

The Warden and Barchester Towers. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo, paper, pp. 244.

In Duty Bound. By the Author of "Mark Warren," &c., &c. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo, paper, pp. 121.

Essays Written in the Intervals of Business. By ARTHUR HELPS. Boston: Roberts Bros. 16mo, cloth, pp. 245.

Wonders of Bodily Strength and Skill in all Ages and all Countries. Translated from the French. By CHARLES RUSSELL. Illustrated Library of Wonders. New York: Scribner & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 338. Copiously illustrated.

Wonderful Balloon Ascents. From the French of F. Marion. Illustrated Library of Wonders. New York: Scribner & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 218. Illustrated.

From Thistles—Grapes? By Mrs. EILLOART. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo, paper, pp. 136.

SCIENCE.

Spontaneous Generation.—The advocates and propagators of the theory of spontaneous generation were so thoroughly convicted by Professor Huxley, in his masterly address to the British Association, that they are compelled to look for new arguments, if not new facts, to support their view of the question. It is a question which has of late attracted a share of popular attention, and much has been made of certain experiments which seem to favor the notion that living organisms make their appearance in closed tubes after exposure to a very high temperature. It is quite true that organic and inorganic substances do appear under such circumstances; but it is also true that not one experimentalist in a thousand is qualified to make the experiments with sufficient care, or to guard against occasions of error. Self-deception is easy at all times, and is perhaps easiest during researches on spontaneous generation; and when we are told that a leaf of a species of moss—a highly organized substance—was spontaneously developed in a vacuum tube, we cannot help doubting the fact, and believing that the specimen had found its way in before the experiment was commenced. Pasteur has shown what the process of development really is, and that a good chemist can develop objects in close tubes at pleasure; but that is something very different from spontaneous generation.

Germ Theory of Disease.—The discussion of the germ theory of disease has lost somewhat of its vivacity; and the number of disputants who deny that diseases are occasioned by minute particles or germs floating in the air, and that health is promoted by keeping them out of our lungs, seems to have increased. A French anatomist, M. Béchamp, in a communication to the Academy of Medicine

at Paris, shows that the human body is built up of infinitely small creatures, which he calls *microzymas*; that when these are acting harmoniously the body is in health, and all the fermentative processes go on regularly; and that, on the contrary, when they act inharmoniously, the fermentative processes are deranged, and ill-health is the consequence. If an egg is shaken violently, the microzymas therein contained are intermingled in a way different from that designed by nature, and a chemical change takes place which alters the condition of the egg. The microzymas are not only ferments in themselves, but they produce those minute creatures which naturalists call bacteria, and they produce also cells: and these cells and these bacteria are capable of returning to the microzyma state. The disease among silkworms was due to irregular action on the part of the microzymas; but M. Béchamp has shown by experiment that the fermentation in which the disease commences may be arrested by application of a mixture of creosote and phenic acid, and without harm to the true living function. Taking advantage of this fact, certain medical men have used creosote and phenic acid with success in preventing or mitigating attacks of small-pox. After death, all organic matter must return to its original elements, and the microzymas are there to carry on the work of putrefaction. We thus see that the living animal contains in itself the essential elements of life, of disease, of death, and of total destruction. Hence, to accomplish these ends, we need not suppose the presence of living germs floating in the air. This is M. Béchamp's theory.

Inventions and Speculations.—How to ventilate underground railway carriages—how to blow bundles of letters from pillar to post through underground tubes—how to make a good bright green color without admixture of arsenic—how to produce combustible flint—how to prevent the waste of water at drinking-fountains—how to make a durable pavement of asphalt—how to render the surface of common roads more fit for traffic—how to manufacture mouldings, foliage, and statuettes from a mixture of glycerine and litharge—how to utilize sewage, prevent boiler explosions, and the injurious action of lead pipes on water—how to send two messages along a telegraph wire (one from each end) at the same time—how to increase the break-power of railway trains, and thereby diminish the chance of accident—these are among the notions, inventions, and speculations which have been put forth within the past few weeks. They show a fair amount of activity for what is commonly called the dead season of the year.—*Chambers' Journal*.

Diamond-Diggings in Africa.—The diamond-diggings at the Cape of Good Hope, to which we have before referred, have become more famous than ever. Diggings is hardly the word, for it is a territory comprising hundreds of square miles, on the eastern border of the colony, where the precious stones are met with, and in prodigious quantities. It is a bare and desolate region, but is rich in diamonds, which, according to the latest reports, are strewn on the ground, or are found by digging a foot below the surface. This is a very remarkable fact, and we should be glad to know what geologists and mineralogists have to

say thereupon. The prospect of sudden fortune is of course alluring, and it is not surprising that the rush to the diamond-fields equals any that ever took place to gold-diggings. The distance of this attractive region is from Cape Town 800 miles, from Grahamstown 400 miles, and from Natal 500 miles, with crossing of a severe mountain range on the way.

The North German Arctic Expedition.—The *Germania* steamer, one of the vessels of the North German Arctic Expedition, which sailed last year to explore the polar coasts and seas, and if possible reach the North Pole, has returned to Bremen, all well. This vessel wintered on the coast of East Greenland, in lat. 74° N., and sledge-parties were sent out which worked their way up to 77°, and thus extended our knowledge of northern geography. The *Hansa*, a small schooner, which sailed as tender to the *Germania*, was lost; and the history of the escape, and perilous adventures of her crew, has something of the wonderful about it. The account thereof when published will take its place among the most interesting narratives of arctic exploration yet written. The little vessel having parted company, pushed into the ice, and was frozen fast in September, 1869, in lat. 73° 6' N., long. 10° 18' W., between twenty and thirty miles from the land. There the upheaved ice crushed her till she sank. The crew had previously taken out provisions and other stores, and the boats, and betook themselves therewith to an ice-floe for safety. The floe was a few miles in circumference, and on this they built a house with lumps of coal, planks, and sails, and passed the long dark winter season by the light of a petroleum lamp. The party comprised fourteen persons, including captain, mates, and two professors who had charge of the scientific observations. In the Arctic Ocean a current sets always to the south, even in winter, and slowly, but surely, the ice is borne with it. By the end of December the floe had drifted down to 68 degrees. The present year set in with storms, in which the ice broke up, the house was destroyed, and the floe was reduced to a fragment about seventy paces broad, and hardships and dangers multiplied around the party. On the 7th May they found themselves in lat. 61° 12', not far from Cape Farewell; and, taking to their boats, they succeeded, after a hard struggle, in reaching the land and the mission station of Friedrichsthal. From this place they pushed on to Julienshaab, whence they got a passage in a Danish ship to Copenhagen.

Matter in the Air.—At the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin, Dr. Sigerson has given a lecture on *Microscopic Appearances obtained from Special Atmospheres*, in which, as was to be expected, he explained that in examining the air of factories and workshops, he found the atmosphere of each charged with particles according to the nature of the trade carried on. In an iron factory he found carbon, ash, and iron, the iron being in the form of translucent hollow balls one-two-thousandth of an inch diameter. In the air of a shirt factory, filaments of linen and cotton and minute eggs were floating; and in places where grain is thrashed and converted, the floating dust is fibrous and starchy, mingled with vegetable spores; but ac-

cording to Dr. Sigerson, the dust of a scutching-mill is more hurtful than any, and as much pains should be taken to get rid of it as that of the grinding-mills of Sheffield. In the air of type-foundries and printing-offices, antimony exists; stables show hair and other animal matters; and the air of dissecting-rooms is described as particularly horrible. All this is very disagreeable to think of; but while it manifests that we should be careful to purify the air we breathe, it teaches also that nature has given us a respiratory apparatus endowed with a large amount of self-protecting function.

New Discoveries of Metal in America.—An American geologist employed by the United States Government to survey Colorado and New Mexico, discovered vast deposits of iron and coal in a range of hills—the Raton Hills—which, as he states, “will be of far more value than all the mines of precious metals in that country.”—And Dr. Sterry Hunt, F.R.S., resident in Canada, reports that on the north shore of the St. Lawrence there are deposits of magnetic iron sand, so abundant that they may be regarded as “practically inexhaustible.” Similar deposits exist also between Quebec and Montreal on the shores of Lake Erie, and at the mouth of Lake Huron. The iron produced from this sand is described as of excellent quality; and to maintain this excellence, Dr. Larue of Quebec has invented a machine, in which, by a series of permanent magnets, the magnetic iron sand is separated from the silicious sand and other non-metallic substances. The operation is simple, though it throws off a ton of the iron sand every hour; and it is said that two men can attend to ten machines. From all this, we learn that Canada may now reckon magnetic iron among her natural resources; the more valuable, inasmuch as it is free from phosphorus and sulphur. Will it rival the iron sand of New Zealand, from which the well-known Taranaki steel is produced? The question is one which should be interesting to metallurgists.

A Substitute for Bronze.—A method for using mica as a substitute for bronze has been introduced in France. The mica, crushed in a mill, is digested with hydrochloric acid, and after washing is sorted by sieves. Thus prepared, the scales have a bright and silvery appearance, and show to great advantage when pressed into moulds and polished. And the articles manufactured are said to exceed in lustre the so-called metallic brocades.

Preservation of Bronzes.—Bronzes when placed out of doors too often become black and dirty, and cease to be ornamental. But it was observed in Berlin that those parts of a bronze statue which were much handled by the public retained a good surface, and this led to the conclusion that fat had something to do with it. An experiment was therefore tried for some years with four bronzes: one was coated every day with oil, and wiped with a cloth; another was washed every day with water; the third was similarly washed, but was oiled twice a year; and the fourth was left untouched. The first looked beautiful; the third, which had been oiled twice a year, was passable; the second looked dead; and the fourth was dull and black. Perhaps public authorities in this country who have charge of statues and other adornments will profit by the experiment here described.

How Meat is Preserved at Monte Video.—At Monte Video, meat is now preserved in large quantities for export, by a process which is thus described. A pickle is made containing 85 per cent. of water, with hydrochloric acid, glycerine, and bisulphite of soda, and in this the meat, cut into lumps of from five pounds to fifty pounds weight, is soaked for some days. When taken out, it is dusted over with dry bisulphite of soda, and is closely packed in air-tight boxes, in which it will keep sweet for years, and can be rendered fit for use at any time by soaking in a bath of cold water in which a small quantity of vinegar is mixed.

The Valve Jar.—Jars for preserving fruit and vegetables are now manufactured in Philadelphia with a close-fitting lid, which is kept in place by a wire making a spiral turn round the rim of the jar. The upper end of the wire presses always on the centre of the lid, and keeps it in place with an air-tight joint; but yields sufficiently to allow for escape of steam when the contents of the jar are cooked for preservation. This new contrivance is called the Valve Jar.

Admixture of Races.—Nowhere, perhaps, says Prof. Agassiz, is the physical and moral deterioration of pure races so clearly shown as in Brazil. The hybrid between the Indian and negro, called *cafuzo*, has none of the delicacy of the mulatto; his complexion is dark, his hair long, wavy, and curling, and his character, instead of being confiding and indolent, is described by Agassiz as exhibiting a happy combination between the jolly disposition of the negro and the energetic, enduring powers of the Indian. The hybrid between the white and half-breed is called *mameluco*, and is described as being pallid, effeminate, feeble, lazy, and rather obstinate, the Indian influence having apparently obliterated the higher characteristics of the white, without imparting its own energies to the offspring. Noticeable exceptions to this picture may be found in the half-breeds of the semi-civilized communities of our southern Indians. It is very remarkable that the Indian, crossing with either a negro or a white, makes a deeper impress on his progeny than the other races, and in accordance with this fact it is observed that, in further crossings, the pure Indian characteristics are resumed and those of the other races thrown off. “Let any one,” says Professor Agassiz, “who doubts the evil of the mixture of races, and inclined, from a mistaken philanthropy, to break down all barriers between them, visit Brazil.”

The Physical Condition of the Sun.—Dr. Zöllner, whose pictures of solar prominences will be known to many of our readers, has written an interesting paper on the temperature and physical condition of the sun. Assuming that those prominences which present the appearance of eruptions are really produced by the action of explosive forces, projecting vast quantities of glowing hydrogen into the chromosphere, he applies the principles of thermodynamics to determine the heat and pressure at different parts of the sun's mass and atmosphere. He obtains as a probable minimum value for the temperature of the chromosphere 27,700° Centigrade, and for the temperature in the interior region whence the hydrogen is erupted 68,400° Centigrade. Assuming the at-

mospheric pressure at the base of the chromosphere to be 0.180 mm. (about 7 inches of the mercurial barometer), he finds the pressure at the level of the nuclei of the spots to be about 184,000 atmospheres, and the pressure in the inner region before named no less than 4,070,000 atmospheres. He further deduces the following general results:—

1. We cannot conclude from the want of certain lines in the spectrum of a self-luminous star that the corresponding elements are necessarily absent from its substance.

2. The layer in which the reversal of the spectrum takes place is different for each substance, and lies nearer to the centre of the star according as the vapor-density is greater and as the emissive power is less.

3. Under otherwise equal circumstances this stratum lies nearer to the centre as the intensity of gravity is greater.

4. The distances separating the reversal strata of given substances from each other, as well as from the centre, are greater as the temperature is greater.

5. Under otherwise equal circumstances the spectra of different stars are richer in lines the lower the temperature, and the greater the mass of the star.

6. The difference in the intensity of different dark lines in the spectrum of the sun and other stars does not depend only on the difference between the absorptive powers of the corresponding elements, but also on the different depths at which the reversal of the spectra in question takes place.

Is the Resolvability of Star-groups a Test of Distance?—It has hitherto been regarded as tolerably certain that the power necessary to effect the resolution of star-groups (including stellar nebulae) affords a satisfactory general means of estimating the relative distance of such groups. Mr. Proctor considers that he has been able to prove that this test is altogether untrustworthy. It would be sufficient, if we had evidence of a general uniformity of texture, so to speak, in star-systems; but the evidence we have is opposed altogether, he considers, to such a view. He quotes Sir John Herschel's evidence respecting the Magellanic clouds, as tending to prove that portions of a star-system which lie at nearly equal distances may present wholly different characteristics as respects resolvability. Thus, Sir John Herschel says in one place, in recording his observations of the Nubecula Minor, "We are now in the cloud, the field begins to be full of a faint light, perfectly irresolvable." In another place he notes, "Upper limit, but here it is starry, at the other limit nebulous." Elsewhere again, "The main body is resolved, but barely. . . . The borders fade away insensibly, and are less, or not at all, resolved." Yet the relative distances of these portions cannot be very unequal.

The Action of Alcohol on the Body.—Dr. Parkes and Dr. Wollowicz have published in the *Proceedings of the Royal Society* a very valuable paper, from which we take the following:—It appears, then, clear that any quantity over two ounces of absolute alcohol daily would certainly do harm to this man (the subject of the experiment);

but whether this, or even a smaller quantity, might not be hurtful if it were continued day after day, the experiments do not show. It is quite obvious that alcohol is not necessary for him; that is, that every function was perfectly performed without alcohol, and that even one ounce in twenty-four hours produced a decided effect on his heart, which was not necessary for his health, and perhaps, if the effect continued, would eventually lead to alterations in circulation, and to degeneration of tissues. It is not difficult to say what would be excess for him; but it is not easy to decide what would be moderation; it is only certain that it would be something under two fluid ounces of absolute alcohol in twenty-four hours. It will be seen that the general result of our experiments is to confirm the opinions held by physicians as to what must be the indications of alcohol both in health and disease. The effects on appetite and on circulation are the practical points to seize; and if we are correct in our inferences, the commencement of narcotism marks the point when both appetite and circulation will begin to be damaged. As to the metamorphosis of nitrogenous tissues or to animal heat, it seems improbable that alcohol in quantities that can be properly used in diet has any effect; it appears unlikely (in the face of the chemical results) that it can enable the body to perform more work on less food, though by quickening a failing heart it may enable work to be done which otherwise could not be so. It may then act like the spur in the side of a horse, eliciting force, though not supplying it.

The Microscope in Geology.—Mr. S. Allport, F.G.S., has recently contributed a paper to the *Monthly Microscopical Journal* for August, which is of interest to all Geologists, as it shows them how useful is the microscope in their investigations. We commend the paper to the consideration of our readers. We give the following conclusions:—"Having now made upwards of four hundred sections of rocks and minerals, I am inclined to believe that the following results of microscopical examination will stand the test of further study. 1. The mineral constituents of the melaphyres and other fine-grained igneous rocks may be determined with certainty—a result which has not been attained by any other method of examination. 2. The mineral constituents of the true volcanic rocks, and those of the old melaphyres, are generally the same. 3. The old rocks have almost invariably undergone a considerable amount of alteration, and this change alone constitutes the difference now existing between them and the recent volcanic basalts. The basaltic lavas of the Rhine and Central France are composed of a triclinic feldspar, augite, magnetite, olivine, and frequently apatite, the same minerals as those constituting the old rocks above described. I have fine-grained specimens of the latter hardly distinguishable from recent basalts; and a section of dolerite from the Puy de Barnère, in Auvergne, does not differ in any important particular from coarse-grained specimens from Rowley. It would be easy to extend the parallelism to other classes of rocks, but I will now only observe that we have here another proof of the doctrine long taught by Lyell—the uniformity and continuity of the Laws of Nature.

The Solar Eclipse of December 22.—Mr. Hind, the English astronomer, has published a Nautical Almanac Circular, showing the path of the total phase in regions which are conveniently accessible. After crossing the Atlantic Ocean, the shadow of the moon passes across the south of Portugal and the Straits of Gibraltar to Algeria, reaching its most southerly limits in about longitude 4° east of Greenwich, where the southern boundary of the shadow-path is in about $34\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ north latitude. Thence the shadow passes to Sicily, the northern limit passing slightly to the north of Mount Etna, and so, touching the extreme southern point of the Italian peninsula, by the south of Turkey, past Thessaly. The most important parts of the shadow's path are those across the south of Portugal and Spain, in Algeria, and across Sicily.

An Aurora in Bagdad.—We become acquainted with the observations of the Aurora Borealis, at Bagdad, by the strange but not unaccountable circumstance that it deranged the transmission of our despatches over the Indo-European telegraph, and upset the telegraphic arrangements in the Ottoman dominions, where its appearance was very general. This circumstance not only prepares us for an extension of the phenomenon not generally expected, but also for its occurrence in the past, when the rare display of the Aurora in the South must have furnished prodigies for the historian. The examination of these, as of recorded comets, is worthy of being pushed.—*Athenaeum*.

Directions of Temperatures.—The recent experiments of Dr. Dove lead him to believe that abnormally low temperatures travel from East to West, and abnormally high temperatures from West to East. He has proved this by various experiments during the past winter.

The Action of Heat on Diamonds.—A very curious influence exerted by heat upon diamonds has been noticed at the works at St. Helen's, recently visited by the British Association. When a diamond is used to cut hot glass the diamond will only last for one day, and it assumes a milky appearance. The diamonds in constant use for cutting cold glass last about three months. Each diamond costs from 35s. to 45s., and is about three times the size of an ordinary glazier's diamond. Hot glass is cut more readily than cold glass.

Are the two Sides of the Brain alike?—Dr. Brown-Séquard thinks not. In the course of his remarks, at the British Association at Liverpool, he said that the series of experiments he had made upon different animals led him to the belief that the right side of the brain was more important for organic life than the left side. Although the two sides of the brain were precisely alike when the animals were born, by greater development of the activities one side came to be quite different from the other.

Calorific Value of certain Gases.—In a paper read before the American Association at Salem, by Professors B. Silliman and H. Wurtz, there are some conclusions which will be of interest to our readers. From the second table it is clear—1. That, of all known gases, the highest calorific effects, under ordinary atmospheric conditions, are obtainable from carbonic oxide, whose calorific value, above 100° C., is about $3,000^{\circ}$ C. 2.

That, in absolute calorific value, below 100° C., in the atmospheric medium, hydrogen surpasses the volume of any other gas, giving a temperature of about $3,200^{\circ}$ C. 3. That for all modes of application—that is, for producing both high and low temperatures—the total maximum calorific effectiveness of carbonic oxide is a constant quantity. 4. Compound condensed submultiple volumes of hydrogen, like that in marsh gas, have much less total calorific value in air than their volume of free hydrogen. 5. Condensed compound submultiple volumes of gaseous carbon, like that in olefiant gas, have no greater total calorific value in air, below 100° C., than their own volume of carbon gas in the form of carbonic oxide; while above 100° C. their value is even considerably less.

ART.

Restoration of Westminster Abbey.—While the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's are appealing to the public for a sum which seems only very slowly to be collected, the Dean and Chapter of Westminster are gradually, but effectively, doing much to arrest, or to repair, the ravages of time on their noble minster. The work on the chapter-house, tastefully and skilfully as it has been effected, is languishing for want, we believe, of funds. To the cleansing of the bronze monuments, and of the grille of Henry VII.'s monument, we have before called attention. The new step to which we now refer is the repair of the crumbled and decayed buttresses of the row of niches beneath the central arch of the great west door. The most dilapidated of these have been partly cut away, showing, we are happy to say, the inner part of the stone as fresh and sound as on the day it was built. Sound building-stone from the Chilmark quarries, in Wiltshire, some of which has before been employed in the abbey, is being cut to the exact dimensions and mouldings of the portions thus excised, and the result will be the exact restoration of this portion of the façade to a state closely resembling that in which it was left by the architect. The effect, for the first few months, will be harsh and unpleasing, and will suggest to many ready-made critics a reference to putting new cloth into old garments. With the lapse of a year or two, the discrepancy of tone will have disappeared beneath the levelling agency of the London atmosphere, and the fine front will be not only saved but renewed in its youth. Any of our readers who are inclined to visit the spot, should go a little farther for the sake of the fine view of the group of towers, the lined roof of the unfinished chapter-house, and the gable and buttresses of the south transept of the Abbey. Few city-scenes in Europe are so picturesque. The vista down the broad street is closed by what looks like one of the vast monasteries of southern Italy: a most un-London-like effect. It is the great pile to the south of the Thames, serving as a *succursale* to the India Docks. The small blank arches at the top give the effect of a row of dormitories. Mediaeval London seems to be rising from the dust.—*Art Journal*.

Our National Academy.—The Fourth Winter Exhibition of the National Academy of Design was opened with a reception on the evening of

November 21st, and is now in progress. The display of pictures is rather better, on the whole, we think, than any that has been seen upon the walls at recent Exhibitions, though the best productions of our own artists are still held off, and the deficiency has to be supplied by foreign artists. These latter furnish most of the large pictures in the catalogue of the present Exhibition. The Academy has now passed entirely into the control of "the reformers," and the first result is a marked improvement in the disposition of the artists toward the institution, and a perceptible one in the quality of pictures sent in. Another good result is the announcement, which we take pleasure in making, that at the next Spring Exhibition the Academy will be open free to all comers for several days in the week.

Unveiling of the Kepler Monument.—The following very interesting account of this is taken from *Les Mondes* (July 14). On the 24th of last June, the very small Swabian town named Weildiestadt, with hardly 2,000 inhabitants, was the scene of a festive gathering for the purpose of unveiling the statue of the celebrated Kepler, who was born in a humble cottage yet existing, and now known as Kylerhaus. The statue of the celebrated astronomer, executed in bronze, represents him seated on an arm-chair; in his left hand, supported by a celestial globe, he holds a scroll, upon which an ellipse is delineated; in his right hand he holds a pair of opened compasses. At the four corners of the pedestal, upon which the statue is placed, are smaller statues, representing Michel Mastin, the Tübingen professor who taught Kepler mathematics, and Nicholas Copernicus, Tycho Brahe, and Jobst Byrg, who assisted Kepler in making astronomical instruments. On the centre of the pedestal is simply placed "Kepler;" the other sides of this portion of the monument are embellished with bas-relief representations of incidents of Kepler's life.

Title-pages to Music.—The *London Art Journal* says:—Among the pleasantest indications of Art progress are the titles that music-publishers now issue with their songs. Though sometimes very meretricious, striving to catch the eyes of "the groundlings" by gaudy and highly-colored pictures, they are sometimes so pure in style, so good in composition, and so well drawn, as to deserve places in choice books of art-works.

Mr. J. Robertson, the chief engraver of the Constantinople Mint, has received the third class of the Mejidie, in compliment to his twenty years' service, during which he has raised the coins of that mint to the English standard, besides producing many meritorious medals. He is also known as having contributed to the photography of Constantinople.

Three curious Musical Scores have been found at Milan, amongst the old papers of a family of the name of Castelli. The scores, which are autograph, are:—"La Secchia Rapita," by Zingarelli, performed at La Scala in 1793; "Un pazzo ne fa cento," by Mayr, performed in 1798; and "La Fortunata Combinazione," composed by Mosca.

A New Centre of Art Exhibition has been opened in London, which promises well. It is

named after the celebrated "Palais Royal," is located in Argyle Place, Regent street, and the entrance fee of only one shilling shows that it is intended for popular use.

The Course of Lectures which Prof. Ruskin will deliver in Oxford during the present term will be on the subject of sculpture. The first of them was delivered on November 24th, and was entitled, "The Division of Arts."

An Exhibition of Pictures is now being held in the Royal Academy, London, for the benefit of the French peasants ruined by the Prussian invasion.

A Bust of Daniel Maclise, R.A., is to be placed in the hall of the London Royal Academy. The work has been confided to the hands of Mr. Edward Davis.

VARIETIES.

Napoleon at St. Helena.—My residence, not far from Longwood, often gave me an opportunity, unobserved, of seeing any of the French party who appeared out of doors. In this way I have several times caught a glimpse of the ex-Emperor in his gray surtout or morning gown, occupied in directing garden operations, or rather the construction of some curious mounds of earth and sod walls, but what was his purpose it would not be easy to say. Shortly before Napoleon's death, and contrary to all his prolonged habits of seclusion, he suddenly made a carriage excursion into the country. He was returning almost at a snail's pace—he was very ill—and the road being very narrow—placed me necessarily in closest proximity with his person. Being the only stranger at that moment standing there, Napoleon, involuntarily perhaps, looked towards me, and thus afforded me a near and full-face view. The face was never to be forgotten; the expression unquestionably at this time was eminently sad, if not sullen and unhappy. Poor man! he looked a picture of suffering, and short was the time before I again stood yet nearer—by his lifeless body. Ever memorable to me has been that spectacle. The features of Napoleon were then fixed in death—refined, perhaps, from the effects of wasting disease—but beautifully placid, if not expressive; then the very small and white hand—the fine, soft, and silken hair thinly lying over the forehead—the delicate and slight figure, altogether presented an appearance very far removed from the stern and iron frame and visage usually supposed to represent him during his lifetime. No one could contemplate those mortal remains without a feeling of indefinable melancholy. There now, on a small camp bedstead, lay the lifeless body of Napoleon, dressed completely in the very same military dress in which he fought and won the memorable victory of Austerlitz. For a moment he might have seemed even sleeping—so little deathlike appeared that calm repose—while the face looked really youthful, as when in early life he had commanded the army of Italy. Indeed, such was the remark made at the time in my hearing, as a few followers of his last fallen fortunes stood grouped around. If sad, how touching also was the solemn scene.

"Gaze gently on that silent clay,
 Napoleon's once, 'tis death's to-day;
 Corruption says to Fame, 'Tis mine,
 And dust shall shortly dust enshrine.'
 Oh mad ambition! see thy child,
 The spoiler spoiled, by thee beguiled;
 He ran thy race, he won thy prize,
 On earth was everything—but wise."

I afterwards wandered into an adjoining room, and there were many things strange and precious, more or less, to be seen belonging to the eventful past; but stranger still to others probably would some of these costly relics have appeared in their present place. That priceless cloak of curious furs, the gift of the Emperor Alexander at Tilsit, could it have been imagined it should ever lie there? That magnificent Dresden China set, the gift of the city of Paris, each separate piece with vast cost and skill portraying some achievement "of glorious memory"—those golden remnants and relics of imperial plate—was it ever supposed they should one day be seen in that obscure room, upon that insignificant table—*Sic transit gloria mundi*.—"Recollections of St. Helena," in the *Leisure Hour*.

Causes of Sudden Death.—Very few of the sudden deaths which are said to arise from "diseases of the heart" do really arise from that cause. To ascertain the real origin of sudden deaths, experiments have been tried in Europe and reported to a scientific congress held at Strasbourg. Sixty-six cases of sudden death were made the subject of a thorough *post-mortem* examination; in these only two were found who had died from disease of the heart. Nine of sixty-six had died from apoplexy, while there were forty-six cases of congestion of the lungs—that is, the lungs were so full of blood they could not work, there not being room enough for a sufficient quantity of air to enter to support life. The causes that produce congestion of the lungs are cold feet, tight clothing, costive bowels, sitting still chilled after being warmed with labor or a rapid walk, going too suddenly from close, heated rooms into the cold air, especially after speaking, and sudden depressing news operating on the blood. The causes of sudden death being known, an avoidance of them may serve to lengthen many valuable lives which would otherwise be lost under the verdict of "heart complaint." That disease is supposed to be inevitable and incurable; hence, many may not take the pains they would to avoid sudden death if they knew it lay in their power.

India Rubber Inexhaustible.—The belt of land around the globe, 500 miles north and 500 miles south of the equator, abounds in trees producing the gum of India-rubber. They can be tapped, it is stated, for twenty successive seasons without injury; and the trees stand so close that one can gather the sap of eighty in a day, each tree yielding, on an average, three tablespoonfuls daily. Forty-three thousand of these trees have been counted in a tract of country thirty miles long by eight wide. There are in America and Europe more than 150 manufactories of India-rubber articles, employing some 500 operatives each, and consuming more than 10,000,000 pounds of the gum per year, and the business is considered to be still in its infancy. But to whatever extent it may increase, there will still be plenty of rubber to supply the demand.

Damage to Strasbourg Cathedral.—Very much

tired already, we at last proceeded to the Minster. On coming close to it, we saw many stone fragments at the foot of the tower. The beautiful entrance was not injured, nor the celebrated rosette. A piece of a column had fallen on the nose of one of the Emperors on horseback, and seemed ready to drop on the head of some less exalted mortal.

Though soldiers only were permitted to ascend the tower on that day, our little company entered also. The beautiful towers containing the winding staircases were not much damaged; but some parts of the stone balustrades had suffered, and it was dangerous to pass. The whole roof of the nave is burned, but the vaults underneath fortunately resisted, and kept the flames from the interior of the church. From that gallery one has a distinct view of all the parallels.

As the whole Minster was crowded with soldiers, we had some difficulty in descending the narrow stairs. We entered the interior of the church, and were glad to see that not much damage had been done. Some simple wooden chairs were burned; the upper part of the organ and some parts of stained windows were broken; but the celebrated clock was intact. I think, however, that the damage done will require 1,000,000 francs to repair it.—*Temple Bar*.

A Probable Cataclysm.—The valleys of the Mississippi and Missouri, to the Gulf of Mexico, have anciently been again and again deluged and devastated by the overflow of submontane vaults; and an earthquake at this day, to break up the mountains in Mexico, so as to obstruct the course of these waters to the ocean, would open the ancient gates, and fill the ravines, and flood the whole meadow-lands of those valleys to the Gulf of Mexico. This cataclysm may again happen, and the inhabitants of the Mississippi and Missouri valleys are consequently now but tenants at sufferance.—*The Lifted and Subsided Rocks of America*.

Coins: their First Appearance.—Coins first make their appearance in the pre-Roman Iron Age. Those of Marseilles have been discovered in an old battle-field at Tiefenan, near Berne, along with a large number of objects made of iron, such as broken chariots, bits for horses, wheels, &c. Since Marseilles was founded B. C. 600, the coins must be later than that date, and probably before the conquest of Gaul by the Romans. Some of the villages in the Swiss lakes may also be assigned to the Iron Age; in that near La Tene, on the lake of Neuchâtel, fifty iron swords, five axes, four knives, and twenty-three lances have been found, unaccompanied by a single weapon of bronze; nine coins also were found, of which one bears on the reverse the Gallic horned horse. Mr. Evans has shown that the Gauls had a coinage of their own in B. C. 300, while in Britain the coins make their appearance about 150 years later. It would therefore seem very probable that coins were used to a considerable extent during the Iron Age, and their style implies that they are derived originally from the East and South—from Greece and Macedon, and not from Italy. Mr. Evans has in his possession a marvellous series of British gold coins, in which the passage from the highly-finished Greek original is traced down to the almost meaningless emblems stamped on the rude copies.—*Sir John Lubbock's Pre-historic Times*.



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